CORNUCOPIA

Turkey for Connoisseurs

ISSN 1301-8175 Issue 19 Volume 4 1999

Forgotten Riches

Amazing paintings from the world's first city

The Ottoman treasure of Poland's kings

Saffron City is back on the map

Fatal Flaw

The tragedy of Turkey's earthquake

A wealth of experience invested in the future

ESTABLISHED SEVENTY YEARS AGO AS A REGIONAL BANK, ESBANK TODAY IS ONE OF TURKEY'S MOST DYNAMIC FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS. AND THAT'S NOT JUST WORDS, THE FIGURES SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES. WE ARE AT YOUR SERVICE THROUGH 94 BRANCHES NATIONWIDE AND A CORRESPONDENT NETWORK OF 800 BANKS AROUND THE GLOBE.
OUR TRADE FINANCE DIVISION REACHED US$6 BILLION WORTH OF INTERNATIONAL TRANSACTIONS IN 1998 ALONE – OVER EIGHT PER CENT OF THE NATIONAL FOREIGN TRADE VOLUME FOR THE YEAR.
AND ONGOING INVESTMENTS IN TECHNOLOGY AND SYSTEMS, AS WELL AS TRAINING FOR OUR 2,300 HIGHLY PROFESSIONAL STAFF, ADD UP TO A BANK THAT'S WORTH A LOT MORE IN THE FUTURE THAN JUST A RICH PAST.

TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THE FUTURE OF BANKING AT ONE OF TURKEY'S MOST EXPERIENCED BANKS, PLEASE CONTACT MR OKTAY ERSIN, EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT INTERNATIONAL BANKING.
TEL: (90 212) 251 59 96, FAX: (90 212) 243 42 96, OR VIA THE INTERNET AT www.esbank.com.tr

ESBANK

investing in tomorrow, today.

VAKKO SPECIAL OTTOMAN COLLECTION.

Take home 700 years of glorious history...

A weaving and decorating tradition dating back 700 years
now comes to life in the scarves, ties and decorative fabrics
from the Vakko Special Ottoman Collection.

VAKKO

www.vakko.com.tr

İSTANBUL: VAKKO BEYOĞLU (212) 251 40 92, VAKKO AKMERKEZ (212) 282 06 96, VAKKO SUADİYE (216) 467 42 05
İZMİR: VAKKO İZMİR (232) 421 65 90 **ANKARA:** VAKKO ANKARA (312) 425 22 85 **BURSA:** VAKKO BURSA (224) 233 33 73

Your key to Turkey...

and to many other destinations

Everyday, Turkish Airlines introduce many people to a whole new world; full of friendly people, excellent cuisine and many eye-catching sites. From first days of human civilization to modern day, there is so much to see and to learn about Turkey. Offering convenient connections to 35 different cities throughout Turkey as well as the 73 destinations around the world, Turkish Airlines becomes your key to Turkey.

TURKISH AIRLINES
WELCOME TO OUR HOME

24 HOURS RESERVATION: +90.212.663 63 63
www.thy.com

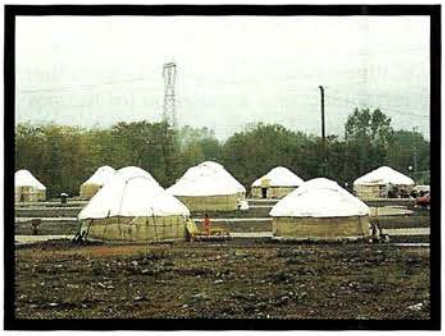
NORMAN STONE INTRODUCES A SPECIAL REPORT BY RESCUERS AND WRITERS ON THE AUGUST EARTHQUAKE AND ITS AFTERMATH

THE FATAL FLAW

AUGUST 17, 1999

THE TRANS-EUROPEAN MOTORWAY, ON THE DAY AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE

The earthquake that struck northwestern Turkey on August 17, killing at least 17,000 and making hundreds of thousands homeless, could not have come at a worse time. At three in the morning, most people were asleep. With top officials on holiday or themselves under the rubble, and all communications down, there was no one to take charge. As this issue of CORNUCOPIA was going to press, disaster struck again. Mercifully, many lessons had been learnt in the four months since August. This time people were prepared: the rescue operation was fast and coordinated. But it simply underlined the longer-term needs – to bring survivors lasting help, and to acknowledge nature's devastating power.



HELP ARRIVED FROM AROUND THE GLOBE, INCLUDING CHINA AND KIRGIZSTAN

HOW YOU CAN HELP – SEE PAGE 38

Contents

The Earthquake

The Fatal Flaw: reports from volunteers and writers, introduced by Norman Stone · 37
Rescue in the Rubble, by Ross Evans, Paul Holdcroft and Nigel Cooper · 39
The Voice that Must be Heard: a profile of Aykut Barka, by Andrew Finkel · 42
Living in Hope, by Suna Erdem · 46

Profile

The Brothers Mango: historians past and present, by David Barchard · 18

Art & Interiors

Rhapsody in Blue: the glory of Edirne's forgotten tiles, by John Carswell · 48
Safranbolu: A Bourgeois Paradise, by Elizabeth Meath Baker · 58

Archaeology

Under the Volcano: James Mellaart looks back on his discovery of the 9,000-year-old wall paintings of Çatalhüyük · 76

People & Places

The Whittalls in Winter: a gentle life in Moda Bay, by Yolande Whittall · 102
Village Voices: the continuing saga of rural Dereköy, by Azize Ethem · 117

Cookery

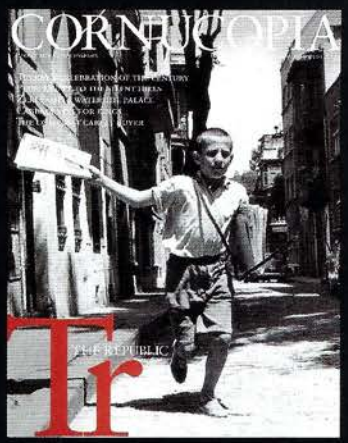
Bringing Back Babylon: leek dishes from the simple to the exotic, by Berrin Torolsan · 106

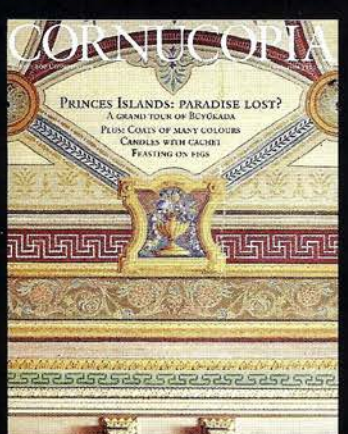
Regular Features

CONNOISSEUR
Eastern Overtures: Poland's Ottoman inheritance, by Philip Mansel · 11
COLLECTING CARPETS: The Rug Bug, by Philippa Scott · 25
DESPATCHES: correspondents report from Istanbul, New York, Champaign-Urbana and Sydney · 29
TRADE SECRETS
Healing Art: the restorer Hadice Nalçabasmaz, by Elizabeth Meath Baker · 114
TRAVELLERS' TALES
Wonders Never Cease: a visit to Halicarnassus, by Ilona Medvedeva · 125
EATING OUT by Andrew Finkel · 130
COUNTERPOINT
Dying Days of the Ottoman Harem: Suna Erdem reviews 'Harem Soirée' · 133
Swinging Back to the Sixties: the Istanbul Biennial, by Susan Platt · 134
Music on the Move: by Aisling Fallon · 136

COVER

Portrait of Mihrimah Sultan, daughter of Süleyman the Magnificent, 1541.
On loan from the National Museum, Warsaw, to the Istanbul Museum of Turkish and Islamic Art for the recent exhibition 'War and Peace: Ottoman–Polish Relations in the 15th–19th Centuries', reviewed on page 11.





Don't let the beauty of Turkey pass you by

Subscribe Today

travel
magical interiors
art and artisans
secret gardens
cookery
issues of the day
books

Cornucopia makes an excellent gift.

Subscribe today and order back issues to complete your set

Call the credit card hotline now, on tel/fax (90-212) 248 3607 or fax (44-171) 792 5442

cornucopia@atlas.net.tr
caique@dircon.co.uk

CORNUCOPIA
TURKEY FOR CONNOISSEURS

ISSUE 19 VOLUME 4 1999

PUBLISHING DIRECTOR
Berrin Torolsan

EDITOR
John Scott

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Susana Raby
Hilary Stafford Clark
Roger Williams

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Andrew Finkel
Elizabeth Meath Baker
David Barchard

DESIGNER
Kate Newman

FOUNDING CREATIVE DIRECTOR
Clive Crook

COORDINATION
Emin Saatçı

MANAGING EDITOR
Gündüz Aydınlar

INTERNATIONAL ADVERTISING
Aisling Fallon

www.cornucopia.net

Cornucopia® is published by
Kayık Yayıncılık ve Turizm Ticaret Ltd Şti
CC 480, Mecidiyeköy, 80303 Istanbul, Turkey
Tel and Fax: 90-212 248 3607
Printing: St Ives plc
Colour Separation: Argent Colour

Cornucopia is a trade mark of Caique Publishing Ltd, a member of the Periodical Publishers Association. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission strictly prohibited. Bütün yayın ve basın hakları mahfuzdur. Views expressed in Cornucopia are not necessarily those of the publishers or the editors. While every care is taken, colour transparencies submitted for publication are sent at the owner's risk.

Cornucopia Subscriptions

Subscription hotline and credit card orders:
www.cornucopia.net
subscriptions@cornucopia.net
Tel & Fax: 90-(0)212 248 3607
or 44-(0)1450 880352

Turkey
CC 480, Mecidiyeköy, 80303 Istanbul
cornucopia@atlas.net.tr

United Kingdom
Cornucopia™
P.O. Box 13311, Hawick TD9 7YF, Scotland
cornucopia@scottishborders.co.uk

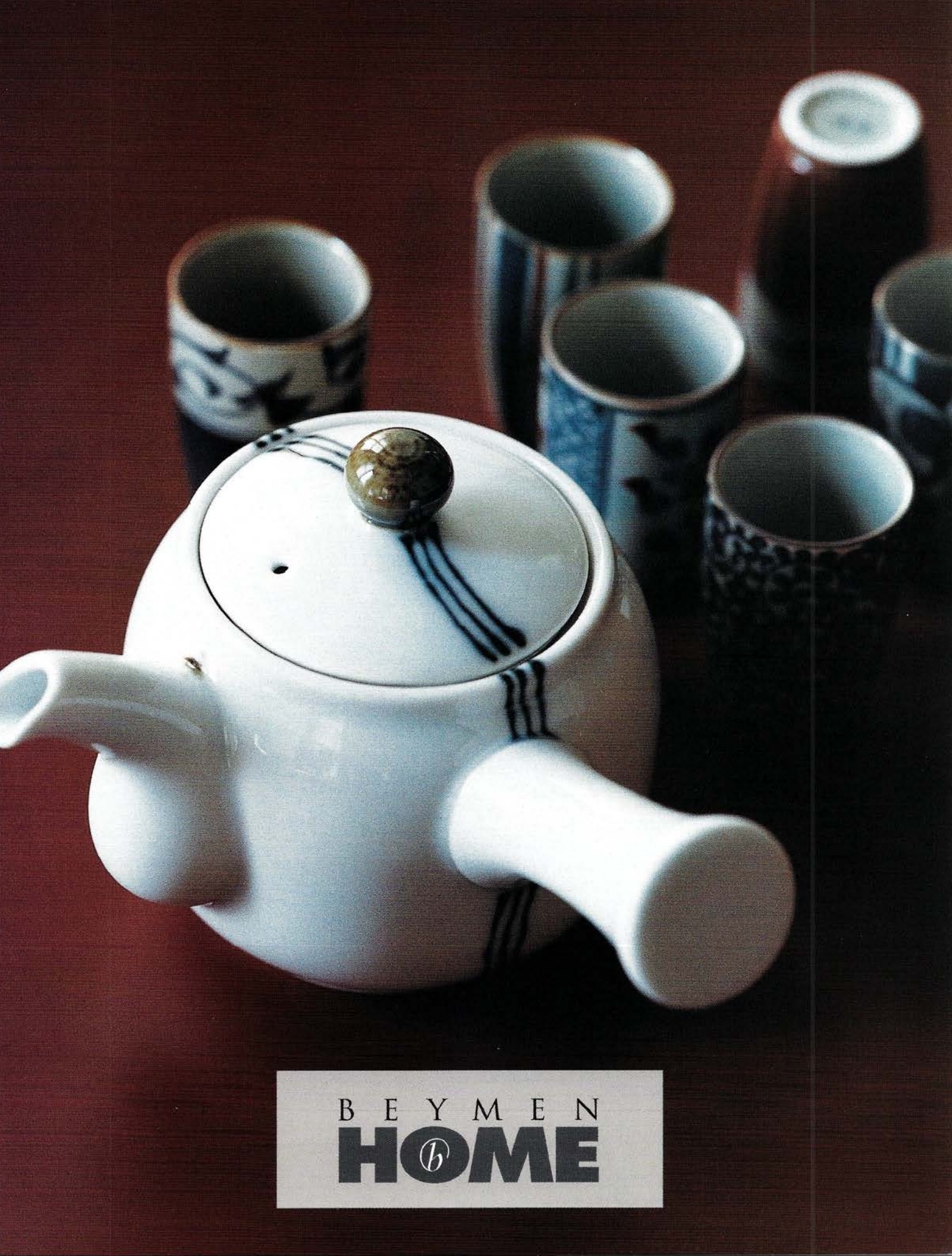
USA and Canada
P.O. Box 3405, Sunriver, OR 97707, USA

Subscription rates for four issues post-paid:
Europe £Stg20; US & Canada US$36
Rest of the World US$40

Advertising enquiries:
Tel/fax 90-212 248 3607 Tel 44-171 792 2377
advertising@cornucopia.net

THE ORIGINAL CORNUCOPIA
From the Latin *cornu copiæ* or 'horn of plenty', a horn overflowing with flowers, fruit and corn; symbol of prosperity and abundance in the cities of Anatolia.

ISSN 1301-8175


BEYMEN
HOME

To preserve values is to create the future.

Photograph by: Hadiye Cangökçe and Cem Çetin

A sixteenth-century scribe's rock-crystal pen box, decorated with precious stones.
At the Treasury Department of the Topkapı Palace, İstanbul

Ottoman Court artists in the middle of the sixteenth century chose crystalline materials that were extremely hard to work with, such as the rock-crystal used in this scribe's pen box. This valuable object, with its inkwell and quill compartment of solid gold, is one of the finest examples of Ottoman art.

Not only were the artists who created it extraordinarily refined, their work displays astonishing patience. Preserved in the Topkapı Palace, the gold, the rubies and the emeralds adorning the rock-crystal remain as fresh and luminous today as they were on the day the pen box was finished.

Care and awareness of values is what makes TEB a very special bank for its customers. TEB is well aware of what is valuable, and invests the same care in order to protect the assets of its customers when it comes to creating the future.

This is why they choose to become Private Banking customers of TEB, a bank that appreciates lasting values.

TEB

TÜRK EKONOMİ BANKASI

TURKISH WEAVES, RARE ANTIQUE RUGS,
ANATOLIAN KILIMS, EXQUISITE HEREKE SILK
RUGS AND FINE VEGETABLE DYED CARPETS
UP TO THIRTY SQUARE METRES,
PERSONALLY SELECTED BY

GÜNEŞ ÖZTARAKÇI

WHERE EXPERIENCE AND A UNIQUE
FEMININE TOUCH HAS CREATED A CARPET
AND KILIM COLLECTION
OF IMPECCABLE GOOD TASTE

By Appointment
Mim Kemal Öke Caddesi 5, Nişantaşı, Istanbul
Tel (90-212) 225 1954 - 225 1968
Fax (90-212) 225 1940

THE AKRAM OJJEH COLLECTION

A Louis XVI ormolu-mounted amaranth, tulipwood, bois satiné and sycamore marquetry commode by Jean-François Leleu.
36 in. (91 cm.) high x 60 in. (152.5 cm.) wide x 26 in. (66 cm.) deep
Estimate: FF 12,000,000–18,000,000 ($2,000,000–2,800,000)

19th Century European Art

New York, 1 November 1999

Wendy Goldsmith on (212) 636 2080
Mark Poltimore on (44 20) 7389 2430

Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Art

New York, 8 & 9 November 1999

Franck Giraud on (212) 636 2081
Nicholas Maclean on (212) 636 2080
Cyanne Chutkow on (212) 636 2080

Important French Furniture

Hôtel Métropole, Monaco,
11 & 12 December 1999

Charles Cator (44 20) 7389 2355
Patrick Leperlier on (331) 40 76 85 80
Alistair Clarke on (212) 636 2197

Important Old Master Pictures

London, 17 December 1999

Francis Russell on (44 20) 7389 2075
Paul Raison on (44 20) 7389 2086

Highlights from the Collection will be exhibited in New York, Paris, Amsterdam and Geneva.

GENERAL ENQUIRIES: Europe, Emmanuelle Vidal on (44 20) 7389 2512, e-mail: evidal@christies.com
or Americas, Jennifer Kaplan on (212) 636 2512, e-mail: jkaplan@christies.com

CATALOGUES: (44 20) 7389 2820 or (212) 636 2500

CHRISTIE'S

20 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY 10020. Tel: (212) 636 2000 Fax: (212) 636 2399
Park Palace, MC-98000 Monte Carlo. Tel: (377) 97 97 11 00 Fax: (377) 97 97 11 01
8 King Street, St. James's, London SW1Y 6QT. Tel: (44 20) 7839 9060 Fax: (44 20) 7839 1611
www.christies.com

You never

actually own a Patek Philippe.

You merely look after it

for the next generation.

PATEK PHILIPPE
GENEVE

Begin your *own* tradition.

ZİYNET A.Ş.
Mim Kemal Öke Caddesi, 11/1
Nişantaşı
Istanbul
Tel (90-212) 225 1775

GALERİ TEKTAŞ
Akmerkez
Giriş Katı, no.227
Etiler, Istanbul
(90-212) 282 0471

TEKTAŞ A.Ş.
Abdi İpekçi Caddesi, Altın Sokak,
Ahmet Kara İşhanı, 2/14
Nişantaşı, Istanbul
(90-212) 225 0640

CONNOISSEUR

For 500 years the Polish elite was obsessed with all things Ottoman. Yet a brilliant exhibition celebrating this passion passed sadly unnoticed last summer.
By Philip Mansel

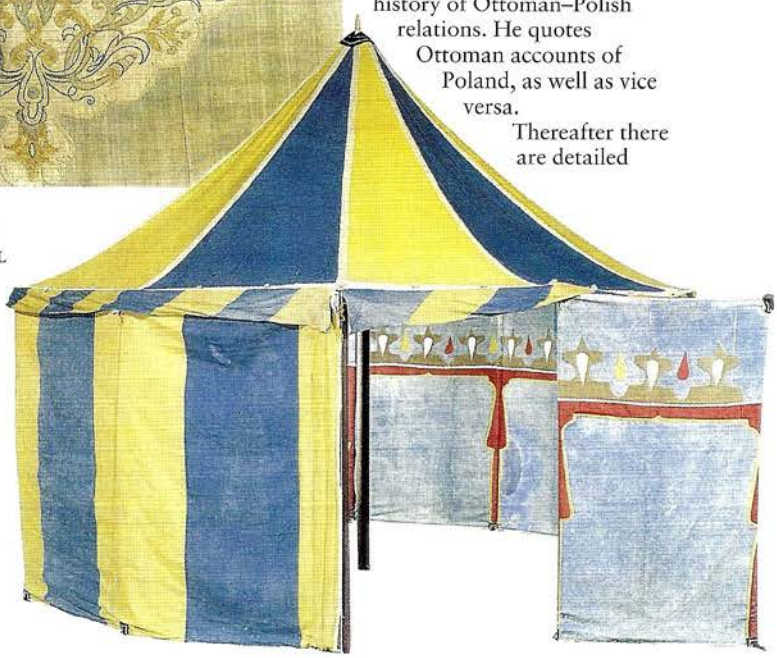
Eastern overtures

War and Peace: Ottoman–Polish Relations in the 15th to 19th Centuries. Museum of Turkish and Islamic Arts, Istanbul, 1999

Turkish musicians at the British embassy in Istanbul, 1779. This miniature, a copy now in Warsaw University Library, belonged to King Stanislaw August Poniatowski of Poland. The original was commissioned by an aide-de-camp to the king

No one interested in relations between Europe and the Ottoman Empire, and Christianity and Islam, should ignore the catalogue for this magnificent exhibition. It is not only a splendidly illustrated 462-page record of Ottoman–Polish relations from 1400 to 1900, but also an antidote to received ideas. It shows that, from the points of view of Warsaw and Istanbul, far from being irreconcilable opposites, East and West could hardly keep out of each other's arms.

Except for relatively short periods of warfare in the seventeenth century (1620–1, 1672–6, 1683–99), often provoked by marauding Cossacks and Tartars rather than the powers themselves, Poland and the Ottoman Empire were generally peaceful neighbours. They shared the bonds of commerce and hostility to Russia. The embassies sent by the Polish kings to Ottoman sultans were, as many pictures and prints in the catalogue make clear, particularly grandiose. At his entry into Istanbul in 1622, the Polish ambassador was accompanied by 1,000 horsemen.



OTTOMAN TENTS WERE SO HIGHLY PRIZED BY THE POLES THAT BY 1800 AT LEAST A THOUSAND WERE IN POLISH HANDS, REGULARLY USED FOR GATHERINGS, FEASTS AND EXPEDITIONS.
ABOVE: AN ORNATE WINDOW IN THE EMBROIDERED WALL OF A HUGE 18TH-CENTURY TENT.

RIGHT: THE TENT USED DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR BY GENERAL WLADYSLAW ZAMOYSKI. HE COMMANDED THE SULTAN'S COSSACKS, A CHRISTIAN UNIT IN THE OTTOMAN ARMY.
BELOW: AN OTTOMAN HORSESHOE INSCRIBED 'SARAYBOSNA, 1312' (AD1894)

The first 96 pages in the catalogue contain essays by leading Polish scholars on Ottoman art in Polish collections, especially the Royal Castles and National Museums in Cracow and Warsaw; on Polish–Turkish trade; on Adampol, the Polish village outside Istanbul; and on Poles who served in the Ottoman Empire, particularly after the final partition of Poland in 1795. In addition to travellers and artists like Wladislaw 'Emir' Rzewuski, and Stanislaw Chlebowski, who was a court painter to Sultan Abdülaziz in 1864–76, with a studio in the Dolmabahçe Palace, many Poles fought in the Ottoman army. Sefer Pasha (formerly Wladislaw Koscielski) rose to be inspector-general of cavalry and principal ADC to the sultan in the mid-19th century; Mehmed Sadık Pasha (formerly Michal Czajkowski), was commander of the Sultan's Cossacks, Christians fighting in the Ottoman army under the banner of the crescent and the cross.

The most important essays are by Dariusz Kolodiejczyk, on Ottoman documents in Polish collections and the history of Ottoman–Polish relations. He quotes Ottoman accounts of Poland, as well as vice versa.

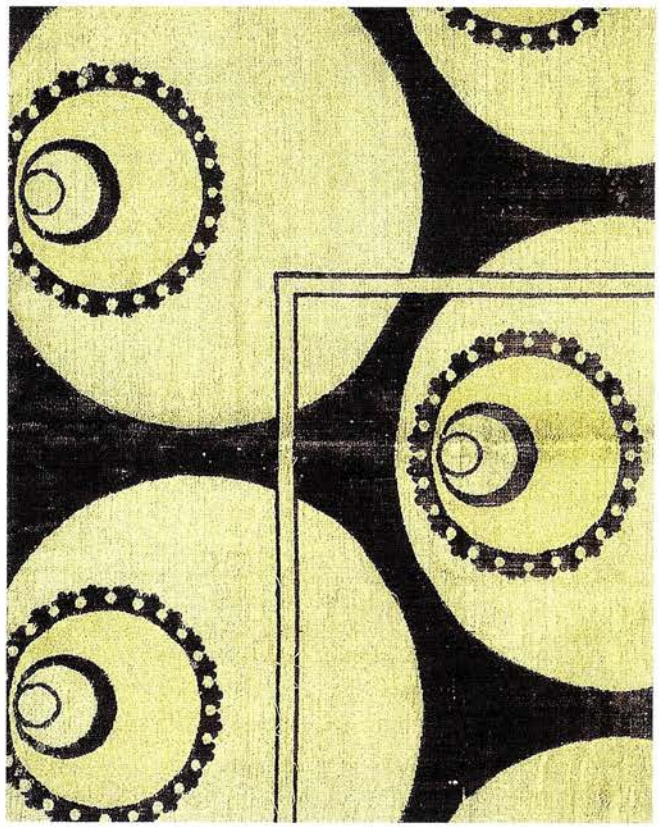
Thereafter there are detailed catalogue entries on the 380 objects in the exhibition. Ottoman calligraphy, sashes, tent walls, church vestments, shields, quivers, horse trappings, saddles and maces, from 26 Polish collections, demonstrate Poland's fascination with the Ottoman Empire and its products. Indeed Poles were so impressed by the Ottoman Empire (and

The sabre of a Polish nobleman. The Turkish blade, damascened and slightly curved, is 17th-century. Its gilt inscription reads 'The pious man is the sabre of God'

'Study of a Boy in a Fez' by Tadeusz Ajdukiewicz, 1876. Polish romantic interest in Turkey lasted into the 20th century, fuelled by emigrés to the Ottoman Empire

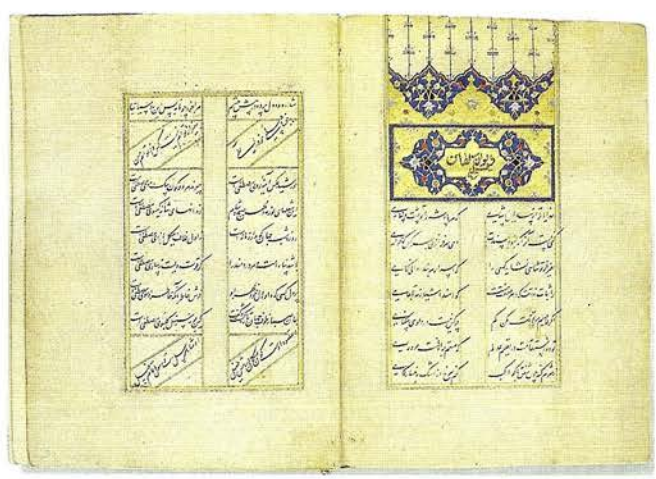
repelled by the fashions and attitudes of their French king Henri III and his courtiers in 1573-4) that, down to this century, a version of Ottoman dress was the national dress of the Polish elite.

Outstanding items in the exhibition include a letter of condolence from Mihrimah Sultan on the death of the King of Poland in 1548; helmets of the Janissary guards of King Augustus II in the early 18th century; and drawings from the collection assembled by King Stanislaw August Poniatowski, now in the University Library of Warsaw. The king's collection contains not only the usual depictions of Turkish costumes and officials, but also some curiosities: a drawing of a Turkish concert at the British embassy in 1779, with a Westerner peeping from behind a screen (shown on page 11); drawings of men's positions during prayers and ablutions; of a Turkish lavatory, and of the master of the sultan's mounting-stool.



My principal criticism, in addition to the lack of publicity which prevented this exhibition receiving the attention it deserved, is the decision not to include the period 1920–39. Turkish-Polish relations were then particularly close. In 1939 the only envoy in Moscow to bid farewell to the departing Polish ambassador, after the destruction of the Polish state by the Molotov– Ribbentrop pact, was the Turkish ambassador.

The richness of the material in this exhibition confirms that the Ottoman Empire was not only a great military and economic power but also one of the most frequently painted and written-about countries in the world. We can only hope that the director of the Museum of Turkish and Islamic Art, Nazan Ölçer, realises her aim to stage "similar exhibitions of Turkish objects in the collections of other countries". A similar exhibition should be devoted to Ottoman relations with Britain. ◆



TOP: PEACOCK EYES STAND OUT BODLY AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF SHIMMERING CUT VELVET. SUCH LUXURIOUS FABRICS WERE OFTEN GIVEN TO THE CHURCH TO BE MADE INTO VESTMENTS. LEFT: 'ENTRY OF THE EMBASSY OF PIOTR POTOCKI INTO PERA', BY LUIGI MAYER, C.1790. ABOVE: AN ANTHOLOGY, OR DIVAN, OF POEMS WRITTEN IN PERSIAN BY SELIM I (1512–20), THE OTTOMAN CONQUEROR OF EGYPT. IT IS FROM THE JAGELLON LIBRARY IN CRACOW

'War and Peace: Ottoman–Polish Relations in the 15th to19th Centuries'. Catalogue of an exhibition held at the Museum of Turkish and Islamic Arts in Istanbul, June 29–September 20, 1999, edited by Selim Kangal and published by Fako 1999, price $50
ISBN 975-17-2224-1
Philip Mansel is the author of 'Constantinople: City of the World's Desire 1453–1924' (John Murray £25.00, Penguin £9.99).

We saw the fall of an Empire

We witnessed the birth and rise of a strong Republic

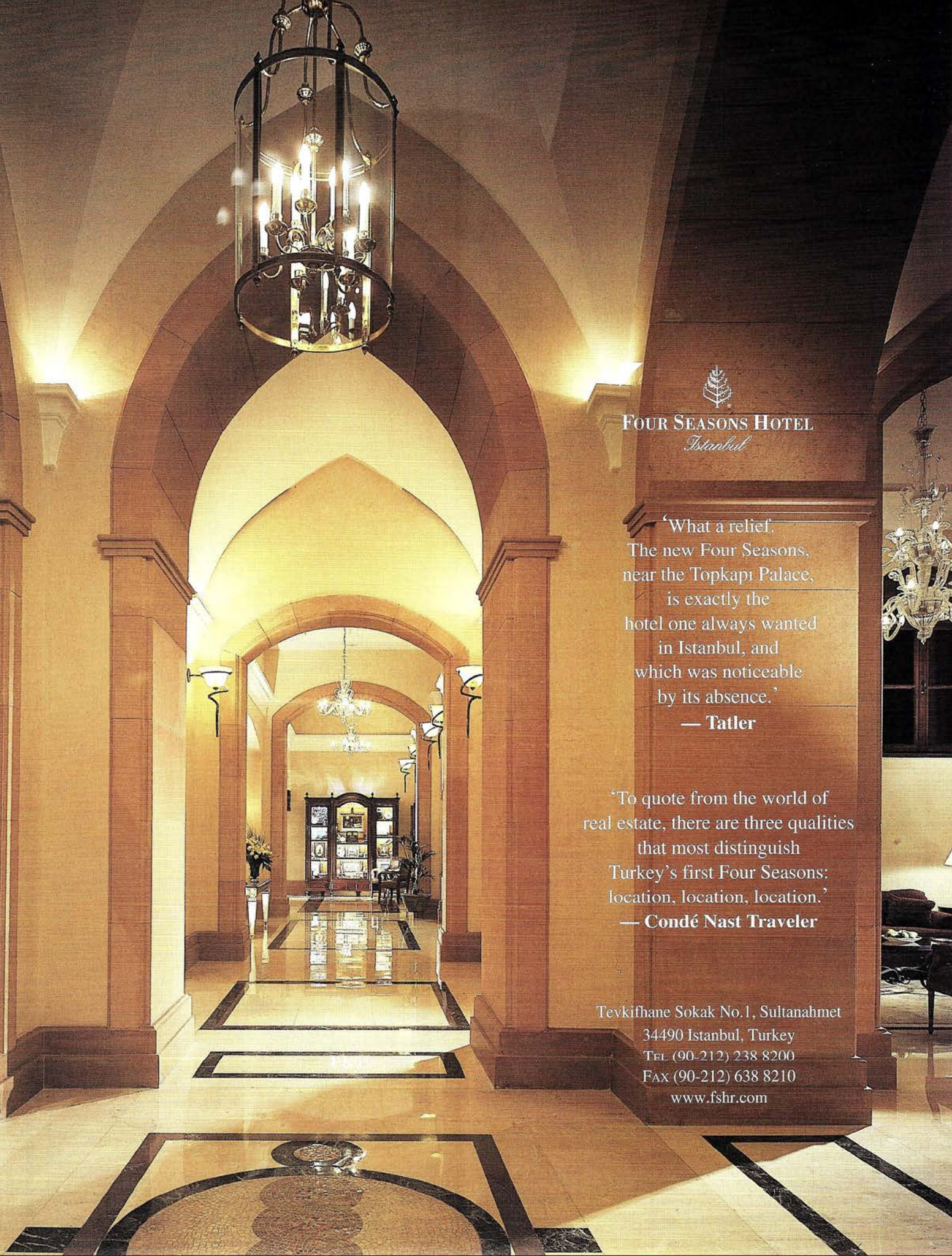
We served as the State Bank of Turkey for decades

Experience has its own value.

OTTOMAN BANK
since 1863

OSMANLI BANKASI A.Ş.
Head Office
Eski Büyükdere Cad. Ayazağa Köy Yolu No: 6
80670 Maslak, Istanbul - Turkey
Phone: (0 90-212) 335 10 00 Fax: (0 90-212) 335 20 80

www.osmanli.com.tr


FOUR SEASONS HOTEL
Istanbul
'What a relief.
The new Four Seasons,
near the Topkapı Palace,
is exactly the
hotel one always wanted
in Istanbul, and
which was noticeable
by its absence.'
— Tatler
'To quote from the world of
real estate, there are three qualities
that most distinguish
Turkey's first Four Seasons:
location, location, location.'
— Condé Nast Traveler
Tevkifhane Sokak No.1, Sultanahmet
34490 Istanbul, Turkey
TEL (90-212) 238 8200
FAX (90-212) 638 8210
www.fshr.com

Chintamani Rug, Uşak Banaz area, ca. 1700, 165 x 122cm, ex Zicky Collection, Budapest, Hungary.

Cornucopia/Photograph: Ottomania Archives

OTTOMANIA

Islamic Art & Textiles

Takkeciler Sokak, 78-80, Grand Bazaar, Istanbul, Turkey

Fedelhören 102, 28209 Bremen, Germany

tel: 0090-212 527 9308 fax: 0090-212 522 8717 mobile: 0090-053 221 212118

e-mail: ottomania@ottomania.org website: www.ottomania.org

The Brothers Mango

CYRIL MANGO HAS LONG BEEN AN AUTHORITY ON BYZANTIUM. NOW ANDREW MANGO HAS PUBLISHED AN IMPORTANT BIOGRAPHY OF ATATÜRK. YET THE BROTHERS WERE BROUGHT UP IN ISTANBUL BETWEEN THE WARS IN A POOL OF EUROPEAN CULTURE BARELY TOUCHED BY TURKISH POLITICS. THEY TOLD THEIR STORY TO DAVID BARCHARD

A year or two into the premiership of the late Turgut Özal, sometime in the middle of the 1980s, the late Adnan Kahveci, then the prime minister's chief adviser, asked me to give him a selection of books on the Byzantine Empire, a subject about which, as an electronics engineer, however brilliant, he knew very little but which he thought he should briefly look into. I gathered together about half a dozen leading works on the subject, flagged their best sections, and gave them to him. A week later he rang me.

"The best scholar on Byzantium is obviously Cyril Mango," he said.

This autumn, scholars of modern Turkey have been feeling something rather similar about Cyril's brother Andrew. His biography of Atatürk has been greeted with more or less universal acclaim. It is likely to stand for many decades as a landmark in its field.

Their subject matter may differ but the Mango brothers have a great deal in common. Each brings a cool and deeply penetrating critical intelligence to bear on the evidence before him. In one case, perhaps, it is goings-on at the court of Michael III and Basil I in the middle of the ninth century. In the other, it may be events in Ankara in the early years of the Republic.

In each case, familiar accounts of what happened are examined. The evidence is collected, assessed and dissected. Shrewd conclusions are prudently summarised. Myths and legends are often exposed and unfussily demolished, without a pang of sentimentality. In both cases they are usually writing about events which took place in, or were closely connected with, Istanbul, the city of their birth.

On a cloudy day in March last spring, the two brothers met me for lunch at the Elizabeth restaurant in Oxford and talked about their early years. One legacy of their Istanbul upbringing constantly asserts itself. Both brothers are polyglots, as fluent in French and Russian as they are in English, and almost equally good in modern Greek.

"The Mangos came originally from Chios," Andrew explains. "They were Genoese Catholics, but our great-grandfather moved to Istanbul." They lived in Galata, and records of their grandfather's birth and marriage can still be inspected in the church of St Peter in Galata, near the famous tower.

Andrew, Cyril and a third brother, Anthony, later to be a senior official at the United Nations, were born in the second half of the 1920s. It was an unheroic age, especially for the international trading community in Istanbul, which was increasingly cut off from its connections with the international economy.

A generation earlier, Foscolo Mango had been a wealthy steamship company with offices in London. Another Mango company managed a string of coal depots from Hamburg to Odessa: the coal was imported from northeast England and south Wales. Uncle John had settled in London, living in Bayswater. In Istanbul the Mango family, which had ties with the Karatheodory family, famous servants of and negotiators for the Ottoman Porte, lived in great style.

The grand living had been over for a decade or two when Andrew and Cyril were born. Istanbul was in steep decline as a business centre. Trade with Russia had been cut off by the Soviet revolution and the new nationalist regime in Turkey was steadily constricting traditional business activities. The family money, such as it now was, was swept away in the crash of 1929. The brothers grew up in a world where everyone expected to live on their wits.

It was an enclave hemmed in by close horizons. It is perhaps difficult for people living in the global demotic universe of the 1990s to realise the rigid partitions that existed between people of different cultures, religions and languages only half a century ago. "It was not till after the Second World War, when I went to live and work in Ankara," says Andrew, "that I really discovered the Turks."

Theirs was the world of the Istanbul minorities, a pool of European culture isolated by the receding tide of empire. Levantine Istanbul had enjoyed a brief and perilous golden age after the First World War and the Armistice. Now the minorities felt more than a little stranded in a Turkey they had never anticipated. Their father had studied law in England and become a British citizen. The young Mangos had British passports and attended the English High School for Boys (where many of their friends were refugees from Nazi Germany or members of the local Jewish community). Inevitably, they looked to England, though from a distance.

"There was no money and no one travelled," says Cyril. In their world, having a chic holiday meant a trip to the Carpathian Mountains on the Romanian Black Sea coast.

In the afternoons after school, they would go to Lebon or Marquise in Istiklâl Caddesi, coffee shops dating back to the Crimean war which are still remembered and mourned by people in Istanbul. (Marquise, whose walls were decorated with Art Nouveau tiles of nymphs representing the four seasons, survived until the 1980s, when it was shut down and the premises became the office of a dealer in spare car parts from Anatolia.)

The Ottoman Empire had vanished only a few years earlier but no one questioned its passing. "Ankara was the city we were governed from," says Andrew. The most important man in Istanbul was the Vali, or governor, who sped through the city in a black limousine.

"Politics were simply not discussed," Andrew adds. "There was a feeling that Turkey was not well administered, but then when has there not been such a feeling?"

Currents in contemporary Turkish life hardly impinged on the Mangos and other Levantine families. Their cuisine was Mediterranean, a mixture of Greek, Turkish and Italian. The *şiş* and *döner* kebab were as yet hardly ever seen in restaurant windows. For its food and for its fashions, Istanbul looked to Italy. Food was important. There were many great feast days in the year and much effort was expended in every household in preparing for them.

Religion was less of a social force. The Mangos went to church only twice a year, attending the Russian Orthodox church. They had many chances to observe the practices of their Muslim neighbours. The Mango family lived in Teşvikiye, across the road from the city's most fashionable mosque, though the days when Istanbul mosques would be crowded out at prayer times lay in the future. It was usually empty. They were mainly aware of its presence when the strains of Chopin's

ANDREW AND CYRIL MANGO, OXFORD, 1998. PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES HOPKINSON

funeral march drifted up through their windows.

Today Istanbul consists of a crowded army of concrete buildings, housing nearly 12 million. But in the years when the Mangos were schoolboys, it had just 600,000 inhabitants. Even in the old city, within the walls of Theodosius, there were substantial areas that had not been built up, where the stone and marble remnants of a Classical, Byzantine and Ottoman past lay strewn upon the ground. The Deresuyu, the River Lycus of Roman and Byzantine times, still flowed in the open air past Aksaray.

The 20th century seemed relatively marginal. The boys could watch the white and blue ships going through the Bosphorus on their way up to Russia. But at that date only one or perhaps two ships a day passed through the straits.

Sometimes, however, contemporary Turkey did impinge. In November 1938 Atatürk died. His death had a far bigger impact on the Mangos and their schoolmates than the death of George V a few years before. The news was announced at school in the middle of the morning, an hour or two after it happened. Atatürk's future biographer went with his brother and classmates down to the Dolmabahçe Palace to join the crowds filing past the coffin. One would not guess at this eyewitness experience from the measured account in his book.

Family holidays were spent on the Princes Islands in the Sea of Marmara. It was during one such summer holiday that Cyril's interest in the Byzantine world was first awoken. He came across a Byzantine wall, possibly part of the convent where the eighth-century Empress Irene was exiled. When he began to explore it, his interest attracted the attention of the local police and he was asked to go down to the station to explain what he was doing. His explanations were not well received. "You want to look at walls, do you?" the commissar asked the boy. "Well, here is a wall. You can look at that." It was a strange beginning to an eminent career. A few years later, in 1944, when Cyril left school at the age of 16 and took a job in the British Council's offices, he was already well versed in Byzantine history.

TOP LEFT: ADA, THE MANGO BROTHERS' RUSSIAN MOTHER, AGED 16; THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN IN BAKU, WHERE HER FATHER WORKED AS AN ENGINEER IN THE OILFIELDS. WITH BOTH HER PARENTS DEAD, SHE ESCAPED THE REVOLUTION ALONE BY TRAIN AND ON FOOT. ABOVE LEFT: TWO HANDSOME COUSINS WHO DID NOT SURVIVE. TOP RIGHT: ANDREW AND CYRIL ON THE PRINCES ISLANDS, WHERE CYRIL'S FASCINATION WITH BYZANTIUM WAS BORN. ABOVE: ANDREW WITH ABDI IPEKÇI, THE LIBERAL JOURNALIST, LATER ASSASSINATED; AND LEFT, INTERVIEWING BÜLENT ECEVIT ON AN ELECTION CAMPAIGN

"His erudition even when he was still in his teens was extremely impressive," says Sir Steven Runciman, who was also in the Istanbul offices of the council, though in the more exalted capacity of Professor of Byzantine Art and History at Istanbul University. But perhaps the greatest influence on Cyril was Ernest Mamboury, a Swiss scholar working as a schoolmaster but whose archaeological guides to Istanbul and Ankara set standards that have never been equalled since. His former teachers helped Cyril get a scholarship to read Classics at St Andrew's University in Scotland.

Andrew left for a job in the press office of the British embassy. "We had a strong sense that there was no future for us in Istanbul with our British passports." Living in the heart of Ankara, he encountered an entirely new world. "I began to know Turkey and the Turks for the first time in my life," he says. "Inevitably a Turkish girl was part of the story."

Within a few years, both brothers had embarked on careers which would make them internationally famous in their fields, but which would carry them away for ever from the life of the city of their childhood. ◆

'Atatürk', by Andrew Mango, is published by John Murray, price £30. Cyril Mango's 'Byzantium: The Empire of New Rome' is published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £14.95.

Chase.
Morgan Stanley.
Schroders.
Garanti Bank.

Euromoney thinks they are the world's best.
We have first-hand information on why.

To know more about why Euromoney has chosen
Garanti Bank as the best smaller bank in the world,
please contact Mr. Tolga Egemen, Senior Vice President,
Financial Institutions at tolgae@garanti.com.tr
or call (90-212) 285 40 40 http://www.garantibank.com.tr

GARANTİ BANK

A ROOM WITH A VIEW

swissôtel ISTANBUL

THE BOSPHORUS

A member of
The Leading Hotels of the World®

CORNUCOPIA/PHOTOGRAPH: SIMON UPTON

Swissôtel The Bosphorus, Bayıldım Caddesi no 2, Maçka, Istanbul. Tel 90-212 259 0101 Fax 90-212 259 0105

Creating beauty since 1971

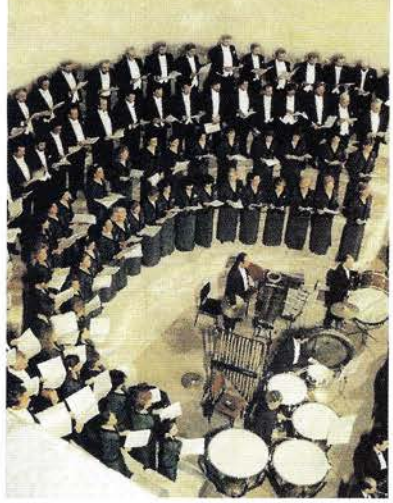
Actual size

Shield boss-shaped earrings *(ancient design)*.

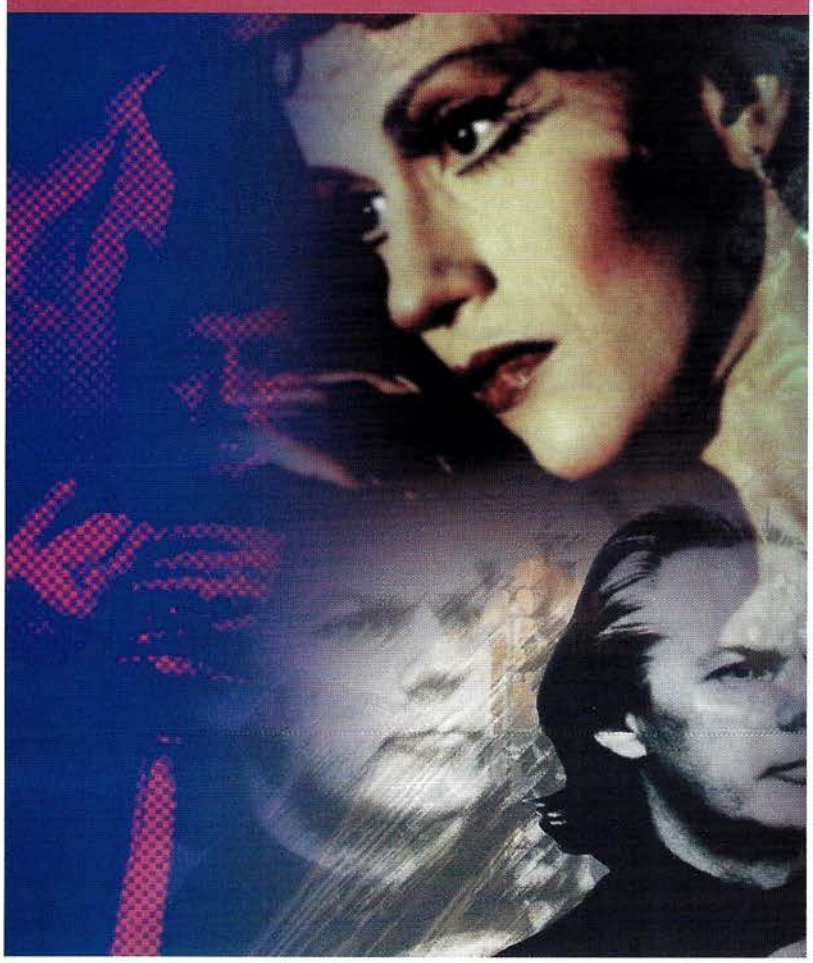
HİLAT

www.hilat.com

SIEMENS



Our common language: Art...



Siemens, the world's leading technology provider, has always considered that the word "technology" stems from an ancient Greek word for art, "techné".

Siemens is proud to communicate this language through the foundation of the annual "Siemens Art Prize" as well as through sponsorships of activities in fine arts and promotion of young talents.

Some of the recent activities which Siemens supported are:

Jan Garbarek
International Istanbul Jazz Festival

Saint Irene
Siemens 150th Anniversary Concert

The Tosca Opera

Mustafa Ata Paintings Exhibition

Burhan Öcal and Peter Waters
International Istanbul Jazz Festival

Simko 40th Anniversary -
Richard Clayderman's
75th Year Concert Series

Ali Ethem Keskin and Fehmi Şenok
Underwater Photography Exhibition

Publication of "The Book of Nikea"

and

Siemens Art Prize '98 "Opera"

SİMKO Ticaret ve Sanayi A.Ş.
General Representative of Siemens AG
www.simko.com.tr

The rug bug

FROM SADDLE RUGS TO SADDLE BAGS, PHILIPPA SCOTT CONTINUES HER GUIDE TO THE WOVEN WORLD

"I think I'd like to collect carpets."

Interesting idea.

"How do I go about it?"

Ah. Well, it's one of those things. You have to find your own way into the subject.

"What do you mean, find your own way in?"

Just that. It's the difference between shopping and collecting, though shopping can be, and often is, the start of collecting. First, though, why do you think you want to collect carpets?

"Well, I like carpets. I'd like to know more about them. And it's a way of learning about history, and art, and different cultures. And I like the idea of having a collection. It's something to talk about. It makes me more interesting. And it's a way to meet people with similar interests."

Not sure about the last bit – there are such things as carpet bores – but the rest makes sense. Still, to be worthwhile there needs to be a strong personal element – perhaps a particular type of beauty or strangeness which fascinates you. This doesn't mean you have to collect the obvious, and it doesn't mean you have to spend a fortune – although be warned: you may end up doing so, for that's the way with addictions once they take you over.

COLLECTING AND COLLECTORS

It has been said that the urge to collect is an atavistic remnant of the hunter-gatherer instinct. Certainly the hunt is an important part of the pleasure. But there remains the question of how to go about it, and this depends on the individual.

When I met James Prior he was already an old man, tall, slightly stooped, with a profile that reminded me of a marabou stork. His passion was his collection of saddle rugs, and he was happiest when showing them to someone who knew something about carpets and appreciated them. Before he died, in the early 1980s, he sold the entire collection to another aficionado, in Albuquerque, USA.

James Prior's collection began in a modest way when he was a bank clerk with Barclays International and stationed in Egypt. When war broke out, he made his way back to England with a few basic necessities in a little bag, and two saddle rugs that he had bought in a Cairo bazaar because they were inexpensive and appealed to his taste. He had looked longingly at all manner and size of rugs, and realised that these odd-shaped pieces were just as finely woven and beautifully designed as their more expensive, rectangular cousins.

ABOVE: 19TH-CENTURY SADDLE BAG, OR HEYBE, FROM KARABAĞ IN THE CAUCASUS; THIS PIECE APPEARS IN JOHN T WERTIME'S NEW BOOK 'SUMAK BAGS OF NORTHWEST PERSIA AND TRANSCAUCASIA' (LAURENCE KING IN ASSOCIATION WITH HALI MAGAZINE, 1999, £65). MANY A FAMOUS RUG COLLECTION HAS STARTED NOT WITH CARPETS, BUT WITH THE WOVEN PARAPHERNALIA OF NOMADIC LIFE, FROM SADDLE RUGS TO SALT AND SPINDLE BAGS

Saddle rugs are shaped to fit a horse, but there is enormous variation in their outline, texture and size. They can be as beautiful as any carpet, and their purpose dictates their texture and pattern. Knotted, they are usually fine, with a velvet-like pile, and supple enough to drape. There are also flatweaves, felts or embroidered. A coarse or shaggy weave would not suit the purpose of dressing a finely bred horse such as the Persian, Turkoman, Arabian and Akhal Tekke breeds.

Mr Prior's saddle rugs kept him warm and comfortable on his fraught journey across Europe, and he found himself wondering about the horsemen who had used them before him. His appreciation of this ancient form of weaving became the theme of his collection, which grew over the years, affording him enormous pleasure, especially in his retirement.

His wife tolerated what she clearly considered to be his eccentricity. A whole room of their small flat near the British Museum was devoted to an ever-growing mountain of these

little rugs, with shelves piled high with books related to his passion. Even so, the rugs spilled out into the rest of the apartment.

A Russian publication about the Pazryk burials in the Altai Mountains showed that circa 500BC the nomadic horsemen kept ponies and finely bred horses, whose bodies, decked out in elaborate textile trappings, accompanied their owners in death. The so-called Pazryk carpet was found here, its pattern including a parade of similarly caparisoned horses.

Saddle covers and rugs are one of the universal forms of carpet weaving, and they have been the subjects of numerous important international exhibitions.

BAGS OF CHARM

Another type of weaving which has sparked many a collector's lifelong enthusiasm is the bag. Carpet-weaving cultures derive from nomadic pasts, when families followed their flocks to their pastures, living in yurts, and needed to be be self-sufficient. The tent's wooden skeleton was strapped with decorative woven tent bands; inside the tent were rugs, bags of many shapes and for many purposes, woven door flaps, even woven cradles. A woman's comb and mirror were kept in their own bag, which might be knotted like a carpet, or woven and embroidered.

The heraldry of each tribe and each family could be read in the motifs of their weavings. Five-sided rugs, with directional patterns were originally intended as camel trappings, and their patterns often include jewellery and animals – camels and horses – above tribal motifs. Many of the most beautiful of these weavings were made by Central Asia's Turkoman tribes.

One well-known collector, who sold a major part of his collection at Sotheby's in 1993, was Dr Jon Thompson. In a preface to the catalogue, he explained how the first stirrings of his interest in the Near East and its culture came with a military posting to Cyprus in 1956. He subsequently travelled in Turkey, and had a job teaching English at the American School of Languages and Commerce in Sultanahmet in Istanbul.

Almost inevitably, the great bazaar exerted an irresistible pull, and the friends he made there would happily pull down stack after stack to allow him to satisfy his growing addiction. Thompson returned to London to qualified as a doctor, and, within a year of receiving his first pay cheque in 1964, succumbed to carpet-itis, for which there is no known cure. He is now the author of several acclaimed carpet books, and lectures internationally.

CAVEAT EMPTOR

Although auction houses hold "single-owned collection" sales from time to time, these are not always what they seem: quite often they are simply the stock from a well-known dealer who has decided to retire, to cease trading in carpets and textiles, or to liquidate his stock in bulk for some reason. "Collection" in this instance is a misnomer; "accumulation" is more accurate, for some of these will inevitably be the owner's "bad buys". Be especially careful of so-called collections auctioned in bonded warehouses, advertised as belonging to merchant bankers or some such. The would-be purchaser would be well advised to read between the lines, and to scrutinise any small print and disclaimers.

COLLECTING THEMES

Saddle covers were the theme of Mr Prior's collection, Turkomans are the basis of Jon Thompson's, and the many types of nomadic bag purposes are an excellent way to start learning. There are salt bags and spoon bags, spindle bags, tent-door decorations, and the intriguing weavings made as tent-strut covers. The Persian sculptor Parviz Tanavoli became fascinated by Persian lion rugs, which he collected, exhibited and discussed in his book *Lion Rugs: The Lion in the Art and Culture of Iran*. Further east, Mimi Lipton's book, The Tiger Rugs of Tibet, accompanied a touring exhibition on the theme. Both these themes have shamanistic associations – as do certain rugs with empty spaces in their central field, another possible theme for the would-be collector.

If your taste is for the fringes of rug collecting, rest assured: kitsch exists even in rugs. The Persian tradition of pictorial representation provides many blatant examples: cartoon characters such as Popeye and Olive; portraits of ancient kings and modern presidents (Reza Shah, JF Kennedy). In Afghanistan and Baluchistan, tanks and planes sneak in where a hundred years ago camels once marched.

Starting a collection should be a pleasure, and need not break the bank, at least initially. It is, however, a slippery slope. Unlike socks, which lose no opportunity to become single, carpets like company. ◆

A Decade of 'Turkey Books'

NEXT ISSUE CORNUCOPIA CELEBRATES ITS 20TH ISSUE BY INVITING LEADING WRITERS AND EXPERTS TO SELECT THE BEST NEW TITLES ON TURKEY

Books on gardens and botany

The flower which above all others has become associated with a period and a place is the tulip. Many people know about the Dutch mania for tulips in the 17th century – not least because the modern Dutch promote the tulip as a national symbol, almost more than clogs and windmills. Far less widely known is the passion for tulips that seized upper-class Turkey a century later, when it also becomes possible to speak of a Tulip Epoch. The story is a fascinating one, all the better for being little exposed outside the circles of botanical and art history specialists. The publication last year of Anna Pavord's *The Tulip* (Bloomsbury, 1998) changed all that. A labour of love, Pavord's generously ranging book restores the tulip to an honourable place in the affections of all who love Turkish culture.

PATRICIA MORISON

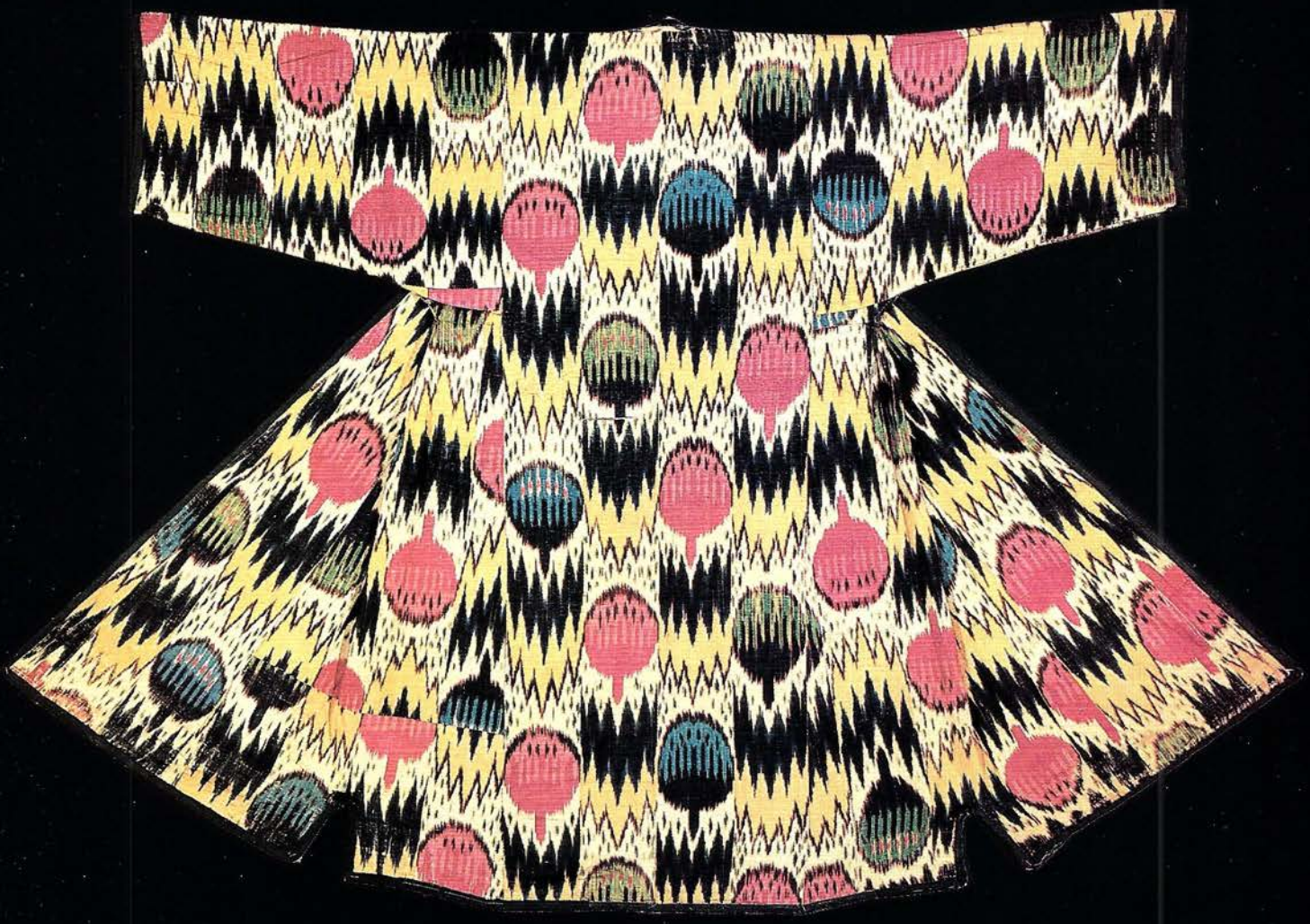
'Prayer Cushions of the Flesh'

Robert Erwin is a cult. This scholar, publisher, reviewer and writer cannot put a foot wrong. He has produced half a dozen disturbing and beautifully crafted novels such as *The Arabian Nightmare* (1983), set in 15th-century Mameluke Cairo, and *The Mysteries of Algiers* (1987), which takes place during the Algerian revolution. Besides these works stand a steady stream of academic studies into the politcs and culture of the medieval Near East. *Prayer Cushions of the Flesh*, a slim erotic novella, determinedly side steps these categories, and is seemingly set in 17th-century Istanbul. BARNABY ROGERSON

Festive miniatures

Levni and the Surname: The Story of an Eighteenth-Century Ottoman Festival (by Esin Atıl, Koçbank, 1999). Levni's *Surname* has several claims to fame. It depicts the last truly magnificent imperial festival, and it is the masterpiece of the greatest of all Ottoman illustrators. It is an invaluable sociological account of Istanbul at the apogee of Ahmed III's reign. An erudite, splendidly illustrated work in a luxurious format convenient for the reader.

CHRISTINE THOMSON

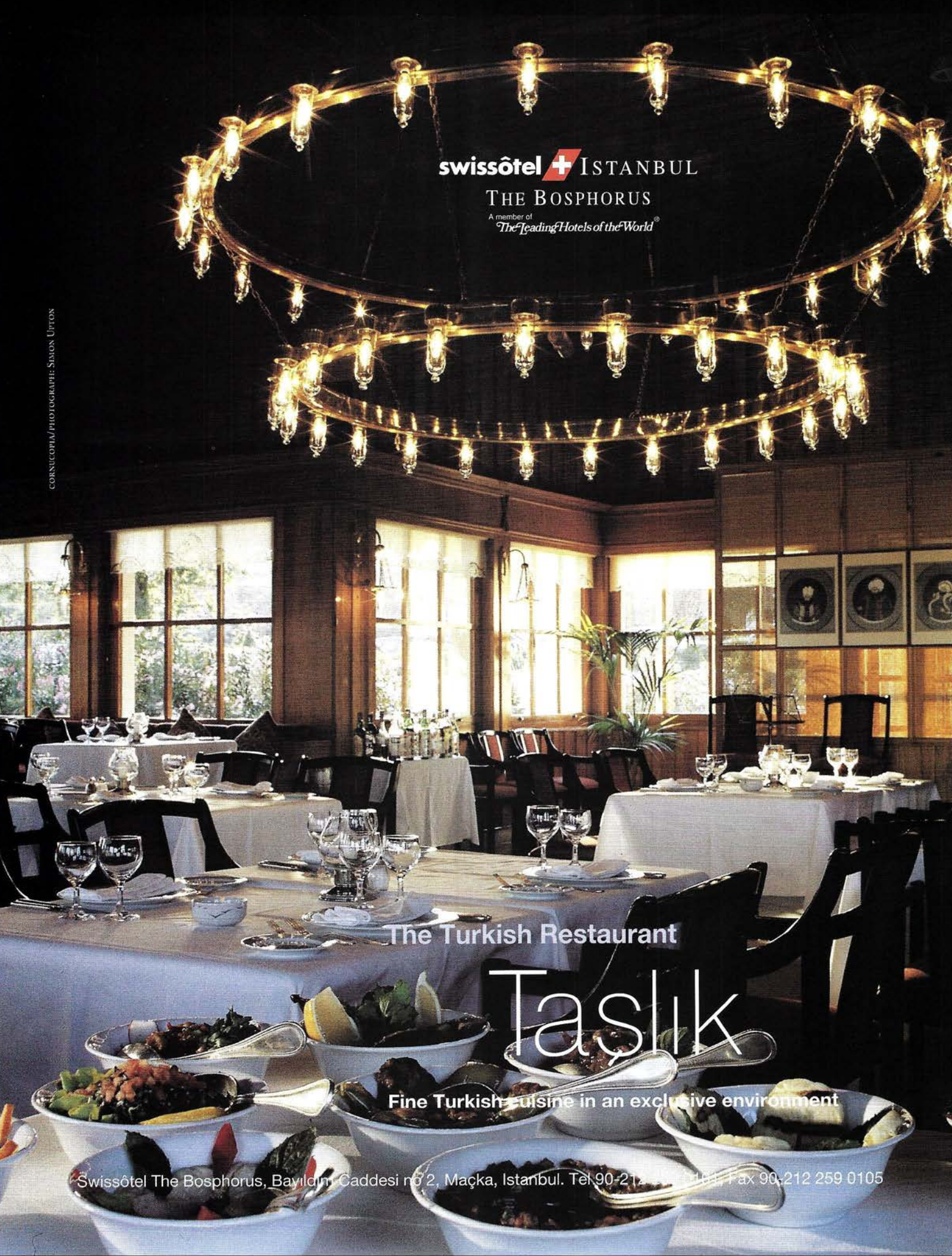


Uzbekistan Ikat "Capans" 19th Century

Antique Anatolian, Caucasian, And Central Asian Carpets,
Kilims And Textile Art

MAISON DU TAPIS D'ORİENT

MEHMET ÇETİNKAYA, ARASTA ÇARŞISI NO: 151 SULTANAHMET-İSTANBUL-TÜRKİYE TEL: 0 (212) 517 68 08 FAX: 0 (212) 638 15 53


swissôtel ISTANBUL
THE BOSPHORUS
A member of
The Leading Hotels of the World®
CORNUCOPIA/PHOTOGRAPHE: SIMON UPTON
The Turkish Restaurant
Taşlık
Fine Turkish cuisine in an exclusive environment
Swissôtel The Bosphorus, Bayıldım Caddesi no 2, Maçka, Istanbul. Tel 90-212
Fax 90-212 259 0105

DESPATCHES

Cornucopia's correspondents file from Istanbul, New York, Sydney, London and Champaign-Urbana, Illinois

Everywoman's earthquake

Andrew Finkel from Istanbul

Like every journalist, I have my proverbial taxi driver, my Everyman, who helps me understand what's going on. Mine is an Everywoman: she lives across the street, standing guard over our neighbourhood with an eagle eye.

Her powers of observation have featured in these columns before. It was she who called out from her perch on the fourth floor several years ago when my two-year-old daughter marched down our front steps having insisted on putting her galoshes on by herself. "They're on the wrong feet," said my neighbour. In that moment I knew I would never need a burglar alarm.

Since then, she has kept me informed in other ways. I recall the early months of 1997, when she stood at her window every night beating her pots and pans and blinking her living-room lights – one of millions taking part in a short-lived but convivial protest. Each night, for one minute, much of Turkey protested not against the government in power at the time, but against an entire political system gone wrong.

The other night, I discovered her camped on those very steps. A few days before, we had both been roused from our slumbers by the vertical shake of Turkey's horrendous earthquake. She was responding to fears and fresh rumours of another quake by spending the night outdoors. "My God, what will become of us?" she asked, an elderly woman afraid to spend the night under her own roof. I had no answer. Suddenly, for her, more than the political system had gone wrong; it was an entire universe.

In those days of horrendous tragedy I, too, slept very little – although from overwork rather than anxiety. I was perversely blessed that the hard effort of actually reporting the flattened buildings and rows of corpses was a distraction from the very dread they inspired.

Yet I soon became aware of another, equally mesmerising, side to events. The earthquake possessed a power of biblical proportions, slicing through people's lives and exposing that which they would prefer to conceal. Turkey is struggling with an uncomfortable truth: the quake sought out weaknesses not only in the earth but, with vicious accuracy, in society itself.

At least, that was my reflection as I roamed the city of Adapazarı, a once-prosperous agricultural and industrial town east of the epicentre. I was weary from trying to take my bearings from buildings that are no longer at right angles to the horizon. I stopped, pen in hand, to watch as the body of a policeman was zipped into a bag and stored for retrieval in the ruins of a Toyota showroom. His misfortune had been to stop for a snack as he went off duty at 3:02 on the morning of August 17.

In a curious way, the more affecting spectacle was the collapsed building across the street which had claimed the young policeman's life. It was still upright, but the façade had fallen away. On the top floor, a sofa sat flush against the wall – if only a wall had been there. Even the living-room blinds were hanging – from what, I cannot imagine – but no longer able to keep out prying eyes.

Turkey is wrestling with shock and grief but also with the dawning realisation of just how large a task it will be to rebuild. Its rulers, too, are beginning to understand that they will have to rebuild people's confidence in them, and must do so with the rest of the world looking in.

The violence of the shaking earth, calculated at 7.4 on the Richter scale, was felt throughout the northwest. Two hundred and twenty miles east of the epicentre, the disaster woke the capital out of its slumber. Ankara must now cope with the criticism that it failed both to plan for a disaster and to react when it struck.

The result on the ground in cities like Adapazarı is almost impossible to comprehend. Mustafa Yılmaz, the Turkish minister overseeing relief operations in the city, confessed that it might have to be moved altogether because of all the destruction. "Adapazarı will be like the ruins of some ancient city," he said. In the days after the quake, one shop remained open, an old, one-storey wooden building that had survived intact. It normally sold Turkish coffee but was now helping to distribute water and bread. "All the new buildings are gone," said the owner, Ertan Tanyeri. "In a way it's a city reborn."

From the air, the sheer power of the earthquake is breathtaking; you can almost believe it benign. As I flew over the devastation in a helicopter, the meaning of the new Turkish mantra also became clear: earthquakes don't cause death; man-made buildings do.

A sudden underground snap along an extension of the north Anatolian fault etched a fissure in the countryside some 30 miles long. It zips across fields: an irregular line from south of Adapazarı to a point on the Bay of Izmit. In places, the fissure is 10 feet wide, carving a causeway through dense forest. The moment it touched habitation, it became dangerous. As the crack crossed the main Ankara highway, an overpass collapsed on an unlucky bus.

The recriminations are deafening. The wrath of the quake has exposed contractors who short-changed on steel and cement; it has condemned their accomplices in local government and the national politicians who exchanged building amnesties for votes. The trouble is that the chain of culpability includes pretty much everyone, from the migrants in the cities to the politicians they backed. It is almost like blaming the postwar history of Turkish urbanisation. Avcılar, one of the few Istanbul neighbourhoods to be badly affected, barely existed 15 years ago. Now it is an integral, though distant, part of the city, with McDonald's battling with Burger King for control of the main drag. The value of nearby property has risen accordingly, but Avcılar also has badly constructed buildings on terrain given to landslides.

Turkey's institutions have simply not developed at the same breathtaking pace as its cities. My neighbour knew as much when she flashed her lights in protest, but it has taken an earthquake to drive the point home to millions of others. The Turkish state is highly centralised and resentful of local government, let alone civil initiatives. Most of the nation watched incredulously as the Ministry of Health, controlled by the Nationalist Action Party side of the current ruling coalition, locked horns with the only Turkish non-governmental organisation which actually managed to rescue people from the quake ruins, accusing it of just being there for show, performing a function that should be left to government. It was a residual cry from an old guard that seemed to give priority to national honour over the need to save lives, a mind-set that values protecting the state even at the individual's expense.

Now Turks are questioning a social contract that clearly defines their obligations to the state – because the state, in this case, has failed to reciprocate.

Dissatisfaction has been heard at the highest levels: "The bribe-takers and the bribe-givers are under the same rubble – along with the system and Turkey's whole urbanisation policy," said the outspoken young minister of tourism, Erkan Mumcu.

In a way, of course, the forces that have led to the region's higgledy-piggledy urbanisation became ordinary people's first line of defence. Community is still strong here. There has been little looting. It was neighbours, not civil defence units, who began digging in the rubble, many using their bare hands.

But the effort was not enough. People have to be organised. For that they need a government willing to cede both real power and responsibility away from the Ankara bureaucracies. In an emergency, the government's job is not so much to arrive on the spot itself with a pick and shovel as to co-ordinate. But no one can co-ordinate chaos. Even a month after the tragedy, the official relief effort was at the very best just treading water.

If I had to describe the country I have lived in for 10 years, I would say it is a country now angry with itself. If I am honest, I would confess that this is preferable to the Turkey which regards itself as proudly alone in the world and unjustly maligned. Since the first quake, some 65 nations have offered their help. "Turks have no friends but themselves" is an adage cherished not just by the ultra-nationalist partner in the government coalition. Today, it is a demonstrable lie.

Turkey must now rebuild more than homes. But there is a danger that there will be no change. My neighbour's beating of pots and pans was, after all, a warning ignored. On the other hand, it is hard to imagine a carpet large enough under which to sweep all the rubble this time. *See page 37 for a full report on the earthquake and its aftermath*

Saving the globe

Frances Kazan from New York

I recently adopted a globe – a beautiful glazed ceramic globe with swirling floral motifs and rounded medallions painted in turquoise, cobalt blue and tomato red. It was made in Iznik in the second half of the 16th century and probably came from a mosque in Bolu, in northwest Anatolia, where it would have hung from an arch or ceiling, ornamented with hanging tassels. My globe, if you will pardon the possessive, is now displayed in the Brooklyn Museum of Art, where they have a small but exceptional collection of Ottoman art.

When I joined the BMA adoption programme, I was torn between the globe and a dozen Pascal Sébah and Joallier photographs of 19th-century Istanbul. The globe prevailed: it is unique and my donations will help towards its maintenance and preservation. For the museum cannot do it alone: though supported in part by tax dollars, the BMA needs outside funding. Without help from foundations and private donors as well as an in-house development office, volunteers and regular fundraising events, this precious institution would founder.

In October an exhibition of work by young British artists opened at the BMA. With no public debate, Mayor Giuliani, a man not noted for his cultural expertise, cut off public funding to the BMA because he found the contents objectionable. His actions violated the First Amendment and set off a storm of controversy and a plethora of lawsuits. The mayor, I should point out, is scheduled to run for the Senate next year.

Back to my globe, adopted before all this started but presently imperilled by the forces of politics. Suddenly my modest desire to help preserve the Ottoman artistic heritage in New York City takes on a broader meaning. I don't want the mayor deciding what I and my fellow citizens can and cannot see, and I certainly don't want the museum taken over by the city. I want children from the projects, hipsters from Williamsburg, families from Cobble Hill and the Heights, people who have never heard of Iznik, to be free to admire the skill of that long-dead craftsman and for a moment to feel closer to the Ottomans. Who can predict where political whim and prejudice might go next?

Do you remember Michael, owner of the Üsküdar restaurant, which arguably serves the best Turkish food in New York (CORNUCOPIA 14)? Michael was born in Kayseri but his family have lived in Yalova, on the Sea of Marmara, for 20 years. They lost everything in the August quake, though they escaped with their lives. The quake became a tangible tragedy for every one of Michael's loyal customers and friends. Standing on the sidewalk, with Second Avenue traffic rumbling behind us, he told me of his harrowing trip home, seeing the body bags piling up in the streets, using his fluent English to guide the rescuers, the anguish of his family who can no longer sleep through the night. Suddenly the Turkish tragedy touched my world, the connection was direct, more than images on a television screen or in the newspapers. I understood how close we all are in our common humanity.

Hollywood grates

Robert Ousterhuit from Champaign–Urbana

It's winter and I'm landlocked in Champaign-Urbana, Illinois, in the great American Midwest. It's sort of rural here, but not rural enough to remind me of the Anatolian countryside. I suppose it could be called suburban, but in fact there is no urb to be sub – we're surrounded by cornfields. I think of it as surrural. In any case, when it's cold and snowing, I need a reminder of the sunnier, Istanbulian side of my Dr Jekyll-Mr Hyde existence. And so I seek video consolation.

Byzantium and historic Istanbul appear all too rarely in American films. But for exiles in need of a dose of the visual, it is possible to go beyond the inevitable *Topkapi*. Watching it again recently, I wondered how Melina Mercouri, once so full of return-the-Elgin-Marbles fervour, could have participated in a film based on the theft of another country's national treasures.

Turkish historical films, made on the cheap, are hard to find outside Turkey. In Istanbul, they see me through my regular bouts of insomnia. I lie awake trying to identify historic settings used in the late-night swashbucklers. It's like a slide quiz in an art-history class: Jannisaries patrol the Land Wall, banquet in the Kariye Camii, sleep in cisterns. One of my favourites is about the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus (their capacity for sleep clearly far greater than my own). It was actually filmed in Ephesus. Or maybe an Ephesus from a parallel universe: the partially reconstructed Basilica of St John serves as the market, the Isabey Camii as the governor's palace.

In America I have to rely on Hollywood. I have found both westerns and sci-fi films – and most recently a Ford Ranger commercial – set in Cappadocia. My favourite is *Hanggliders*, in which the wife and child of the American ambassador to Greece are held to ransom by terrorists. They are hidden in one of the Meteora monasteries perched atop a rocky pinnacle in Thessaly. When the terrorists send a Polaroid to prove the captives are still alive, the detectives realise the photo also reveals Byzantine frescoes on the rear wall. "If only we had a Byzantine art historian to identify the frescoes," they think, "we could find them!" They locate the Byzantinist cruising on his yacht somewhere in the Aegean. He consults his library – also somehow on the yacht – and identifies the fresco. The captives are finally rescued at night by a hanggliding reconnaissance team.

Antalya?

For Istanbul, there are mostly thrillers. In fact, there are too many films with the popular orientalist leitmotiv of Istanbul as a locus of intrigue, and most should be avoided. In several such films, however, Byzantine substructures are used to underscore the theme of intrigue. In *From Russia with Love*, for example, James Bond boats through the Yerebatan Saray in order to overhear (underhear?) secret conversations at the Soviet consulate, which inexplicably lies directly above the cistern. Imagine the Soviet consulate standing across the street from Ayasofya. In the infamous *Midnight Express*, convicted druggie Billy Hayes attempts to escape from the Istanbul prison but loses his way in the Byzantine catacombs. Catacombs? Well, it was a good metaphor for poor Billy's bewildered condition. My favourite of the film's many lapses: the prison has lots of steaming hot water and prisoners can take really long showers. In the late Seventies, no one in Istanbul had that luxury.

I recently saw for the first time *Suddenly, Last Summer*. Katharine Hepburn makes her first entrance descending in an open elevator while describing the Byzantine emperors' hydraulic throne, which rose during audiences, to the amazement of visiting dignitaries. She comments that, as she lives in a democracy, she descends rather than ascends to greet her guests. Nonplussed, Montgomery Clift replies, "I don't know much about the Byzantine." But apparently Tennessee Williams did.

Encounter on the Bosphorus

Bernard Burrows from London

One of the rewards of a career in diplomacy is the extraordinary people one meets in the line of duty. My first meeting with Winston Churchill was when, during the war, he was staying at the Cairo embassy and I, as a young secretary, had to take him some telegrams to see before a conference. He received me good-humouredly in his bath.

My last meeting was more dramatic. It must have been in the summer of 1959 that, at the embassy in Ankara, I received a message from the Foreign Office to say that Churchill, by then retired for some years, would like to visit Istanbul and meet the Turkish prime minister, Adnan Menderes. This was fine, but the context of the journey was more problematical. Sir Winston would be travelling on board the yacht of Mr Onassis, as he was in the habit of doing in the summer, and I was asked to invite the prime minister, and the foreign minister, Mr Zorlu, to lunch on board the yacht just outside the Bosphorus.

Although relations between Turkey and Greece were then comparatively friendly, following on the agreements about the independence of Cyprus, it was not an ideal mode of transport for a world statesman to use in visiting Turkey.

Nevertheless Menderes took the proposal with good grace. He and Zorlu and I made our way by launch to the yacht and the luncheon passed very well. Some of the time Churchill was wrapped in his own thoughts but there were flashes of brilliance when the conversation interested him, and the Turkish ministers were well pleased with the meeting. As well they might be, for the company was intriguing. The other passengers, besides Churchill and his wife, were the charming and beautiful Mrs Onassis, whom Onassis was to divorce a year later, and Maria Callas, with whom he had, or was about to have, what is politely called a relationship. The underlying tension did not show itself at the lunch table.

Menderes and Zorlu left after lunch and the yacht moved in to take up its station in the Bosphorus in front of the Dolmabahçe Palace. Churchill had indicated that he wanted to see some of the historic sites of Istanbul and I had therefore arranged for the embassy's Rolls-Royce to be awaiting us at the quayside. But it turned out this was not the method of transport he preferred. Onassis carried on board the yacht a small white two-seater car which he drove himself and which was duly lifted from the yacht's deck onto the quayside by the yacht's own tackle. Churchill descended the gangway and mounted the passenger seat of this car with Onassis driving. I followed in the Rolls.

There was also the necessary clutch of security vehicles trailing behind. It turned out after a short time that Onassis, though born in Turkey, did not know his way about Istanbul. I stopped the cortège and mounted the small seat at the back of Onassis's car, into which I could barely fit but which gave me a better chance of directing him. The Rolls followed empty in case of emergencies.

We duly visited Ayasofya, the Blue Mosque, the Hippodrome and looked through the gates of the Topkapı. Churchill did not want to get out but declared himself well satisfied with the excursion and congratulated me on my knowledge of the topography, though I am not sure how much of my running commentary on the city's history he took in. We returned to the quayside without incident and returned on board the yacht, where I had been invited to stay for supper.

Waiting for the meal to be prepared I found myself standing at the rail with Onassis, looking out at the Istanbul waterfront in the gathering dusk. Turkey was then undergoing one of its economic crises and I asked him, in passing, what he would do to restore the economic situation. "Quite easy," Onassis replied. "I would bring in 10,000 Greeks." I did not pass this advice on to my Turkish friends.

Ups and downs Down Under

Harvey Broadbent from Sydney

Though for many Turks in the Australian diaspora the overwhelming feeling has been one of helplessness at being so far away while those back home were suffering, 1999 did have its high points, making the tyranny of distance more bearable.

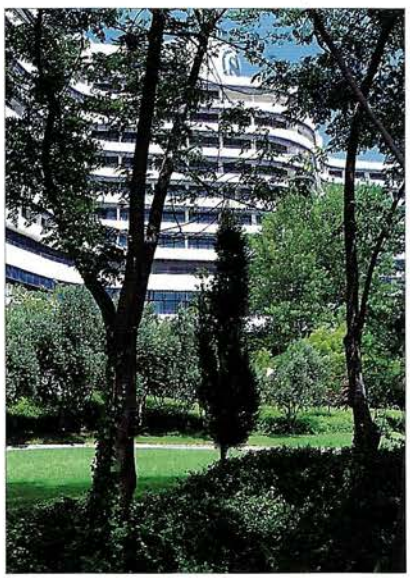
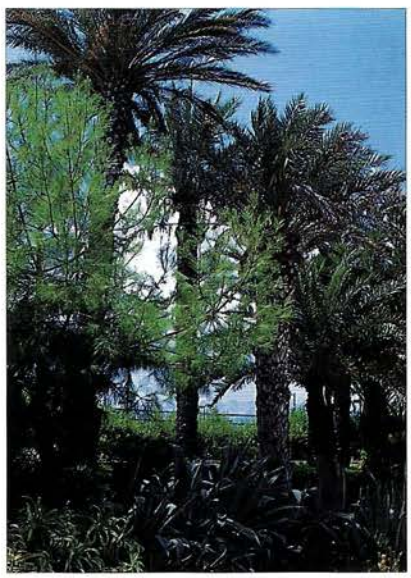
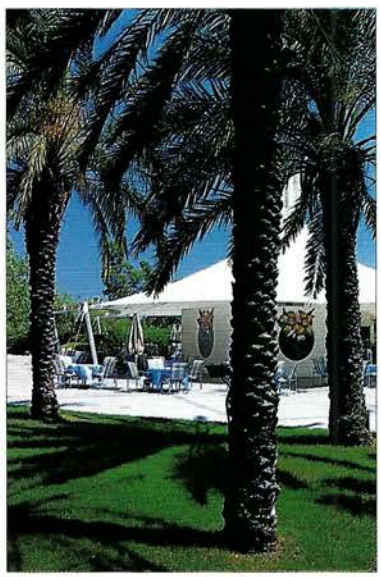
News coverage of Öçalan's arrest, the return to power of Bülent Ecevit, Turkey's role in the Balkans, as well as more prosaic events such as the path of the sun's eclipse, the Gallipoli Peace Park (an event of major significance here) – not to mention the great quake – all contrived to put Turkey into the spotlight. And Anzac Day (April 25) took some 4,000 Antipodean visitors to attend ceremonies on the Gallipoli Peninsula.

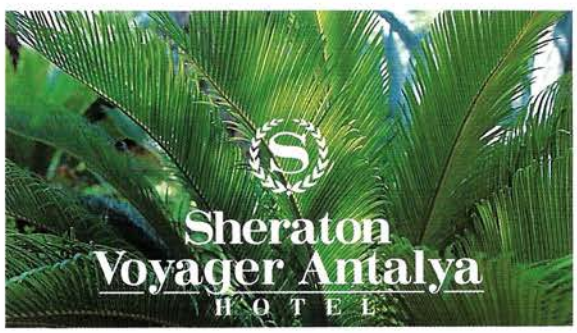
There have been cultural moments too: visits by the pianist Ayşegül Sarıca, the pop star Tarkan, Cengiz Özek, the Karagöz puppet theatre artist, and the actor Mişvik Kenter, who read Orhan Veli's poetry, as well as the folk dance ensemble Hoytur, and a production of the play *Evlilik* (Marriage). The musicians, dancers and theatre groups of Australia's own Turkish community have also been prolific, and the first Turkish film festival was held in Sydney, Melbourne and Perth.

Mention of Orhan Veli brings me to my own contribution – a 50-minute radio piece inspired by his poem *Istanbulu Dinliyorum*, which I recorded on the streets of Istanbul. In April, on ABC's FM network, *Listening to Istanbul* brought listeners the dawn chorus of mosques, the sounds of the backstreets of Beyoğlu, Karaköy and its waterside Sunday crowds, the voices of the people and my own musings as to why Istanbul gets under your skin, and why when I'm there, I rebel, but when I'm away I long to return to the poetry of its streets.

Hats off to Andreas Larentzakis, the Greek-Australian director of Kompass Holidays International, who set up a scheme whereby Australian travel agents specialising in Turkey can promote travel to Turkey to aid its economic recovery. They will donate $10 to earthquake relief for every customer visiting Turkey in 1999 and 2000.

Just as the movement of the northern Anatolian fault line has brought the land masses of Turkey and Greece closer – by one and a half metres, they say – it is likely to bring Australians closer to Turkey, too. ◆



The Mediterranean's finest hotel, with views over the Bay of Antalya to the mountains, and hotel design at its very best. Attractively furnished rooms, large pool with waterfall, lush substropical garden, excellent conference facilities and restaurants, and a five-minute garden walk to a spectacular beach. A shuttle service provides access to Antalya's top golf courses.

SHERATON VOYAGER ANTALYA HOTEL, 100.YIL BULVARI, 07050 ANTALYA, TURKEY
TEL: (90-242) 243 2432 FAX: (90-242) 243 2462

If you want to conquer new territory, you need a great navigator.

As the global leader in commercial real estate services, CB Richard Ellis delivers the people, services and knowledge best suited to the needs of each unique client.

We make it our priority to know your business, how changing factors in the market place can affect it, and the opportunities this new world of real estate presents every day.

With nearly 10,000 people in over 230 offices worldwide, we are armed with the tools required to help you navigate this new world the only way we know how. *Successfully.*

Contact our Navigators at:
tel (90-212) 259 3629;
fax (90-212) 259 5598.
Spor Cad. 92, BJK Plaza,
Beşiktaş, Istanbul

www.cbrichardellis.com

CB Richard Ellis
NAVIGATING A NEW WORLD℠

Transaction Services • Management Services • Financial Services

AYKUT BARKA

THE ISTANBUL–ANKARA RAILWAY AT ARIFIYE, RIGHT ON THE FAULT LINE

Earthquakes have struck Istanbul every hundred years. The last was in 1894. The next big one was quite a topic of conversation, but nothing more. When it struck on August 17, 1999, it could not have struck at a worse time. Top officials were on holiday, and when communications and bridges were down, no one was there to give the orders and work out what to do.

The earthquake also struck at the very area where Turkey's economic progress has been greatest – the province of Kocaeli, where GNP per head is at European levels. Turkey has been growing very fast, and Kocaeli faster than most places. What this means, as anyone who has been on the motorway between Istanbul and Ankara knows, is a whole rash of small concrete workshops and factories turning out a mass of goods and spare parts for export to Europe. People rushed in droves from small towns and villages. Housing was going up in a great hurry. Then the earthquake struck.

The victims showed no self-pity. Nor was there looting. But it did take the authorities two days to react, and all too often mobile foreign rescue teams were present before the Turkish ones.

AYKUT BARKA

UNDER CANVAS: A TENT CITY HASTILY ERECTED FOR THE 100,000 HOMELESS

As criticism began, some foreign correspondents recycled what Turks told them. One Islamic clergyman declared that the earthquake was a visitation for the sins of secularism, of atheism, of wicked Western ways. In London, *The Independent* newspaper said the Turkish army was to blame: it should somehow have been using its tanks and gunships to help the earthquake victims of the north-west rather than to fight a guerrilla war in the southeast. Some of this criticism was utterly unfair. The earthquake was a natural visitation of tremendous, catastrophic power. Yet this was not the Turkish state's best performance.

What will be the effects of the earthquake? Turkey is fortunate, in a sense, because at last she has a working government, with a proper working majority. Everyone knows that economic development in the past two decades has gone way beyond what the old system can cope with. Welfare arrangements made in the Seventies for a poor country where men died, on average, in their late 40s, is wildly outdated in today's Turkey. The resulting chronic inflation will have to be sorted out. The IMF has been coming to Turkey regularly, with a view to supporting reforms that everyone knows are needed. The quake will probably set them back, because repairing the damage will mean government expenditure.

On the other hand, it has also given Turks a feeling, surprisingly widespread, that they cannot just rely on the state to provide. Independent institutions of all sorts, self-help organisations, voluntary bodies, have multiplied – a whole world of what is sometimes called "civil society". This can only be for the good. But it presupposes something else.

Hitherto, and it is a weakness that goes back to the Seljuks, Turks have not been good at teamwork. If you want something done, you have to go to the top. If the earthquake reinforces a lesson, which I believe the youngest generation is learning – that you must form what Burke called "the little platoons" that rely on each other rather than the pasha – then all will not have been in vain. Turks have faced disasters before, but they have an almost Russian degree of resilience and they learn from each one. NORMAN STONE

HOW YOU CAN HELP

After the August quake it was hard to know what to do, especially if you had no obvious expertise. Then, with larger organisations slow to move, people started simply buying goods to take to the stricken areas. There has been much progress since. Those not involved in some kind of relief work are hard to find. Even spending a day at a camp making potato prints with children is worthwhile; if you can take a load of warm clothes and educational materials, so much the better.

There are reliable charities in Turkey and abroad dealing with gifts in cash or in kind:

- **www.sivilyardim.org** (in Turkish) lets you match what you or your company have to offer (money, goods or services) to the needs of individuals interviewed in hospitals and camps. This project – set up by the charity Bizim Ülke with Bilgi University – already supports 700 victims and their families. Contact Bizim Ülke, tel/fax (90 216) 335 4170.
- Two respected Turkish charities offering short- and long-term help, including shelter and scholarships, are: Çağdaş Eğitim Vakfı (tel 90-212 276 2899, fax 90-212 286 3513) and Çağdaş Yaşamı Destekleme Derneği (tel 90-212 252 0353, fax 90-212 293 9773).
- **www.turkishrelief.org** has instructions on sending gifts in kind to the Turkish Children's Relief Kit Project. An allied project is providing large huts badly needed as schools, creches, laundries and kitchens. Both projects are supported by the Anglican chaplaincy in Istanbul. Donations to: Istanbul Chaplaincy Earthquake Appeal, 14 Tufton St, London SW1P 3QZ.
- For further ways to help, visit the Cornucopia website, which is updated regularly: **www.cornucopia.net**. We would also like to hear from you if you are an organisation calling for contributions or volunteers and want to have your details put on the website. ELIZABETH MEATH BAKER

RESCUE IN THE RUBBLE

ROSS EVANS, NIGEL COOPER AND PAUL HOLDCROFT ARE CAVERS, USED TO SQUEEZING INTO TIGHT, AWKWARD HOLES. MEMBERS OF AN AMATEUR RESCUE CLUB IN THE BRITISH MIDLANDS, THEIR SKILLS PROVED INVALUABLE WHEN THEY JOINED VOLUNTEERS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD IN THE AFTERMATH OF THE EARTHQUAKE. THEY WENT UNBIDDEN, UNINSURED AND AGAINST THE ADVICE OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE, AND WERE THE LAST FOREIGN RESCUE TEAM TO LEAVE ÇINARCIK. IT WAS AN EXPERIENCE THEY WILL NEVER FORGET

ROSS'S STORY

Friday August 20. Just finished another hard day at the glue factory. Time to put my feet up and check my e-mail to see what's happening over the weekend – not that I'm going anywhere as I'm working double shift on Saturday and a morning shift on Sunday. A message shouts out at me: "CCPC-URGENT. Date: Friday, August 20, 1999, 10.42am. URGENT. If you can leave for Turkey on Sunday to help with the earthquake disaster, can you contact Alan Walker at Pooles Cavern... Ralph"

I phone work to see if it's all right to go and am told, no, they can't cover my job as someone is ill. Shortly after, they ring back: I can go, and not to worry about work, as the people we're going to help need me more than they do.

I speak to the contact in Istanbul and get flight details confirmed for Paul Holdcraft, Matt (the fourth member of our team) and myself. Next morning I get a call from Nigel Cooper – he's on holiday and would like to come along. I book him the last seat on the plane and set about getting my gear together and jabs sorted out. Off to Stafford for loads of high-energy bars, then back home to pack. My wife, Carol, manages to get gloves and dust masks from work, also some first-aid kit and bandages.

Sunday morning comes round all too quickly. Matt drives up from High Wycombe to pick me up. Then Nigel phones to say there's a cholera outbreak and all rescue workers are being pulled out. We set off for Manchester airport anyway – if they don't need us we can always come home again. It's a good job there's no baggage limit: 12 bags send us well over the normal 33kg limit.

In Istanbul, John and Berrin are waiting in Arrivals. We have successfully planned to identify each other by the fact that John and I are both middle-aged, bald and, of course, handsome. We load up a taxi and John's car with all the baggage and set off. The taxi driver has been asked to follow us, which he does for all of a mile. Then he overtakes. How you can follow someone when you're 10 cars in front is anyone's guess. At the headquarters of AKUT, a Turkish volunteer rescue organisation, we meet the people we'll be working for, and after a short briefing, we're introduced to Emine, our young guide and interpreter.

After loading a minibus with our bags and getting passes for all the roadblocks, we're on our way to Çınarcık (pronounced Chen-ar-jik). After around three hours we stop to put on dust masks but it is some time before we see our first town that's been affected by the earthquake. The buildings have large cracks running up the fronts and sides. Some have collapsed partly, others totally. We see cranes and excavators and people digging with their bare hands in frantic bids to find loved ones and friends buried deep in the debris. One building has collapsed on to the front of a bus, causing the back to lift so high off the road that people can walk under it. We pass through some built-up areas that are quite untouched by the quake. But all too soon we are driving through what can only be described as a demolition site. Everywhere we look people are working on floodlit buildings. All along the roadside people have set up makeshift camps on footpaths, on waste ground or in their gardens. Some are pushing handcarts stacked high with possessions; there's the odd truck piled with furniture. One town is difficult to navigate as buildings have fallen on the road.

As we go, Emine tells us of an old lady who, buried for three days in the 1930s quake, was rescued with only minor cuts and bruises. She moved to France, where they do not have quakes. But as she got older she decided to move back to Turkey to spend the rest of her life in her home town. Then there was a quake that registered 7.4 on the Richter scale, and her home collapsed. Rescuers dug for three days and found this 93-years-young lady with only minor cuts and bruises.

We arrive at Çınarcık. There are large numbers of military personnel about, and Emine introduces us to the army captain. He asks what we can do to help. We explain we are potholers and specialise in going into small and awkward holes. We tell him we are in Cave Rescue and that I have been in Mines Rescue. He says he doesn't have a specific job for us, but suggests we go and help the other teams.

I spot the ideal place to pitch our tent – a two-storey beach-bar. The captain looks at me as if I'm nuts. But I climb up a power pylon, on to the top of a phone box and over a small fence. This will be our home. The lads pass the baggage up. Emine offers to stay, but we can manage.

We go up to the site where the rescue teams are working. I've never seen anything like this before. It's 1am. There are 250 to 300 people, in large and small groups, five or six sets of floodlights, four big cranes, six large excavators, dozens of dump trucks. The air is thick with the smell of death and concrete dust. The sound of heavy machinery is continuous.

The site is divided into six or seven smaller sites, each with one goal – to find survivors. Close by, a mother and daughter, arms wrapped around each other, are weeping as they watch one of their family being dug out of the mass of concrete and steel reinforcing bars. Half an hour later the body is pulled out,

ROSS EVANS

NIGEL AND MATT IN ÇINARCIK, CAMPING ON THE ROOF OF A BEACH BAR

Cornucopia acknowledges the kind assistance of Turkish Airlines in arranging immediate transportation for the rescue team

'I LIE ON MY SIDE NEXT TO THE BODY... I HEAR PEOPLE MOVING ABOUT

partly wrapped in a blanket and covered in lime to minimise the risk of disease. I have never seen a dead body before.

Back at our base Nigel and Matt get into their sleeping bags and settle in for the night. Paul and I sit watching the workers hammering at the concrete. After 10 minutes I tell Paul I cannot sleep. I'm not tired and I can't sit and watch. At first we're unsure what to do, so we pick a site and join in, moving concrete and broken furniture. When Paul cuts his arm, a worker points him to an ambulance to get it seen to.

I notice two men looking into a hole and offer my torch. "Has anyone been inside it?" I ask. They shake their heads. I ask if I can go in and have a look to make sure there's no one in there. They are unsure what I'm trying to say, so I move some rubble out of the way, check the roof and climb in.

The room is only 24 inches high and at a 45-degree angle. Moving around is difficult, there is so much broken glass and crushed furniture. I crawl about 20 feet. The tiled floor makes it hazardous: when you move, so does the rubble. At the bottom of the slope I look back up to the exit and realise I've crawled through into another room. After a look around I move off to my right through a small hole and into a further room. Nothing to report. Back at the bottom of the slope I turn left, forcing my way through broken furniture, to a room too badly crushed to search properly. I make my way out to half a dozen expectant faces.

Mahmoosh, a rice-chef from Istanbul, speaks good English. When we explain what we can do, he finds us lots of holes to examine. One has a car in it. It had been parked on the road when the building collapsed on top of it. Paul and I crawl between the wall and the car.

There is a body at the front of the car and to our left, I have been told, above head height in a hole in the wall. All I can see is the head, a shoulder and arm. It is black and so bloated the watchstrap is cutting into the arm. It lies head downwards and there is a steady drip of body fluids from the top of the head.

At the front of the car, the way is blocked with rubble and furniture. As I clear a way through, Paul goes back to tell Mahmoosh what I'm doing. I find the back of another car. I dig around the nearside and manage to peer into its rear door window: nobody inside. The middle of the car has been crushed by a large beam. I dig under this to the road and crawl through. It is very tight and awkward but the way on is open.

The other side of the beam, I lift my upper body off the floor to find myself in a bedroom. Looking across the car's bonnet, I see a body, still lying in its bed. The ceiling has collapsed on top of it. I start to make my way back to the entrance, shouting to Paul that I've found another car and another body. "Stay put," Paul says, "they need information about the car – make, model and registration." Five minutes' silence, then Paul shouts, "Go back to the front of the car and start tapping, so the people on the top can locate the body."

I make my way back into the dark, smelly tomb. I lie on my side next to the body for 25 to 30 minutes. I hear people moving about on the surface. Someone is shovelling. Then all goes quiet. I just keep tapping. Paul eventually calls to me to come out. Suddenly, there's something like a shudder, and I'm buried. But the items burying me are only cushions. I push them away. Outside I feel sick and faint as my body turns off the adrenaline.

Before I can get myself back to normal, Mahmoosh says another hole has been found. Can we have a look? Of course, we say yes. This time there is a young Turk who wants to go in, if I will go first. We enter a large, steeply sloping hole and make our way to the bottom. Nothing here. In one of the walls there is a big crack through which we can see into the next room. The Turk says this is his home; he is looking for his brother. I push myself through the crack and see the brother's baseball cap on the floor. It looks as though there's a head still in it. The Turk is upset: he doesn't want me to pick the cap up. He thinks it might still be on his brother's head. He lets me when he realises we cannot stay in this place. To our relief, the cap is empty.

Telling Mahmoosh to give us a shout if more holes are found, we go back to our base to wake Nigel and Matt. It is 6am. After briefing them on our night shift, we have a snack followed by some sleep.

A couple of hours later, we go back up to the site and find Nigel and Matt busy digging in what looks like a trench with a tiled floor. It turns out to be the doorway to a bathroom. I take a look at a dig just above them, move some rubble and there is a hole just big enough to squeeze into. I find a bed and start digging under it. I find a foot and leg. I can go no further. I come out and start digging at the floor above. Again, a tight hole to get into, but I pull some more rubble free and slide in. I move carefully down a sloping room to what looks like a big step. Climbing down for a look around, I can smell a body, but I can't see it. On my way out I notice a large domed shape on the floor. I go over, give it a poke with my finger, and it starts to ooze black body fluids. Covered in what looks like a net curtain, this must be the owner of the foot and leg I'd found earlier.

Outside, I pass on information as to the body's whereabouts. "You must have a nose for finding these bodies," Nigel says. As I make my way up the rubble heap a man pats my back and shakes my hand. He looks at me with an upset but happy face and says, "Thank you. You found my mother."

As Paul and I are having a look around there is a shout. Everybody drops what they're doing and runs across the site. Hundreds of workers stand in silence, watching and waiting. There's movement at the bottom of this great rubble heap, then an almighty cheer as half a dozen workers emerge, carrying a stretcher. The small, naked, crumpled, pink body of a five- or six-year-old boy makes the stretcher look massive. He lies motionless, as if dead. Then, as they go to put him in the ambulance, he gives out a yell and starts to cry. The atmosphere is amazing; there are quite a few tears of joy, including my own. The boy is taken to the top of the hill, where a military helicopter will fly him to hospital. I don't think I will ever experience a moment like that again.

Lunch is high-energy bars and water – loads of calories and no bulk. But I don't think any of us has an appetite. Back where we found the body in the bed, the family are digging. Nigel gets stuck in with a big hammer but makes little impression on the concrete beam lying across the body: it must be the only good piece of concrete on the whole site. We manage to get hold of a jack-hammer but it takes Nigel, Matt, Paul and the family most of the afternoon to extract the body.

In the evening, after tea, we go and have a look at the other side of town, by the sea. On the way we find a tent village, set up on a playing field. As we walk past I notice an elderly lady sitting at a makeshift table with her family. She

ON THE SURFACE. SOMEONE IS SHOVELLING. THEN ALL GOES QUIET'

smiles. I smile back. She beckons us to join them. At first we say no but give in so as not to offend them. The family stand and give us the best seats and boxes to sit on. They bring out cups and make apple tea. The lady opens a packet of biscuits and insists we have some. Our hearts go out to these very special people. They make us feel very humble.

Later, Paul brings back two loaves of bread from the army stores. It is still warm and we eat eagerly. It's nice to feel full, if only with bread.

I go to see if we can use the phone to contact our worried loved ones. Everybody gets through except me. Later I succeed. It is an emotional phone call.

Back in overalls, we return to the site, but after half an hour it starts to rain. Then it really starts to rain, and we make a mad dash back to our base to find the wind has got up and is blowing rain in through the sides of our hut. We erect a makeshift wall with a groundsheet and plastic sheeting from the army stores.

With all this rain, we decide, the danger from falling debris while working under the rubble is too high. If it keeps on, the army say, they will have to quarantine the area. We must make arrangements to leave tomorrow.

We finish the day with a few duty-free brandies, and next morning I'm not feeling too good. The lads go up on site first thing but I stay at base, feeling very unwell. I wake to find Paul back to see how I am. After something to eat and drink we fall asleep again. All of a sudden we are both sitting bolt upright, being shaken about. Paul's face is a picture. We have just experienced a quake. Later we find out it was a 4.3 aftershock, an unbelievably frightening experience.

Our lift arrives late in the afternoon and I tell the others we will be staying at the Istanbul Hilton. No one believes me until we draw up outside. Emine speaks to the doorman; she says she has brought four rescuers to stay. We have to stop him handling our bags – they're covered in a thick layer of dust and he is dressed in a long black coat.

By 3pm on Thursday, I am home.

ROSS EVANS

PARTIAL COLLAPSE: A BUILDING CLOSE TO THE FAULT LINE KEELS OVER BACKWARDS

PAUL'S STORY

On Friday I received an e-mail asking for help with the search for people trapped in the earthquake disaster. Derbyshire Cave Rescue said that as it wasn't a cave-rescue situation they'd have nothing to do with it, but gave us the phone number of a contact in Turkey. Through him, arrangements were made for Ross, Matt and myself to travel out on the Sunday.

Saturday was hectic: I went to many local shops, begging supplies to take with us. Sainsbury's, Mountain Fever, Blacks and High Peak all gave donations ranging from high-energy food bars to gas cylinders and batteries. By the time I got back, Nigel had decided to join us and we were a team of four.

My two children, Julieanne and Jonathan, were away at camp, so I could not tell them where I was going or why, or even say goodbye. I had to leave this to Anne, who had two very upset children to explain things to.

In Turkey, the journey from the liaison office of AKUT took about four hours and was an experience in itself (I think the driver was Nigel Mansell's brother). All the roads had police on them. You were only allowed through if you had a pass to say you were part of a rescue team. We passed through several towns, all affected by the earthquake. The destruction was unbelievable and the smell of death was in the air. Seven-storey buildings were just seven slabs of concrete stacked on top of each other. All internal walls had disappeared and the chance of finding people alive seemed hopeless.

There were groups of rescuers working along the route, but quite a lot of the buildings had no one working on them. You wondered how they decided to dig at one building but not others. Without enough people or machinery, they just did the best they could in the tragic circumstances.

When we finally arrived at our destination, Emine said it would be better if we waited until morning before introducing ourselves to the three teams working on the site, as some of them did not like outsiders. Two teams were still trying to recover people thought to be alive. We found a place to put our belongings and got out our sleeping bags but Ross and I were unable to sleep, so we decided to try to be of some help. We tried to introduce ourselves but without an interpreter this was hard, so we mucked in, helping out where we could.

We had only been there about an hour when I cut my arm open on a jagged steel reinforcing bar. A man pushed me towards the ambulance, where they cleaned the wound with iodine and dressed it. It needed stitches but we pulled it together and fixed it with steri-strips. Soon after, we met Mahmoosh, the English-speaking rice-chef from Istanbul, and he soon found places were we could work. The first hole was at the front of a building which had collapsed on to some cars. There was a gap between one of the cars and a wall. As Ross and I crawled in, we could smell a

'Later that morning there was an almighty cheer. A little lad hai

body. The stench was terrible. Whoever it was had come straight through the bedroom window and a concrete beam had dropped straight across his body. The whole body was leaking fluid; it was terrible to see.

We crawled on until we came to another car. Ross went to the front. There on the bonnet was another body. It had been crushed. Both victims had probably been dead from the first day. Outside, we explained what we'd found and were asked if the victims were men or women. There was no way of knowing; both bodies were black and swollen.

After a while we returned to Matt and Nigel and told them what we had been doing. We had not been back long when Mahmoosh came to say he'd found some more holes for us to check. The others went to look while Ross and I rested for a while before going back to work. In one corner nearby there was a team trying to recover the body of a woman. Looking on were her daughters. The team recovering the body, concerned that the girls shouldn't see their mother in such a terrible state, were very dignified in recovering her body, shielding it from the girls' view with a blanket. It was sad to see people in such a distressing state. And there were many others in the same situation, all looking for loved ones, hoping they were still alive.

Later that morning there was an almighty cheer. We ran to investigate and saw a little lad being pulled out alive. This was one of the most emotional times of the entire day. Later I heard he was the last to be pulled out alive.

We took it in turns to eat and rest, but sleep was difficult as the heavy machinery around us worked 24 hours a day. The communications system relied on mobile phones and radios which were ringing all the time. If we were resting and they wanted us to look at something, they would just come across and fetch us and we would go. It was difficult work; sometimes the floors were at a 45-degree angle and covered in broken glass and tiles. There was also the danger that the interior walls could slide down – covered in ceramic tiles, they would move easily.

We carried on helping to dig in an area where it was thought people might still be alive, slowly removing the floors, one layer at a time. By Monday teatime we had reached the body we had located earlier by the first car. It turned out to be the uncle of one of the men digging. He was partly in bed but had been thrown through the window and a concrete beam had pinned his legs to the floor.

The only way to get him out was to cut through the beam. Nigel did most of the donkey-work and after a three-foot section had been removed, it was left to the family to recover the body, as it is part of their religion to take care of a family member who has died. They are supposed to wash the body, wrap it in a shroud, and then bury it, but this was impossible because of the state of the body. Obviously the family were very distressed by this. You often saw families arguing with the army about who should take care of the bodies. People came in cars and pick-up trucks to collect the bodies of family members. The army tended to cover bodies with lime to kill all the germs, but on this body no lime was used. Nigel was reluctant to touch it.

Later on we decided to have a look around the town to see the extent of the damage. There were collapsed buildings everywhere. You could smell dead people in the rubble, but no one was attempting to recover them. We saw gutters running with sewage; it wouldn't be long before they had outbreaks of disease.

Back at our camp, I found eating very difficult. I had no appetite, but you had to eat or you'd be in no condition to help. So I lived on high-calorie energy bars.

That night it started to drizzle and soon turned into a full-blown storm. The wind blew the rain sideways into our little encampment. At this point we decided the risk from infection was too great, so we phoned AKUT to come and pick us up the following day.

No one was working in the rain and we decided to have a drink to help us drop off to sleep. I woke up at about 3am, lying in a pool of water. I got into my big bivvy bag and slept some more. By the morning, the dust had turned to mud and all our sleeping bags were wet.

Looking around, we saw all the other volunteer groups had gone; their tents had been packed up in the night and they had left. The army captain came up to ask if we were going to start work. We explained that we felt the risk of infection was very great. He told us he had to carry on regardless – they were his people and he had to get them out. We carried on until AKUT arrived, at about 4pm. They had come by ferry, but the driver had gone to the toilet and dropped the keys down the loo straight into the sea. They'd had to send for another set from Istanbul. Presumably they kept going back and forth on the ferry until the spares arrived. The driver seemed embarrassed and didn't say much.

Going up to the site to fetch the others, I found Nigel down a hole, looking around someone's living room. He passed me some personal possessions which I put by the hole for the family to find. All of a sudden there was a flurry of activity and Nigel nearly got his head kicked off. Someone produced a budgie in a cage, still alive and on its perch. The press were taking pictures and people were taking a great interest. Was this what the listening device had picked up, making the rescuers think it was a child? Anyway, it deserved to live, just like everyone else. As we made our way down the hill, still more bodies were being pulled out around us.

When we reached our hotel in Istanbul we were met by a doorman in top hat and long black coat. You can bet he'd never met such a scruffy set of individuals in his life – we hadn't washed for three days and our clothes were black. But no one seemed to care.

Masked rescuers search for signs of life amid jagged reinforcing bars

Nigel's story

I awoke on Saturday, August 21, with my day planned: two hours in the gym before digging out a summerhouse base in the corner of my garden... Then I discovered Ross, Paul and Matt were off to Turkey the next day on a rescue call-out. I rang Ross and told him I was on holiday from work and able to go. After an hour of phone calls I found a doctor

who could give me the necessary jabs, antibiotics to take with me and plenty of good advice, then rushed off to Newcastle for high-energy bars, water purification tablets etc.

I arrived back home to pack and try to have a relaxed evening with my wife, Glenys. She gave me her full support, despite her own fears and worries, for both my safety and my sanity.

After a restless night, Glenys woke me with the news on the Teletext that all rescue teams were pulling out of Turkey due to the threat of infection. A call to the Foreign Office confirmed this, but our contact in Turkey told us that while this was so in the major cities, help was still needed in other places. We decided to go.

We reached Istanbul as night was falling and we knew things must be bad when we spotted Jeremy Bowen, the BBC war correspondent, in the next passport queue.

Our guide, Emine, and a driver took us by minibus to Çınarcık, and as we drove towards Izmit, our side of the road became emptier and emptier, while the opposite carriageway streamed with traffic and ambulances with lights flashing. At Izmit we saw the first real signs of earthquake damage, and here we left the motorway and continued down smaller roads along the south coast, by the Sea of Marmara. Gölcük was one of several small towns we passed through where many buildings either leaned drunkenly or were, as Ross put it, "flat as a stamp". The air was thick with dust, the smell of burning and decay. Dotted all along the road were soldiers and heavy plant and machinery at work on collapsed buildings.

About three hours into the journey we arrived at the town of Yalova, which took time to cross as the main road and many side roads were blocked by fallen buildings. Eventually, arriving at Çınarcık, we were directed to the army captain by a young soldier with eyes like saucers. He looked terrified or traumatised, or both.

The scene was like a war zone: soldiers running back and forth, army trucks, radios crackling, collapsed buildings lit by searchlights, crawling with people like ants on a hill and a smell that will take a long time to forget. Incongruously in the centre was a round refreshments kiosk from which the army was distributing aid. On its roof was a Caribbean-style

WHERE THE FAULT LINE HIT BUILT-UP AREAS, THE QUAKE WAS MERCILESS

beach bar, with open sides and a conical roof. The Hotel Kon-Tiki, I christened it; it was to be our home for the next couple of days.

Next door was an upturned people-carrier, which seemed undamaged compared to other vehicles we had seen. Later we were told it belonged to the builder of most of the collapsed buildings and it had got into that position when some surviving residents tried to "have a word with him". He was apparently rescued by the army and was rumoured to be in protective custody.

We made our way to where most of the action seemed to be and arrived as the body of a woman was being dug from beneath a pile of rubble. Her daughters wept quietly, comforting each other, obviously very distressed, but showing great dignity, despite the state of the body. It had been there almost a week and was white with the lime with which the rescuers had coated it.

At this point I noticed something odd about the concrete. Although there were many broken edges visible, no gravel was to be seen anywhere. When I mentioned this to the others they told me not to be so daft – you can't make concrete without gravel! But closer examination revealed this stuff did indeed contain no gravel. What it did contain, however, were millions of sea shells, of all sizes and types. Obviously the builder couldn't see the need to buy washed, salt-free sand and gravel. Much cheaper to send a loading shovel down to the local beach and dig that up instead. This, of course, produces concrete with the structural integrity of Weetabix. And that's before the salt it contains has a chance to rot the substandard reinforcing bars – smooth, round bars which the concrete had little chance of sticking to.

By now it was nearly midnight and we decided to retire to our "hotel" for the night. I awoke at 4am to find Ross and Paul, who had been unable to sleep, returning from their labours. Matt and I got changed and at this point were told a new hole had been found.

The hole was narrow and small, so I bravely dangled Matt down it by his ankles (well, he's a bit smaller than me), but the hole didn't go anywhere. Just to its left, though, was an opening some two feet high, choked with fallen masonry, beyond which was a crushed car. A party of men were trying unsuccessfully to remove the masonry, as they were unwilling to go beneath the remains of the concrete floors. Matt and I got into the hole and I started smashing the blockage with a sledgehammer, while Matt chucked the spoil outside. We searched in and around the car but found nothing. Czech search-and-rescue dogs now investigated the site and gave a strong indication of a person on the opposite side of the first hole. Matt and I began a dig in what looked like the roof of a corridor. There was quite a smell of death here and, strangely, a strong smell of petrol. While we were digging, we were told it was thought an eight-year-old girl was in that spot.

We had to keep breaking off while an excavator removed rubble from the area adjacent to the car. This kept exposing further ways into voids between collapsed floors which Matt and I, with the now rested Paul and Ross, investigated as they appeared. Our dig reached the tiled floor of the corridor, only 20 inches below the roof, and at one end a gap some eight inches high appeared. I probed around inside the hole and pulled out pieces of architrave – obviously the door to what we discovered was a bathroom. We found no body, despite the smell.

Ross had a look at the next floor up, some two feet horizontally to my left, in which he found a bed. Up one floor, yet again two feet horizontally further on, he could see a cloth-covered black mass, which we had learnt to recognise was a body. Re-examining the next floor down, the body's legs were discovered. When the earthquake started, the man had been thrown headfirst through the window. As he was part-way out, the floor above had also been thrown outwards, and, as it fell, the concrete beam above the window had collapsed, trapping him half-in and half-out of the window, with his upper body now in the upstairs room.

In contrast to our sad discovery, Matt told me someone had been found alive.

We scrambled over to the other side of the building just in time to see a young boy plucked from the rubble and placed on a stretcher. As he was rushed to the waiting ambulance he started kicking and screaming, and a cheer went up. Everyone started to clap and a few tears appeared. On my return home my wife gave me a copy of *The Times* for Tuesday, August 24. He was front-page news. His name was Ismail Çimen and he was four years old. I will remember that moment for the rest of my life.

We returned to the site of our earlier discovery to find the men from a Turkish family digging away. We went down into the crater the excavator had created and I inquired, via sign language and pidgin, whether they were digging for the body we had found. They were. However, while they were extremely hard-working and would have got the body out with their fingernails, even had it taken them weeks, they had no power tools. We borrowed a Hilti jack-hammer from a Bulgarian army rescue team and spent the rest of the afternoon cutting through the beam that had ended the life of this family's uncle.

Throughout the extraction, as we removed the two obstructing floors and the concrete beam, the family were there to remove the debris while we took a breather. When Uncle was finally freed, they produced a body bag and substantial rubber respirators so they could remove him in accordance with Muslim law.

At around 5pm we left the scene for some tea. On the way we passed a little tent city, from which we heard someone shout. There were members of Uncle's family waving to us as if we were long-lost friends. After yet more Go bars and bottled water, we went for a walk around the town, down to the seafront. En route we passed another tent village where a family of at least three generations insisted we take tea and biscuits with them. Living on an earth floor, in one tent, they had lost virtually everything. A rather humbling experience.

Ross, meanwhile, had got us permission to phone home on the army satellite phones – to the relief of our relatives, who had not heard from us since we left.

We changed back into our working gear and set off for another few hours' digging before turning in. Within minutes it began to rain heavily, and by the time we had run back to our camp

A VOICE THAT MUST BE HEARD

WHEN THE SEISMOLOGIST AYKUT BARKA PREDICTED DISASTER, NOBODY LISTENED. HE KNEW EXACTLY WHERE THE QUAKE WOULD STRIKE AND HOW DEVASTATING IT WOULD BE. TODAY, BARKA AND HIS FELLOW SCIENTISTS HAVE THE UNDIVIDED ATTENTION OF TURKEY'S POLICYMAKERS. ANDREW FINKEL TALKS TO A MAN WHO HAS A KEY ROLE TO PLAY IN TURKEY'S SEARCH FOR A SAFER FUTURE

Gathered around a table at Istanbul Technical University are Professor Aykut Barka, myself and his mobile phone. A national newspaper has just rung, to persuade him to be photographed, *Hello!*-magazine-style, "at home with his English wife and two lovely children". He's trying to resist, but he's making the mistake of being polite. The conversation ends with Aykut Barka giving in. As he stares ruefully at the mobile phone, it is clear that he really isn't enjoying all this.

"When do they expect me to work?" he says quietly. "They" – I guess I'm one of them – are media stormtroopers who have marched into his life. He explains he doesn't want his family exposed to all this publicity but feels he has to prove that he is "just an ordinary guy".

That is not going to be easy. He may have been ordinary once, but that was before the quake. Aykut Barka is one of a new breed of instant celebrity in Turkey: a geologist who understands the sudden movements of the earth. He and a handful of others like him are the new gurus. When he goes to one television studio, there's a car waiting outside to ferry him to the next.

Aykut Barka has not yet been selected as "Turkey's sexiest man", an indignity imposed on the director of Istanbul's principal earthquake observatory. But even without such adulation, Aykut Barka's life is no longer his own. It's not just the press and thraldom to a mobile phone. The other day he was accosted at the airport by a man who extracted from his briefcase a long list of questions. "They were really good questions," he adds, and you realise that he patiently answered them all. Gradually, too, you realise that the greater misfortune is not that Aykut Barka has been parachuted into unwanted stardom but that fame has come much too late.

AYKUT BARKA

THE NORTH ANATOLIAN FAULT: THE CAUSE OF SO MUCH DEVASTATION

I learnt this not on August 17, when the earth shook for those 45 seconds, but some 50-odd hours later as Professor

we and most of its contents were soaked. We decided it was too dangerous to continue to enter the debris (we were the only team on site doing so), because water was dripping through on to us, with all it contained, and there was an increased risk of collapse. Our evacuation was arranged for the following day.

Tuesday morning dawned overcast and after being woken at 7am by the captain, who asked us when we were starting work, we had breakfast – more Go bars – and returned to the fray. After a short time we teamed up with some guys from the Bulgarian army. They made holes, we looked down them. They were working in an area where listening equipment had indicated there was someone alive.

After a lunch of more bloody Go bars and water we helped some Turkish families who were now trying to dig a newly exposed face between the floors without actually going under anything. We led by example and a few were willing to follow.

During the afternoon we ascertained that a hole previously marked as containing a body had not actually been entered. I went down and found myself in someone's living room, largely intact, apart from the ceiling, which was within two inches of the dining-table top. The dining chairs were now beneath the table, forming a highly tensioned portcullis of splintered timber which was pretty well impenetrable. I could find no way out – presumably the doorway was somewhere the other side of the table. Then Paul's head appeared from the hole in the roof to say our AKUT hosts had arrived to collect us. I passed out to him some fairly distinctive ornaments to place next to the hole, in the hope they would help their former owners identify their home.

Back in Istanbul, we were in bed by midnight (UK time), and up at 3.30am to catch the flight home. When we got to the airport the flight was full. However, Turkish Airlines gave us a free bump-up to club class. We arrived home at lunchtime on Thursday, knackered.

I have absolutely no regrets about going. The UK cave rescue organisations should play a more active role in this sort of disaster relief – if nothing else in the provision of insurance. Our experiences would suggest that teams experienced in digging underground have an expertise which could result in great saving of life – particularly if the call-out came within a day or two of the disaster occurring.

I would not hesitate to do the same thing again. But I never want to eat another Go bar as long as I live. ◆

Barka and I boarded a helicopter the size of a large bathtub and flew to the stricken area. The oil refinery at the head of Izmit Bay was still burning – a promise of even greater catastrophe that thankfully was never delivered. We flew through billowing black clouds to the countryside beyond, then hovered over a crack in the earth below. This was the cause of all the trouble – the far end of a segment of the North Anatolian fault.

The reason we found it so easily was that Aykut Barka knew exactly where it was. He had documented it back in 1991. The evidence freshly etched into the ground below us was cruel confirmation that his model was correct – albeit in some places a few metres to the right or left of where he had described.

Some time had elapsed since that trip and I showed Professor Aykut what I had written at the time: "Knowing with fair accuracy not when the earthquake would strike but *where* was valuable. Yet this knowledge was ignored, as was the chance to contain the dimensions of the tragedy."

He listened impassively, his manner deadpan through lack of sleep. "*Ignore* isn't the right word," he said. "Nobody heard me in the first place." This explains why Aykut Barka is reluctant to turn off his mobile phone. It comes from years of not being able to get through.

If no one listened before August 17, a whole nation now hangs on his and his colleagues' every word. There was a smallish seismic event the day of our interview – not an aftershock but a fresh trembling to the west of Istanbul. Was this a normal one-off release of pressure or was it the pre-shock of new major earthquake? This time Professor Barka is himself on the phone, advising a friend in the earthquake observatory to ignore the calls from the press and get on with plotting the movements of the earth to see the trend.

"If you know how a machine works you have the ability to repair it," he says, although he acknowledges that the analogy is inexact. What he understands best of all are the limits of man's knowledge about the earth. Honesty is the way to avoid panic. "You have to be honest – not exaggerate – state what you know and what you don't yet know."

What he and others know at the very least is that most of Turkey is seismically active and that the country has to be prepared. Historically, earthquakes in Turkey move from east to west. A fault line in the Sea of Marmara, 15 kilometres off the coast of Istanbul, will in all probability be the next to give. When it will happen is still a mystery.

Time is on Turkey's and Istanbul's side. It will take three to five years for Turkey to do what it so palpably failed to do last August and create the organisation and infrastructure to co-ordinate emergency relief. There are models for such organisations in America and elsewhere. The aim is not so much to control everything centrally but to mobilise local resources. Thirty years would give Istanbul time to renew the substandard housing stock that has little chance of surviving a fresh earthquake. The margin between a building that stands and one that falls is not that great. Estimates from Istanbul Technical University maintain that the extra cost of doing the job right would have been just over $1,000 per flat.

"People now understand just how powerful nature is. They are taking a look at where they are living and they know it's not a joke." This, you feel, is as near as Aykut Barka will ever come to saying. "I told you so."

He was born in Istanbul in 1952, the son of schoolteachers. He entered Istanbul University, completed his doctorate in Bristol, and did research for five years in the US at MIT. With his experience has come, you feel, a sense of injury born of watching the men of short-term expediency score goal after goal against the men of knowledge. Then the earthquake happened.

Life, it seems, is now a game of two halves. It is Professor Barka and others like him who now have the ear of policy makers. Building regulations since 1998 in Turkey have been up to standard. Will they be enforced? Will Turkey learn to brace itself for the unexpected? He has no exaggerated confidence in state institutions but believes there are enough people in Turkish society who will, he adds in that same deadpan voice, "find it hard to forget". ◆

LIVING IN HOPE

By Suna Erdem

There is an extraordinary will in Turkey to ensure that the earthquake's victims did not die in vain. Suna Erdem talks to the people who are making sure that such a disaster will never happen again

August's earthquake revealed much that is good about the Turkish character: stoicism, a willingness to help one's neighbour, toughness and selflessness. It also revealed much that was bad: short-termism, a propensity to do things on the cheap, exploitation of positions of authority and unscrupulous bypassing of rules. But while recriminations fly over exactly who was responsible for the scale of the disaster and why, the more realistic are working to ensure this never happens again.

One major problem was that the area was unsuitable for industrial development – reclaimed, or soft, agricultural land on a major fault line is hardly the ideal place for expensive factories, petrol plants and cheap high-rises for those who work in them. "It could have been a great centre of trade, tourism and culture," laments Mehmet Toker, head of the Town Congress in Izmit, an umbrella group of concerned organisations, from chambers of architects to universities and town councils. But the area's good connections by land, sea and air, its closeness to Istanbul, opportunities for profit and the huge investment already in place, rule out what some would see as a dream scenario: the wholesale removal of industry to a more barren and much safer area where jobs are needed – say, central Anatolia or the southeast.

"You can't decamp now," says Haluk Sucuoğlu, director of the Middle East Technical University's (METU) Engineering Research Centre. "But you can put some places off limits as far as development is concerned. It is common sense not to put a building right on top of a fault line." Sucuoğlu, who after the 1994 Erzincan earthquake prepared a proposal for a new building law for the Housing Ministry, says a surprisingly small amount of land needs to be taken out of circulation to make the area a great deal safer – just 50 metres each side of the fault and the parts of Adapazarı that were built on a bog.

As for the buildings themselves, inferior materials, bad planning, the suicidal practice of taking out supporting columns to provide shopping space – all contributed to the terrible scale of the disaster. It is easy to blame this or that contractor, but a whole chain of command was involved in allowing those buildings to be constructed as they were. The problem is how to introduce accountability into the system.

A senior official from the housing ministry's High Board of Science, which is turning METU's proposal into a draft law, says independent inspection firms with specialised engineers will be created and professional liability insurance brought in.

A raft of laws is expected to come before parliament, overhauling inspection procedure and tightening up regulations. Dr Nuray Aydınoğlu, from Boğaziçi University's Earthquake Research Institute at Kandilli, has been working with the ministry on some of this legislation. "In the short term," he says, "it is difficult for things to change but in the long term it is important that they do. The ministry's law could be better, but it is a step."

For the cynical, these are bureaucratic barriers to be circumvented like all the others. But officials believe much can be achieved by involving separate groups such as councils, private companies and insurance brokers. Hefty fines and corporate responsibility will ensure a more serious approach by companies, denying them an opportunity to make scapegoats of individuals. And inspectors will no longer be chosen by contractors – a convention with obvious drawbacks.

Nothing will change overnight. But putting in place enforceable barriers and strict guidelines will help. As for reconstruction, once again a minimum of governmental and bureaucratic involvement is best. The Japanese architect Ryuichi Nozaki says that after the 1995 Kobe earthquake, people who had lost homes formed co-operatives, chose contractors, made decisions on the types of building needed and, with advice, used funds made available to oversee reconstruction. Oktay Ekinci, of the national Chamber of Architects, believes this to be important. Civilian initiatives could be the perfect way to ensure reconstruction is done satisfactorily, and would allay fears over misuse of aid money.

Another concern now is that proper planning of new construction is carried out, a past omission which contributed greatly to the disaster. A thorough scientific study of the area is also an important demand of the Chamber of Architects.

There is a need for open-mindedness about building styles and materials. "Ninety-five percent of buildings in Turkey are concrete and need thorough inspection," Ekinci says. "In the meantime we must look at new technologies and old methods. We have a tradition dating back 9,000 years to Çatalhüyük, but we have given all that up for 90 years of concrete." There are precedents: after an earthquake in Izmir in the last century, for instance, people reverted to building in wood, preferring the risk of fire to that of being crushed. So could we see those beautiful wooden houses re-emerging on the landscape? Maybe not widely, due to cost, but any move away from concrete to bricks or composite materials would be welcome.

Given Turkey's precarious position over numerous fault lines, workable contingency plans are essential. In Izmir, Muzaffer Tunçağ, head of Izmir's Chamber of Construction Engineers, says he and some colleagues are working out how many buildings might collapse, and how many hospital places and other emergency needs would arise from a large earthquake. He stresses the need for civilian organisation – right down to village headmen.

"If you look at the earthquakes of the past, you'll see 80 per cent of people were rescued by their neighbours. We need to promote awareness at a local level. Do you know where to run if there's a quake now?" To my shame, I don't. He says. "Well, the mayor of Gölcük had no idea there was a major fault line going through his house."

All parties seem unanimous on a need for public pressure and civilian action. "But we don't really believe what we say can be done," the Housing Ministry official says. "If 10 per cent of those who spoke were to act, it would make such a difference." As examples of civilian groupings, he suggests amateur wireless operators working together when communications fail; medical societies uniting to co-ordinate first aid. Another suggestion is to call in the Zonguldak mineworkers, with their experience of working in small, dangerous spaces.

So Turkey's great hope is its own people, who must be educated before August's earthquake becomes but a distant memory. The very scale of it has helped push people in the right direction. For instance, Sucuoğlu says, contractors turned to him after potential buyers began demanding guarantees that their buildings are earthquake-proof.

"The earthquake," says Toker, whose Izmit Town Congress had warned for years of the disaster facing the sprawling town, "has helped us to find a single voice." ◆

Your wish is my command...

The Egebank Visa Platinum's high credit limit is a magic key that opens all doors...

The first in Turkey to feature a photograph and signature, Egebank's Visa Platinum Credit Card is available from your nearest Egebank. Around the world, Visa Platinum is issued only to a limited number of exclusive customers. With the Egebank Visa Platinum, you will enjoy the security and peace of mind International SOS Assistance brings. This unique service will provide you with everything from doctors and hospitals, to assistance with lost baggage and domestic and international insurance. Now is the time to enjoy the world's most prestigious credit card and most prestigious insurance benefits.

With an Egebank Visa Platinum, the world is yours to command...

GSHAJANS GREY

EGEBANK ①

Customer satisfaction is our 1st priority.
We seal this promise with the ① by our name.

Call Center: 444 0 343
e-mail: 1@egebank.com.tr -www.egebank.com.tr

SOON AFTER BLUE AND WHITE CERAMIC WAS BORN IN CHINA, IT MADE ITS FIRST GLORIOUS APPEARANCE IN A MOSQUE IN THE EARLY OTTOMAN CAPITAL OF EDIRNE. JOHN CARSWELL UNLOCKS A WELL-KEPT SECRET

RHAPSODY IN BLUE

The salient point about the Murad II mosque in Edirne is that it is impossible to find, and if you do find it, it is equally impossible to find the man with the key. The only solution is to lurk around at noon, slip in quickly after prayers are over, and pray that you will be allowed to stay. This all means that this beautiful and historically important building is seldom visited and is certainly not on the regular tourist track. Indeed, I have always been surprised how many Turkish scholars are aware of its existence but have never been inside.

It sits on a hill overlooking what was, before Constantinople was captured in 1453, once the site of Ottoman Turkey's second capital. Not that there is much to see below, as all the palatial structures have vanished during centuries of fire and earthquake, and it is left to the imagination to recreate 15th-century court life in the poetic green glades and the forest beside the banks of the River Tunca. It may be the city where Sinan built his culminating masterpiece, the Selimiye, and designed a pretty caravansaray, but Edirne is more famous today for the annual wrestling matches held in the meadows below.

The mosque (in fact a dervish foundation)

THIS 15TH-CENTURY TILE IN THE MURAD II MOSQUE TAKES ITS DESIGN FROM AN EARLY 15TH-CENTURY CHINESE PORCELAIN DISH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SELAMET TAFKIN AND JOHN CARSWELL

follows the plan of the Yeşil Cami, the Green Mosque, built in Bursa a couple of decades earlier, with an elegant portico and T-shaped interior. There are cells for study and repose on either side of the entrance, and the building supports a single minaret. On entering, one is confronted by an enormous *mihrab* of polychrome tiles – again following the Bursa style – flanked by friezes of blue-and-white hexagonal tiles on the *kıble* wall and to the left and right. They are stunning, both in the overall impact of their snowflake designs and in the variety with which they are executed.

I have long been intrigued by this 15th-century building and its decoration, for it represents a landmark in the history of Ottoman architecture, yet it still does not entirely explain itself. Briefly, it is apparent that the Persian tile-makers from Tabriz who worked on the Yeşil Cami and Yeşil Türbe in Bursa in the 1420s moved on to Edirne: the same *cuerda seca*, or enamelled, tiles can be seen in all three structures. The novelty was the introduction of a new technique: painting the design under the glaze. And it is in the *mihrab* tiles at Edirne that one can specifically trace the transition from those older, more traditional methods to underglaze, which was to become the cornerstone of the Ottoman ceramic industry when it developed half a century later at Iznik.

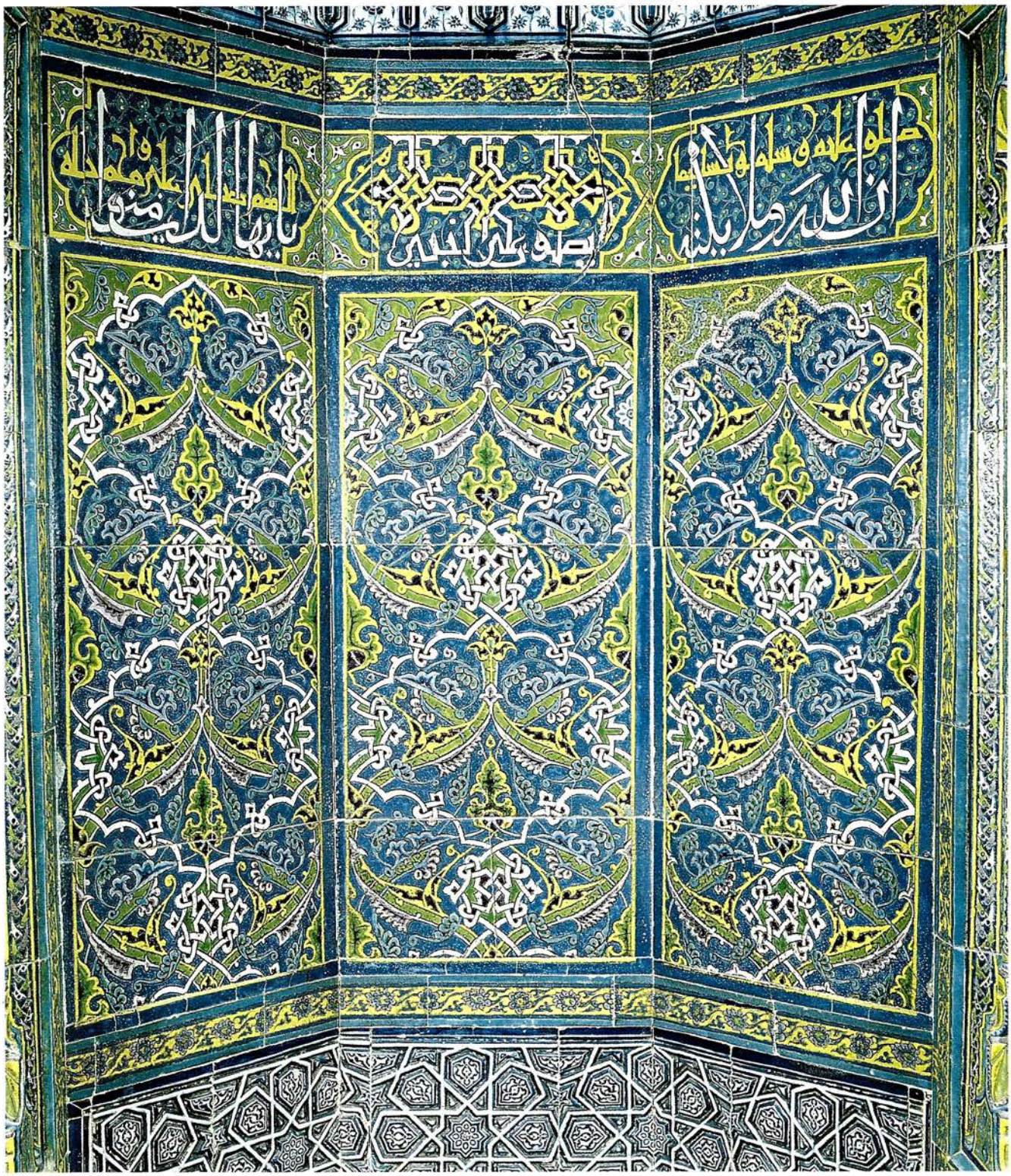
There are tiles, particularly in the moulded borders framing the *mihrab* inscription, where you can see the first tentative attempts to use the new technique. And in the centre of the towering *mihrab*, the stalactite vault is executed exclusively in blue and turquoise underglaze colours, in direct contrast to the richly moulded polychrome tiles immediately below. A further distinction can be observed in the designs of the individual tiles, for they clearly show the influence of 14th- and early-15th-century Chinese blue and white porcelain.

Here it should be pointed out that blue and white itself only appeared in China during the second decade of the 14th century, coincidentally at almost

ABOVE: EDIRNE'S MURAD II MOSQUE. BELOW: MOST OF THE MIHRAB TILES ARE POLYCHROME, MADE USING THE OVERGLAZE TECHNIQUE INTRODUCED FROM TABRIZ A CENTURY BEFORE. TILES IN THE MIHRAB'S STALACTITE VAULT (OPPOSITE) EXPERIMENT WITH THE NEWER UNDERGLAZE COLOURS AND CHINESE MOTIFS

exactly the moment that Bursa became Turkey's first capital. Just how soon Chinese porcelain began to arrive in Ottoman territory we do not know for sure, but it was a trickle which then became a flood, culminating in the staggering collection of more than 10,000 pieces which survives in Topkapı Palace to this day. What is interesting is that the tiles at Edirne show that the potters were conversant with the designs on both Yuan and early Ming porcelain. To have been influenced in such a manner, they must have been exposed to the originals. This in turn argues for a royal collection of porcelain at Edirne, well before the court moved to the new capital in Istanbul 20 years later.

If we take the date of the building's foundation – 1435/6 on the dedicatory inscription above the main door – then we have a date for the tiles. Or do we? The problem here is that the tile friezes on the flanking walls clearly conceal



earlier wall paintings: traces of at least two phases are still visible. What does this mean? Either the tiles are much later than 1435, or they are reused from another structure, a conclusion to which I personally subscribe. Perhaps the most important element is the inscription, dedicated to Murad II (1421–51). Whatever structure the tiles were originally made for, the date is right.

This is quite academic when you begin to look carefully at the tiles, with their extraordinary combination of traditional Islamic geometric patterns and abstractions of Chinese motifs, the lotus and the peony, carnations and leafy scrolls. There are few tiles that are exactly alike, a testimony to the virtuosity of whoever designed them. It may be heresy to say so, but they are far more elegant and attractive than the products of the early Iznik industry at the end of the 15th century, and much more sympathetic to the medium in which they were executed.

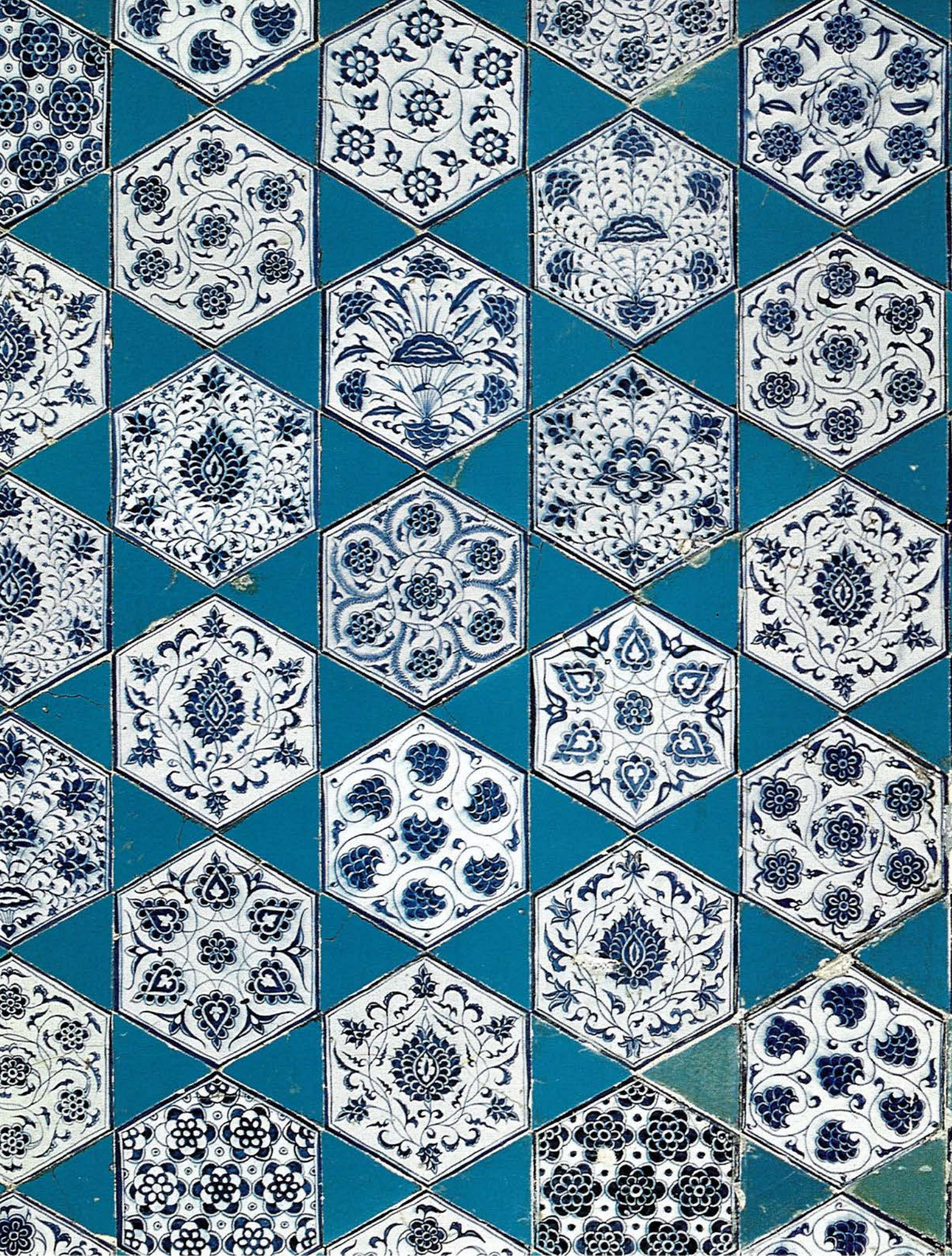
I first became aware of these tiles when I read the seminal article on the evolution of Iznik pottery by Arthur Lane (1957), who in turn referred to Rudolph Riefstahl's pioneering study published in 1937. I never met Riefstahl, but I did meet his widow, Elisabeth, in New York many years ago. She was an Egyptologist and was working, as I was myself at that moment, in the Brooklyn Museum. She told me nothing about her husband, or the tiles, but she did confide that she had been H St John Philby's lover in Transjordan many years before, when she was a young journalist. Although she corresponded with Philby for years, they did not meet again until an Orientalist congress in Moscow after the Second World War. "It was as if time had collapsed," she said. "We fell into each other's arms as if we had met just yesterday." She also told me (and demonstrated the fact, for she had come to dinner) that although she was 80 she had just taken up smoking, which she had been forbidden to do by her puritanical parents but always longed to try. She had just read in *The New York Times* that it didn't matter any more at her age. That night she left a pile of cigarette ends beside her chair almost six inches high. And she was right. I read her obituary (again in *The New York Times*) many years later: she had died peacefully aged 101.

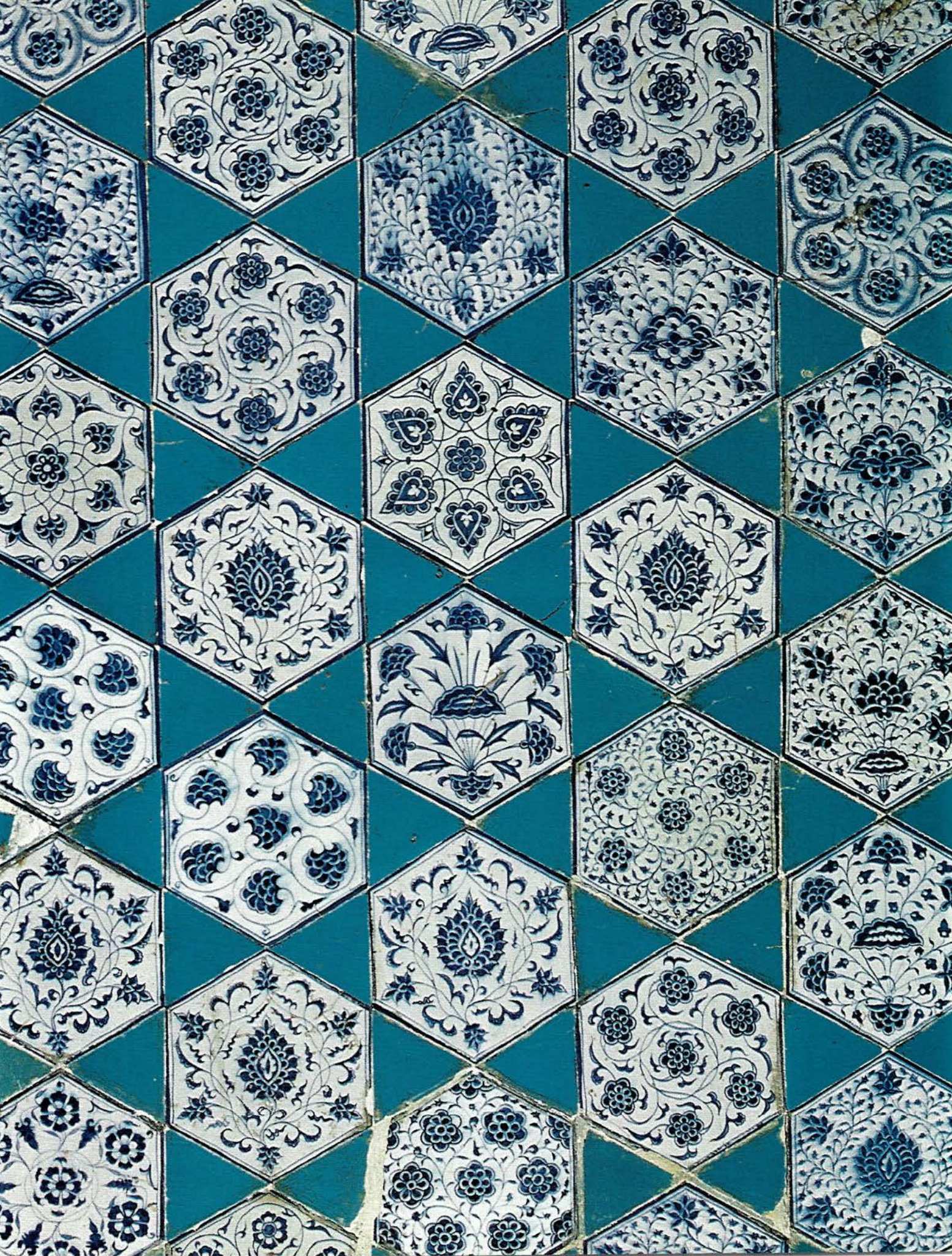
To return to Edirne, what happened to this talented corps of potters once they had finished their commission? It would be tempting to think that they moved to Istanbul and were somehow involved in the emergence of the new industry at Iznik. But this doesn't work, as the technology is quite different and there is apparently no direct link. This is equally true aesthetically.

Who knows? What is certain is that in the Murad II mosque at Edirne, if you find it, you can witness one of the major achievements of Ottoman ceramic art.

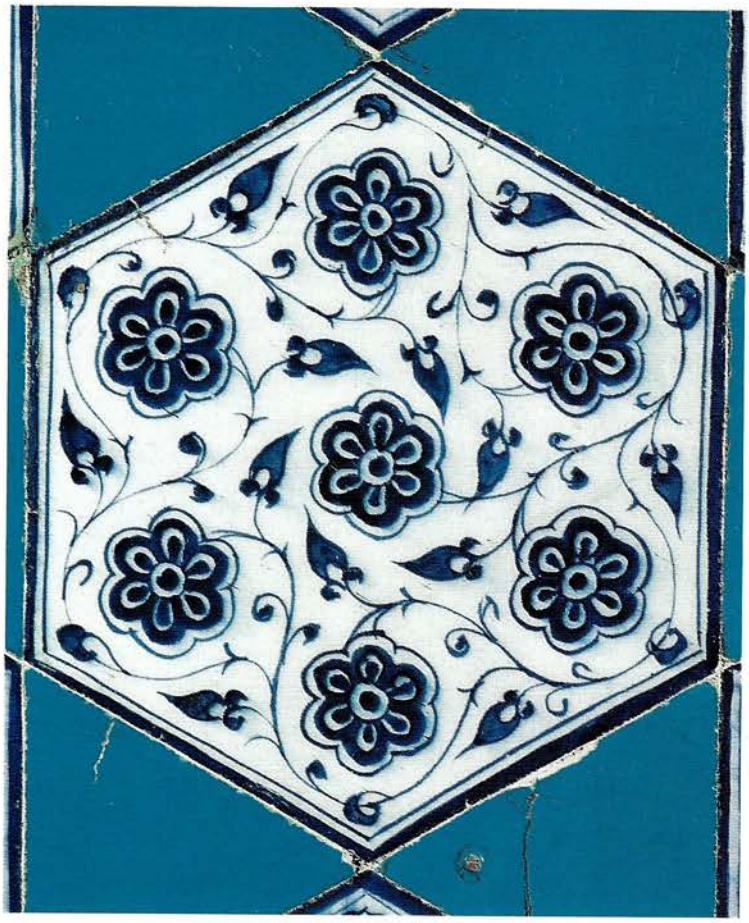
Continued on following pages

OPPOSITE: INTRICATE PATTERNS IN 'CUERDA SECA' ON THE LOWER PANELS OF THE MIHRAB NICHE. BELOW: THE BORDER HAS A A PATTERN OF INTERLACING PALMETTES EMPHATICALLY FRAMED IN DEEP BLUE

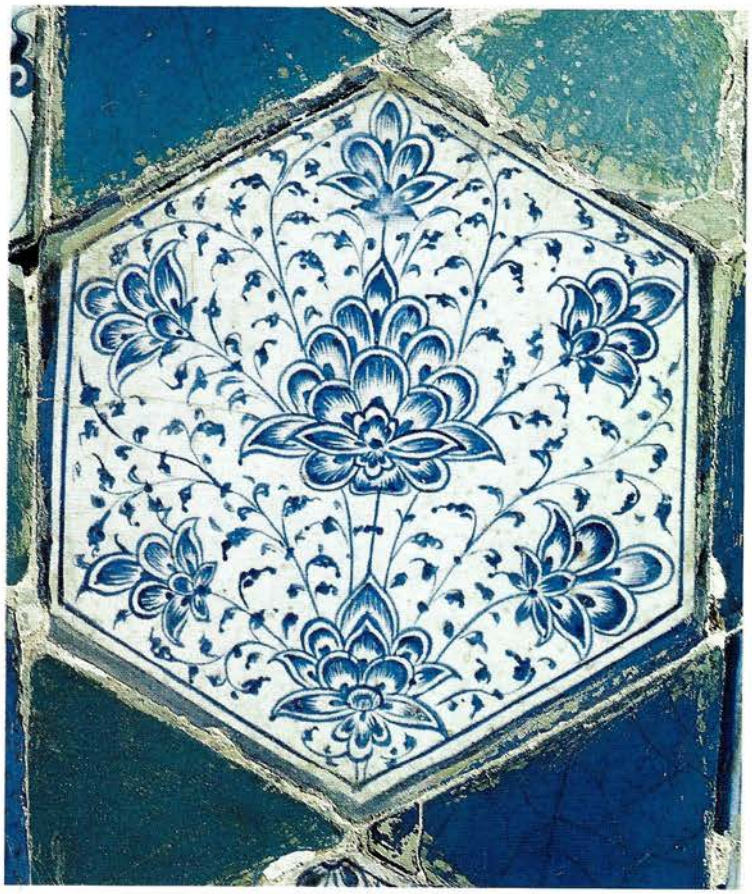




1



2



3

4

Previous pages: like a patchwork of snowflakes, these hexagonal tiles come in an extraordinary variety of geometric patterns. The examples above draw on both Chinese and Islamic sources. 1: a design based on a Yuan lotus pond.

5

6

7

8

2 and 7: designs inspired by a 15th-century Chinese dish. 3: blue and white shaded lotuses suggestive of a Vietnamese origin. 4: a lotus pattern combining Yuan and Ming influences. 5, 6 and 8: Islamic geometric motifs with Chinese elements

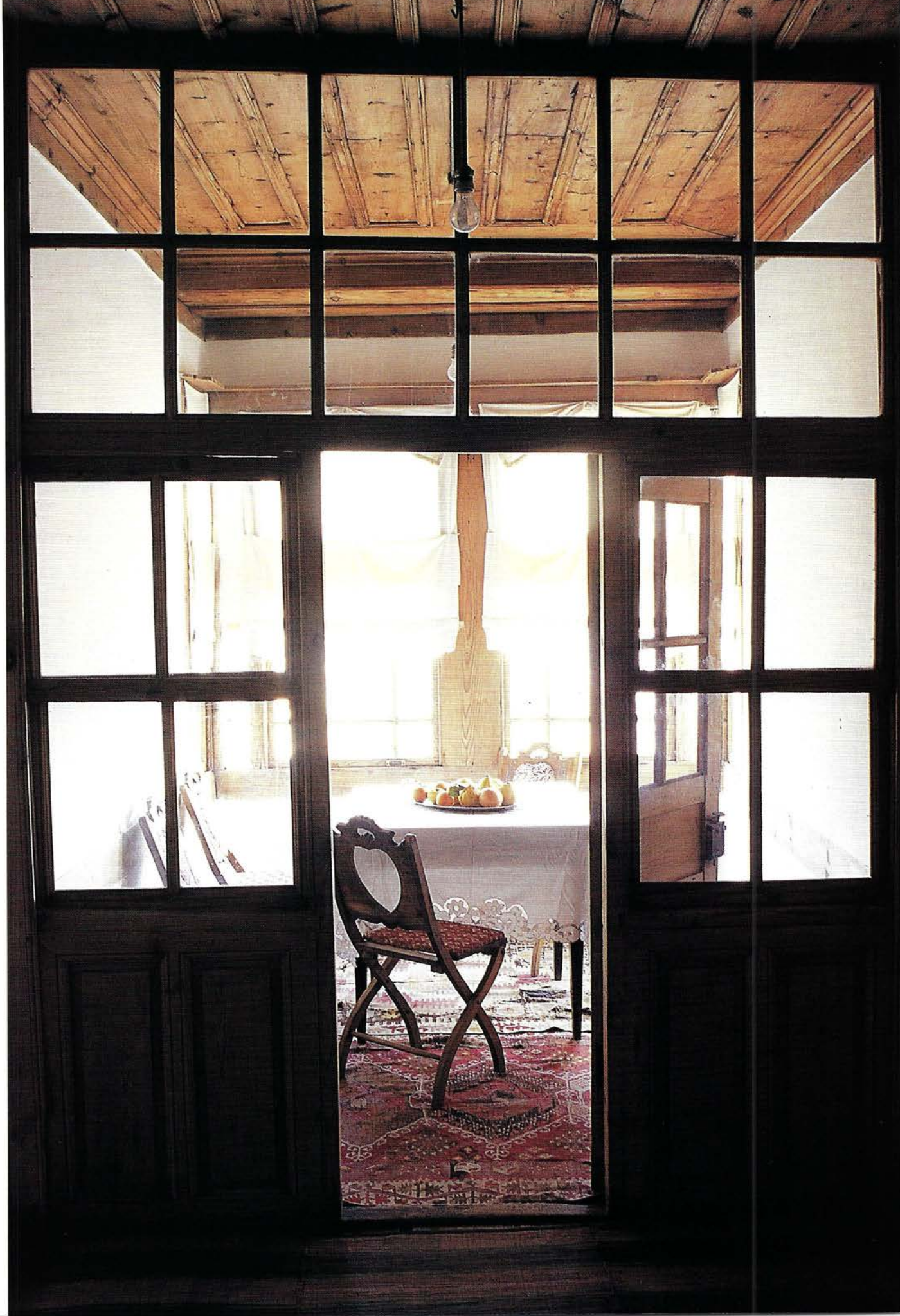
A BOURGEOIS PARADISE

A 20-PAGE CELEBRATION OF SAFRANBOLU, THE PERFECT SMALL TOWN.
TEXT BY ELIZABETH MEATH BAKER. PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEAN MARIE DEL MORAL

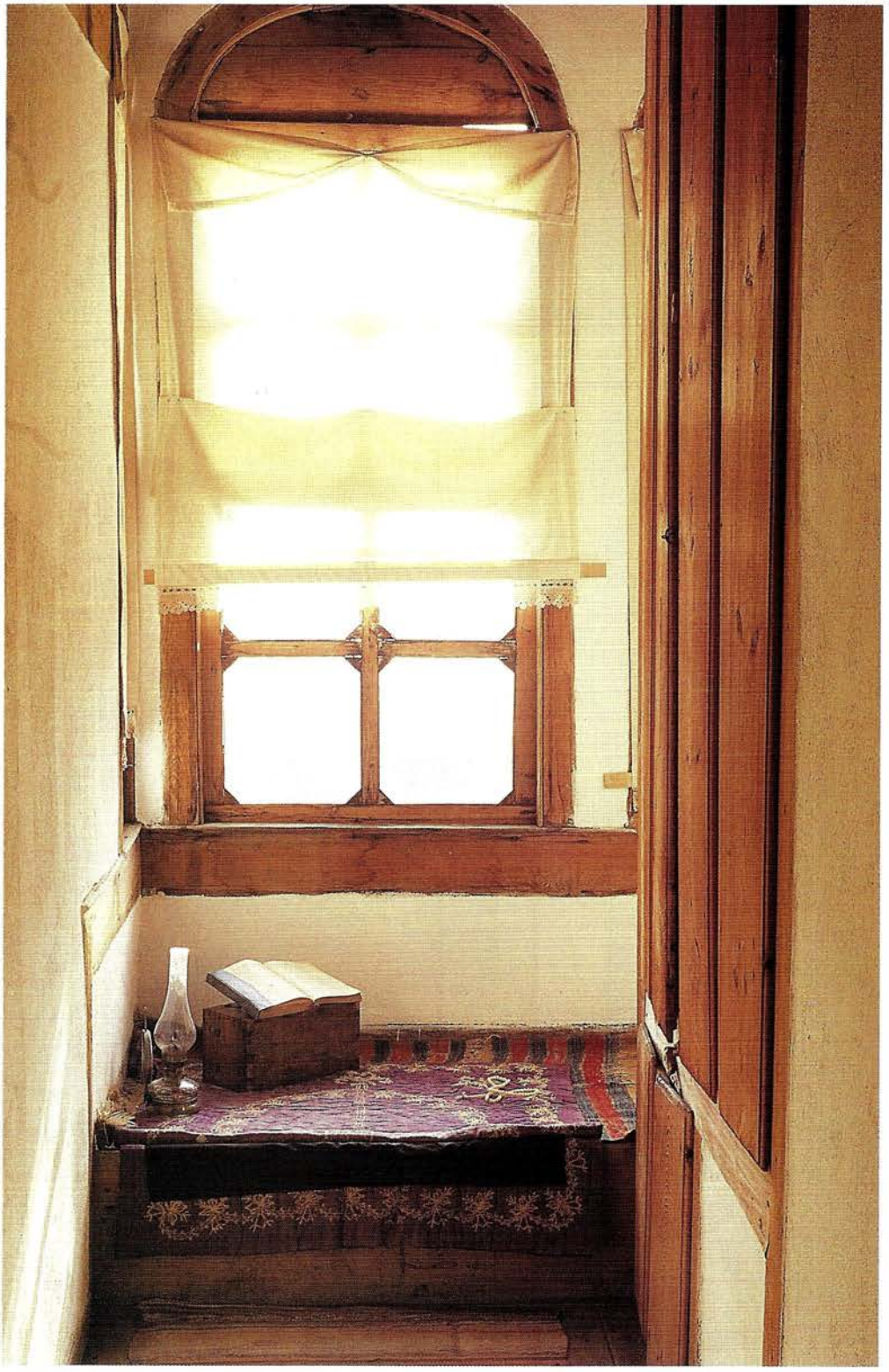
The lovingly maintained Mümtazlar Konağı is just one of many handsome old houses that distinguish the Anatolian market town of Safranbolu. With iron deposits, lush forests and fields growing the valuable saffron croci that gave the town its name, Safranbolu prospered quietly for 1,500 years. The house – including the tranquil hall, above, where family and guests would sit around the decorative pool, soothed by the sound of flowing water – was finished in 1893 to the practical design of the owners' great-grandmother, Nefise Hanım; the family have now opened it to the public.

Safranbolu:
blueprint for living

Safranbolu houses stand large and square above a stone-built ground floor, used for keeping animals and for storage, and for large-scale tasks such as boiling up 'pekmez' (grape syrup). On each floor, four wood-panelled rooms open off a spacious landing, or 'sofa'. Each small group within the larger extended family had its own private space, the landings being used as a meeting place. The large metal tray on the chest above was used for family meals, set up on a low stand to form an instant table. Opposite: the glazed doors are a relatively recent innovation, allowing more intimate spaces to be created around the stoves in winter without any loss of light to the interior. A 20th-century table and chairs take the place of more traditional low seating. Yet even these alterations have been made with typical Safranbolu elegance



BETWEEN THE INDIVIDUAL ROOMS, COMFORTABLE NICHES WITH WINDOWS AND CUSHIONED SEATING ALLOW FOR VIEWS FROM THREE SIDES OF THE HOUSE – SPACES JUST TO SIT AND CHAT, DRINK TEA, AND KEEP AN EYE ON THE NEIGHBOURS UP AND DOWN THE TOWN. ANOTHER DISTINCTIVE CHARACTERISTIC OF SAFRANBOLU, WITH ITS CLASSIC OTTOMAN TOWN PLANNING, IS THAT EACH HOUSE STANDS ALONE, SURROUNDED BY GARDEN, AT A LITTLE DISTANCE FROM ITS NEIGHBOUR YET NEVER OBSTRUCTING ANOTHER HOUSE'S VIEW. MRS KAVSA, MOTHER OF ONE OF THE TWO COUSINS WHO HAVE INHERITED THE HOUSE, JOINS, ALBEIT GINGERLY, IN SHOWING THE HOUSE TO VISITORS AND EXPLAINING A WAY OF LIFE THAT HAS NOT YET QUITE DISAPPEARED. SHE CAN REMEMBER THE HOUSE FULL OF CHILDREN CROWDING ROUND FOR MEALS, A LOT OF PLAYING AND LAUGHTER, AND ICE ON THE INSIDES OF THE WINDOWS IN WINTER. SHE THINKS WE MIGHT FIND THE SIMPLICITY OF HER CHILDHOOD LIFE DIFFICULT TO APPRECIATE; BUT ITS ATTRACTIONS ARE MANIFEST IN THE REASSURING SENSE OF PROPORTION AND ORDER, OF COMFORT AND DIGNITY



PROSPEROUS SAFRANBOLU HAD NO SHORTAGE OF GLASS. LIGHT ENTERS THE HOUSE FROM ALL DIRECTIONS. EVEN A NARROW STAIRCASE, LEFT, IS AMPLY LIT. RIGHT: BY OPENING OFF A CENTRAL LANDING, EVERY ROOM ENJOYED A DEGREE OF INDEPENDENCE. EACH HAD ITS OWN FIREPLACE, STORAGE CUPBOARDS, BATHING CABINET AND WINDOW-SEATS THAT COULD BE PULLED OUT TO MAKE BEDS ALONG TWO OR THREE SIDES. MATTRESSES WOULD ALSO BE LAID ON THE FLOOR. MORE MODERN OBJECTS, SUCH AS THE EUROPEAN-STYLE MIRROR AND CHEST OF DRAWERS, FIT EASILY INTO THE INTERIOR

Safranbolu: blueprint for living

The people of Safranbolu could be the Shakers of Anatolia, without being quite so austere. Few objects are present for merely decorative reasons: the handsome painted chest below is still strong and lockable. This is the acme of Anatolian provincial life: the good burghers knew how to make themselves comfortable. Every room is lined with beautifully finished plaster or wood panelling, including exquisite ceilings, and niches for displaying the more aesthetically pleasing household objects. A wall of cupboards and shelves surrounds the chimney, where everything has its place. In each room, one door always conceals a bathing cupboard, with a narrow tub to climb into and shelves for water jars, towels and soaps. Another cupboard contains a small kitchen. Fireplace and stove show a practical belt-and-braces approach to the bitter Anatolian winter; cooking smells go up the fireplace chimney, while the hot stove heats the room

SAFRANBOLU

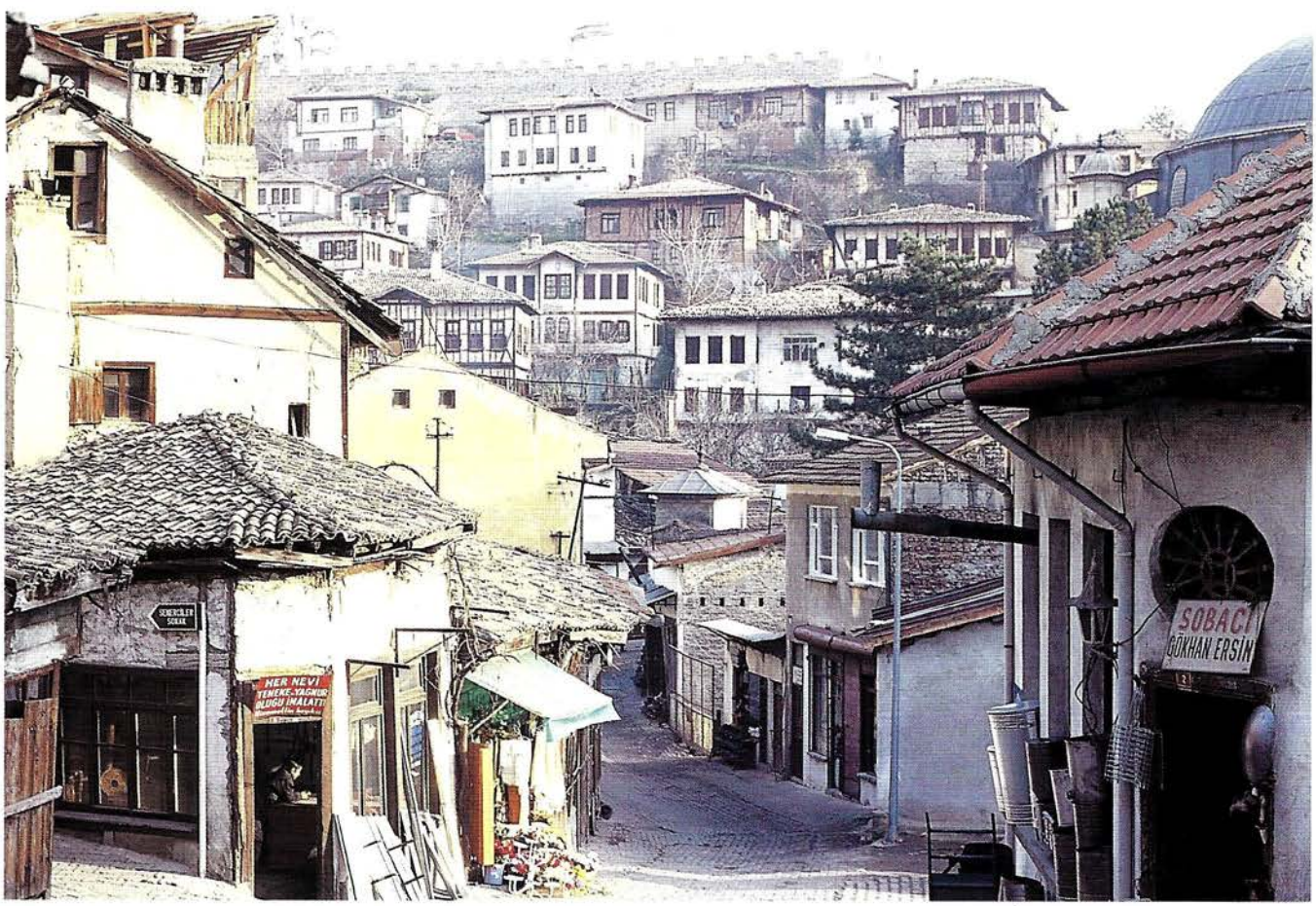
TOWN IN A TIME WARP

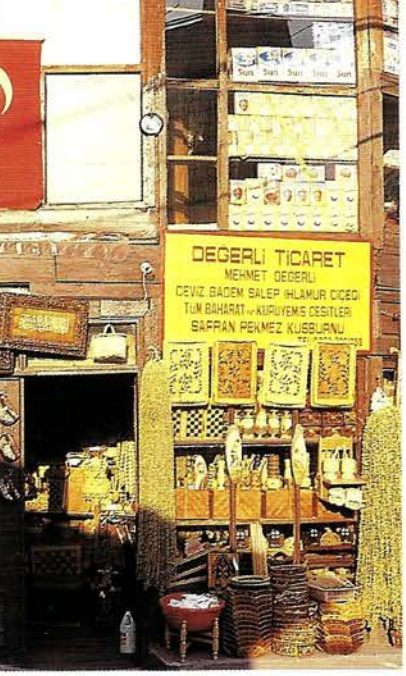
If it were simply a well-preserved collection of Ottoman houses, Safranbolu could not claim to be unique. But this once obscure little market town, tucked away on an old Ottoman trade route between central Anatolia and the Black Sea, has acquired emblematic status for architects, social historians, town planners (the better kind) and conservationists.

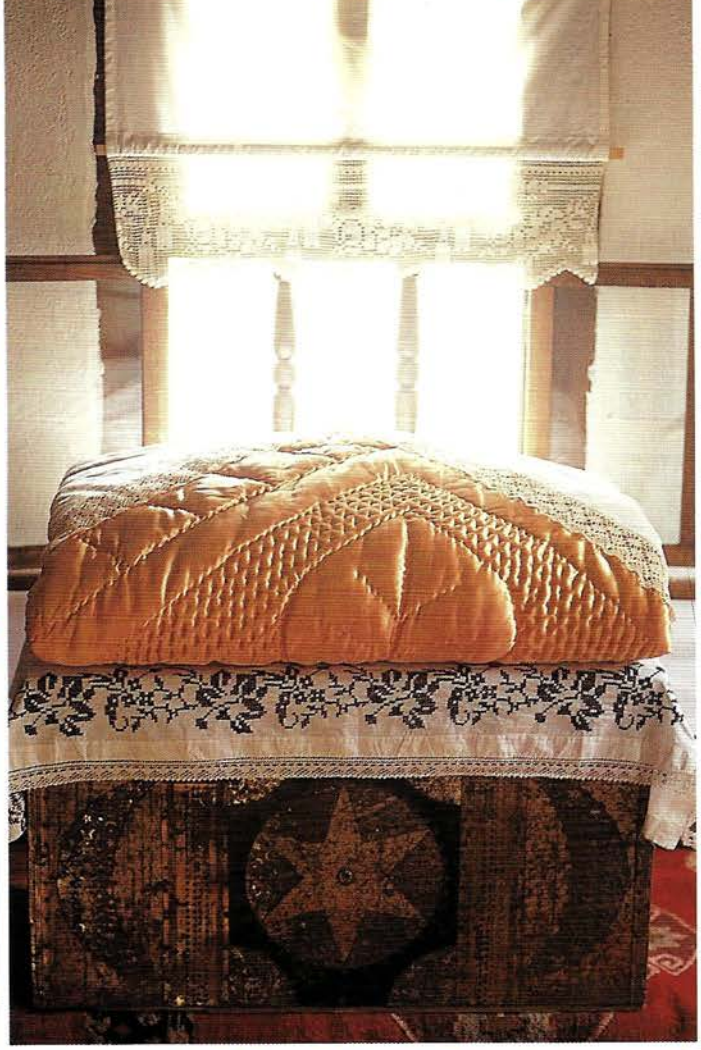
The approach to Safranbolu takes you through some of Turkey's most brutal industrial landscapes. After turning north towards the Black Sea from the Istanbul-Ankara road, you pass the terrifying Karabük iron and steel foundry, with its gigantic smoking, belching structures. You follow the road, somewhat anxiously, until signs reveal that you have reached Safranbolu. Yet all around there is nothing but dismaying concrete blocks and scruffy shops. This is Kıranköy, the new town, a no-man's-land grown up on the plateau between the two historic centres that were part of Safranbolu's unique geography and circumstances and which have contributed to its preservation.

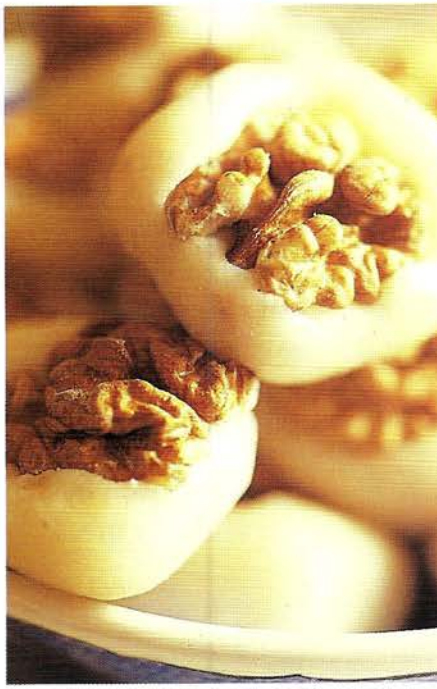
Originally a Hittite settlement 4,000 years ago, its greatest prosperity and current shape date from the Ottoman 17th century and the development of the Gerede-Black Sea trade route. Blessed with raw materials, such as the valuable saffron from which the town derives its name, a comfortable setting, rich surrounding agriculture and forestry, Safranbolu developed into a trading and manufacturing centre in its own right.

SIGHTS, SOUNDS AND TASTES OF SAFRANBOLU. THE TOWN'S SOLID HOUSES RISE ABOVE THE MARKETPLACE (BELOW), WHERE EVERYTHING – FROM THE TURKISH DELIGHT (LEFT) TO HAND-STITCHED QUILTS, NEAT INTERIORS, GLEAMING METALWARE, PICTUREBOOK ORCHARDS AND ORDERLY CHILDREN – IS ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE



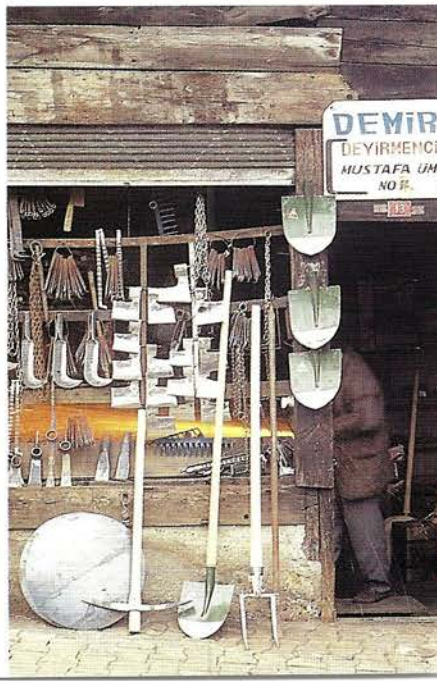

DEGERLI TICARET
MEHMET DEGERLI
CEVIZ BADEM SALEP (HLAMUR CICEGI)
TUM BAHARAT ve KURUYEMIS CESITLERI
SAFRAN PEKMEZ KUSBURNU





Müjde yeni yıl geldi
Müjde yeni yıl geldi
Müjde yeni yıl geldi

OBA MARKET
OBA MARKET


DEMIR
DEVIRMENCI
MUSTAFA ÜM

'RIDING IN LIKE THE CAVALRY, ÇELIK GÜLERSOY AND THE TOURING CLUB BOUGHT ONE OF SAFRANBOLU'S GRANDEST KONAKS, RESTORED IT AS A HOTEL, AND LAUNCHED THE TOWN ON THE TOURIST CIRCUIT'

Farmers and craftsmen grew prosperous and most families built themselves not just one but two fine, solid houses: first a winter residence in the valley town (known as Çarşı), the manufacturing and trading centre, sheltered from the worst of the cold weather; then a second, equally luxurious, on the plateau above the valley known as Bağlar, where summer breezes cooled the vines and pastures. There is not one house among them that is poor or mean, or even small. Every six months the extended households would move from one to the other, with a laborious amount of packing and unpacking and moving of household goods up and down the valley by donkey. It was very similar to the seasonal decamping that used to take place up and down the Bosphorus or out to the Princes Islands from Istanbul. This pattern of dignified bourgeois rural life reached a peak at the end of the 19th century, with no sign of late Ottoman decadence, and now in retrospect has developed a life of its own as a golden age with almost mythic status: an ideal of Turkish life as one would have wished it – and might yet wish it to be – and attainable to all.

As part of the radical changes brought about by industrialisation, the huge Karabük steelworks brought newcomers to the town, who commuted from new concrete buildings on the plateau between the two parts of the old town. Many of the old residents, attracted to the convenience of these small, easily heated apartments, began to build or buy new places. Many had in any case been forced by reduced circumstances to take factory jobs. This trend has continued and magnified, now that the traditional goods for which Safranbolu was well known are no longer in demand and swift communications and changing needs have diminished the town's role as a market place. Luckily these changes have come about only recently – just before all trace of the traditional way of doing things disappeared, and without the residents deciding, as in so many other places, to do away altogether with their old high-maintenance stone, brick and wood houses. Some families closed up one house but continued to use the other – often the summer house, with its leafier surroundings and larger garden.

Safranbolu's houses, expensively and robustly built, have stood up well to a few years of neglect. And, riding in like the cavalry, Çelik Gülersoy and the Touring Club bought one of largest and grandest *konaks*, restored it as a hotel, and succeeded in launching the town on the tourist circuit.

The initiative has had the intended effect: from being an item on the syllabus of architectural students, the town now features in every guidebook. And the population, who were beginning to doubt the value of hanging on to their old homes, are preparing to open them up to visitors.

After our unprepossessing and weary arrival in the new town, one evening in late August, we took the road down into the valley towards Çarşı, the winter settlement, and our supper and beds at the Havuzlu Konak, the grand house with a pool restored by Gülersoy.

The 18th-century house is a little stark on the outside, white with brown door and window frames; but we were shown up the wide staircase into a large wood-panelled room on the first floor. Our children were enchanted with the four little beds made up for them on the low *sedirs*, window seats pulled away from the wall, and we had two brass bedsteads. A shower room had been shoehorned into the small cupboard space created for the purpose when the house was first built. The ceiling panels, viewed from the bed, would have rewarded an insomniac, and a few pretty domestic artefacts stood on the shelf frieze and in niches around the fireplace. There was little to quibble about, bar a little nylon fringeing.

In the morning, as we set out to explore the town, we found that our room, and the hotel itself, were a pattern repeated throughout the town. The Kaymakam, or Governor's House, restored by the Ministry of Culture and opened as a museum in 1976, had the same spacious arrangements, with a remarkable attention to domestic detail. Here, you felt, there would have been satisfaction in carrying out daily tasks, handling implements and working in surroundings constructed from good materials.

Outside, the Saturday market was in full swing, with a splendid array of foodstuffs and domestic paraphernalia. Beyond the Arasta, the restored covered bazaar now occupied by souvenir and antique shops, still lingers the workshop quarter that once made Safranbolu such a draw. This local market still brings in genuine local customers, not just interior designers looking for the latest in agricultural chic. Old-fashioned goods such as handmade quilts, scythes,

ABOVE: A TYPICAL MANSION WITH WINDOW BAYS. OPPOSITE: ONE OF THE MANY HISTORIC FOUNTAINS. RAINWATER WAS CHANNELLED FROM THE COBBLED STREETS INTO PRIVATE GARDENS

ABOVE AND RIGHT: PANELLED SITTING ROOMS WITH WINDOW SEATS THAT PULL OUT TO MAKE BEDS, AND BLINDS AND COVERS EDGED IN CROCHET WORK. OPPOSITE, BELOW: A CORNER SHOWS HOW NEATLY SEATING, FIREPLACE AND CUPBOARDS FIT TOGETHER

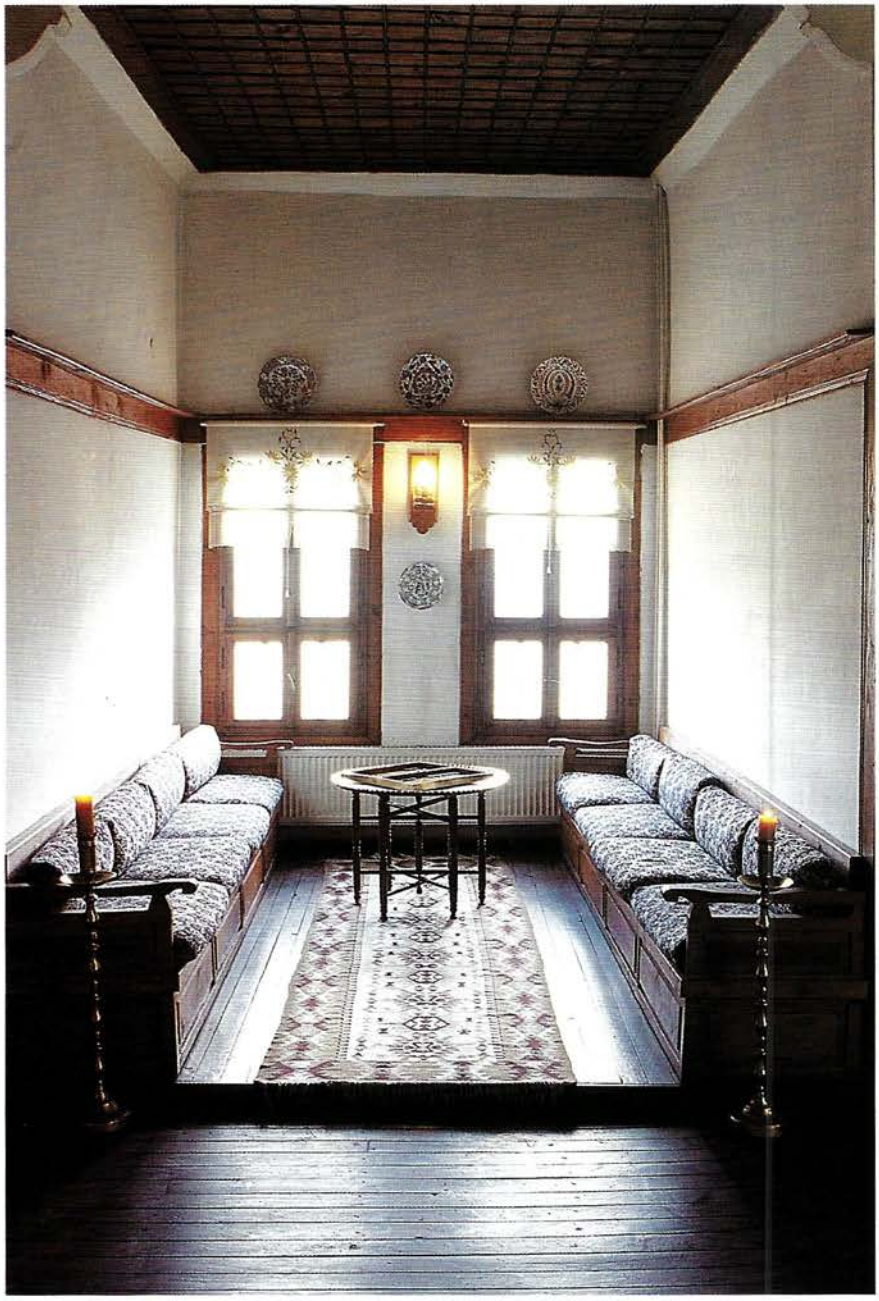
metal door-latches, black leather boots, upholstered donkey saddles, harness and bridles are still needed and appreciated in the country, and when we stopped for lunch it was clear there are still folk who regard it a treat to go to town on market day to eat a small plate of *pilav* and beans in a restaurant. This genuineness saves the town from deteriorating into a theme park, of which I had heard it accused.

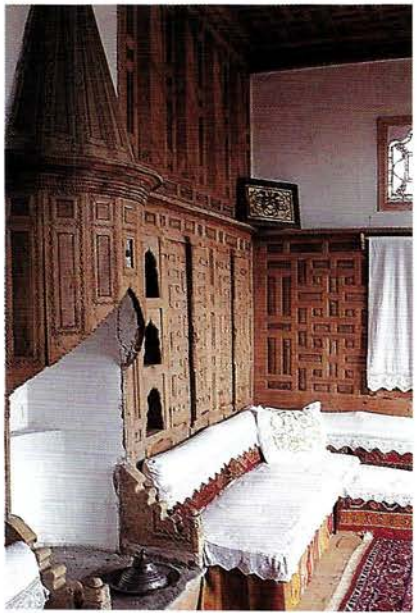
As we walked about that day, this sincerity manifested itself many times: first, a baker thrust his hands out at knee level from his semi-subterranean shop counter, and pressed hot *simit* (sesame seed rings) into our children's hands, refusing any payment. Later, two ravishing teenage girls beckoned us modestly into their indigo-washed house. Granny lay sleeping in one room – we tiptoed past. Upstairs, the house was a fascinating mix of old and modern, but not very modern. Frozen around the Fifties, with mixed scraps of carpet, family photos, wood panelling and antimacassars, some very ugly, it was an unreconstructed gem, showing the multiple layers of its history. We were dismayed to hear they were saving up for a restoration.

On our second day we set out to explore Bağlar, the summer settlement: this is a little harder, as at the time of writing few houses are open, and those stated to be so are mostly not.

Once you have traversed the ugly new town, it is easy to conjure up those endless peaceful rural summers. As yet there is no pension up

'OUR CHILDREN WERE ENCHANTED WITH THE FOUR LITTLE BEDS MADE UP FOR THEM ON THE WINDOW SEATS; THE CEILING PANELLING, WOULD HAVE REWARDED AN INSOMNIAC'





here, though there should be.

We left Safranbolu and drove east, to the nearby village of Yörük. Here is a miniature Safranbolu, once famous throughout the district for its wonderful bread. The houses, again, are huge, solid and beautiful, the atmosphere unspoilt by crass modern development.

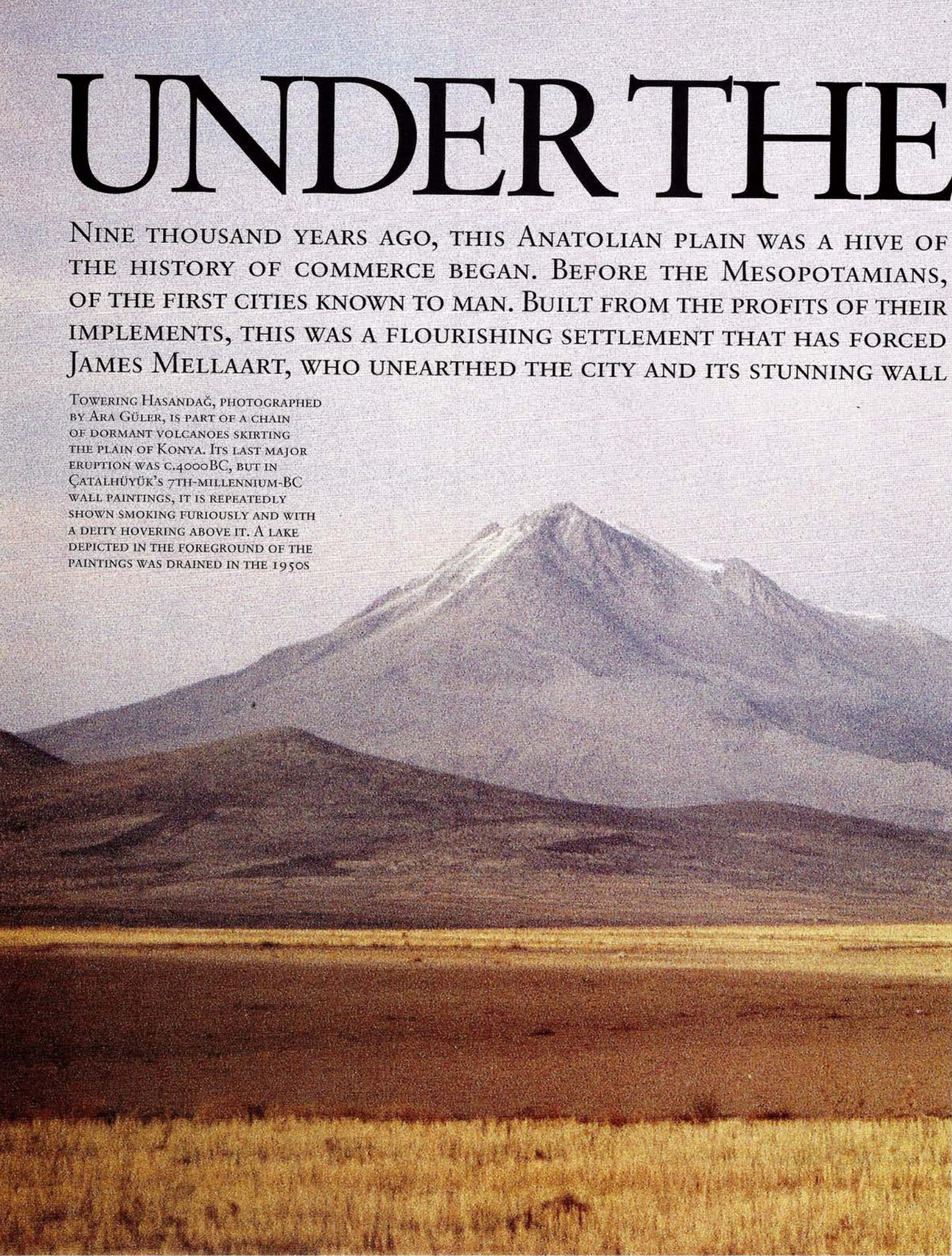
Walking out of the village along a trail into the nearby countryside, we passed impossibly idyllic scenes of rural life, undoubtedly enhanced by the sunshine. Our donkey path eventually led us back into the village, where we sat under a tree for *ayran* and *gözleme* (yoghurt drink and pancakes) before setting off back to Istanbul.◆

Restored houses now open as hotels or pensions:
Azmazlar 'Havuzlu' Konak, Çarşı Mahallesi, Safranbolu. Tel (90 370) 725 2883; fax (90 370) 712 3824.
Tahsin Bey & Paşa Konağı, Çarşı Mahallesi Hükümet Sok 50, Safranbolu. Tel (90 370) 712 0067; fax (90 370) 712 5596.
Hatice Hanım Konağı, Babasultan Mahallesi Naip Tarla Sok 4, Safranbolu. Tel (90 370) 712 7545; fax (90 370) 712 6063.

SEVERAL HOUSES HAVE LARGE POOLS LIKE THIS ONE AT THE HAVUZLU KONAĞI; SOME EVEN HAVE A SEPARATE POOL BUILDING FOR ENTERTAINING IN THE GARDEN. FRESH WATER CAME TO THE TOWN FROM THE NORTHWEST VIA THE STILL-EXTANT INCEKAYA AQUEDUCT

UNDER THE

Nine thousand years ago, this Anatolian plain was a hive of the history of commerce began. Before the Mesopotamians, of the first cities known to man. Built from the profits of their implements, this was a flourishing settlement that has forced James Mellaart, who unearthed the city and its stunning wall



Towering Hasandağ, photographed by Ara Güler, is part of a chain of dormant volcanoes skirting the plain of Konya. Its last major eruption was c.4000BC, but in Çatalhüyük's 7th-millennium-BC wall paintings, it is repeatedly shown smoking furiously and with a deity hovering above it. A lake depicted in the foreground of the paintings was drained in the 1950s

VOLCANO

ACTIVITY, FOR IT WAS HERE, IN THE SHADOW OF HASANDAĞ, THAT THE MINOANS OR EGYPTIANS, THE PEOPLE OF ÇATALHÜYÜK CREATED ONE TRADE IN OBSIDIAN, THE GLASSY VOLCANIC ROCK USED TO MAKE EARLY ARCHAEOLOGISTS TO RETHINK THE CHRONOLOGY OF CIVILISATION. PAINTINGS, RECALLS THE STAGES OF A MOMENTOUS DISCOVERY

UNDER THE VOLCANO

THE DISCOVERY 1958

In 1952, at the end of a five-month archaeological survey, mostly on foot, I found near Seydişehir and Beyşehir several sites with unmistakable Neolithic pottery like that of Mersin and Tarsus beyond the Taurus Mountains on the coast. This was explained away as "untypical and probably the result of some refugees from the Mersin area".

In 1957 I made a sounding in the small mound of Hacılar near Burdur. Again, the lowest levels revealed the same Neolithic pottery. The following year at Çatalhüyük I made the most startling discovery of my life.

It was a dull day in November, and I was driving across the flat Konya plain in a Land Rover, accompanied by two friends: Alan Hall, a classicist, and David French, my assistant at the Hacılar excavations. We had spent the day exploring the mounds – *hüyüks* – on the plain of Konya. Çatalhüyük means "the mound of the fork in the road" and it lies a mile or so south of the village of Küçükköy. I had seen it from a distance during my survey five years earlier and had wanted to explore it further, but various diversions had prevented me from doing so until now.

Those diversions had proved useful. I had visited the Hittite settlement of Boğazköy and the Neolithic site at Fikirtepe, both being excavated by Professor Kurt Bittel. When I showed him sherds from my survey in southern Anatolia, he was surprised and delighted, and I was invited to lecture at Istanbul University. For me, a more important result of meeting Professor Bittel was falling for one of his students, Arlette Cenani, who spoke perfect English as well as French. I spent Christmas at her parents' *yalı* on the Bosphorus at Kanlıca and we were soon married.

I subsequently visited Jericho in Jordan,

GILLIAN WARR

JAMES MELLAART

James Mellaart, born in London in 1925, is descended from a MacDonald family who settled in Holland in the 17th century. Educated in Holland, he read Egyptology at Leiden, then at University College, London. He went to Turkey as a scholar of the 'British Institute of Archaeology at Ankara' in 1951. His survey of southern Turkey led to the discovery of Can Hasan in the same year, Beycesultan in 1952, Hacılar in 1956 and Çatalhüyük in 1958 – he directed the excavations at Hacılar and Çatalhüyük himself. From 1961 to 1963 Mellaart taught prehistoric archaeology at Istanbul University, and he lectured at the University of London until his retirement in 1991. He is a Fellow of the British Academy.

SUSANNA HICKLING

Viola Pemberton-Pigott

The Sixties team. Top: tea break with the Mellaarts: James (left), Arlette, the official photographer (in sunglasses), and their son Alan. Seated from left: Fiona Gregg, the conservationist; archaeologist Ian Todd; and Grace Huxtable, who drew many of the wall-painting transcripts shown here. Standing: Hayrettin Bey, the commissar. Left: Alan Mellaart cleaning skeletons. Right: well preserved mud-brick walls, standing 1.5m high

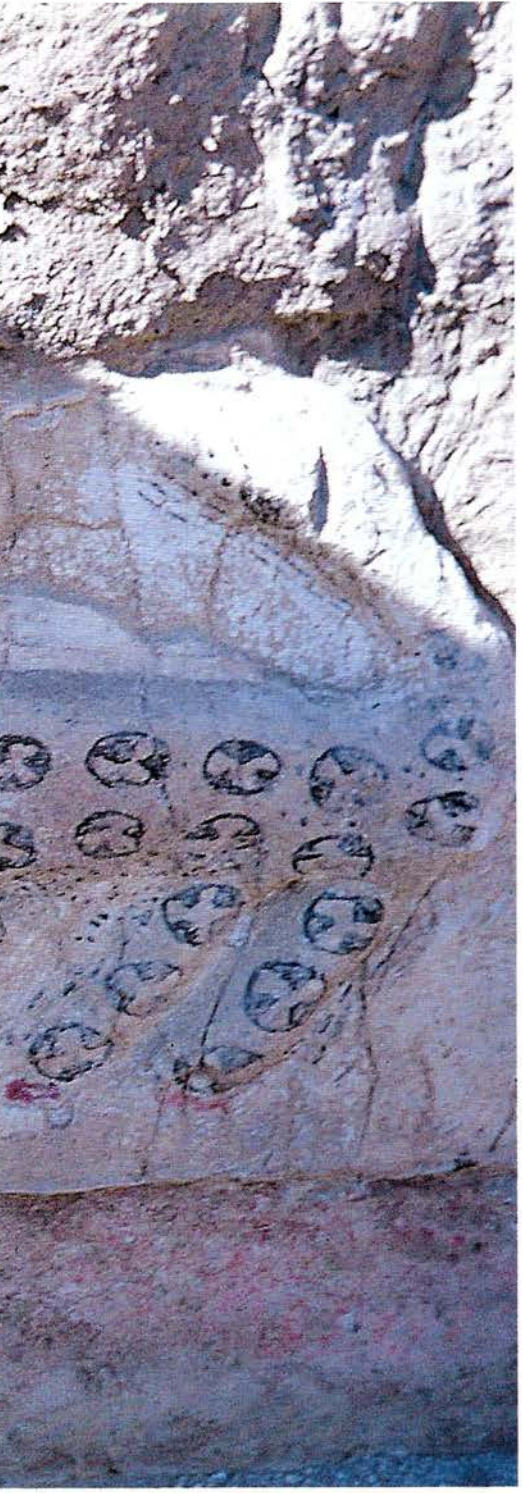
Arlette Mellaart

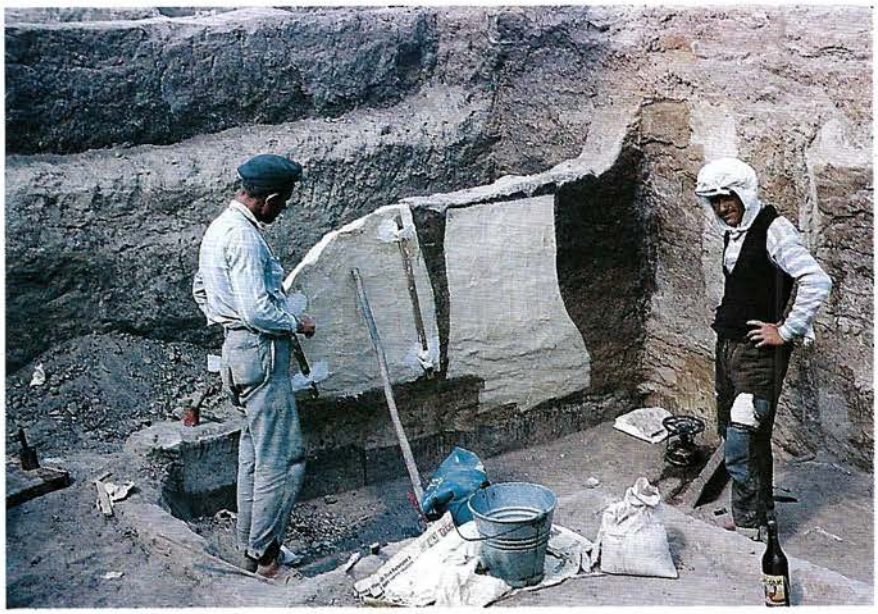
where Dr Kathleen Kenyon's excavations set the tone for rigorous stratigraphic digging. Jericho showed that the Neolithic was not a short period, with a few miserable huts of poverty-stricken farming communities, but an extended period which supported a much more sophisticated society. Among the small finds was obsidian – a black volcanic glass which had never turned up in an archaeological dig in the region before. Although its sources could be traced to the Anatolian plateau, this was an area so remote that no scholar seriously considered that there might have been Neolithic settlements there. The coastal site of Mersin was regarded as the rustic western outpost of the Fertile Crescent. To the north was the mighty barrier of the Taurus Mountains.

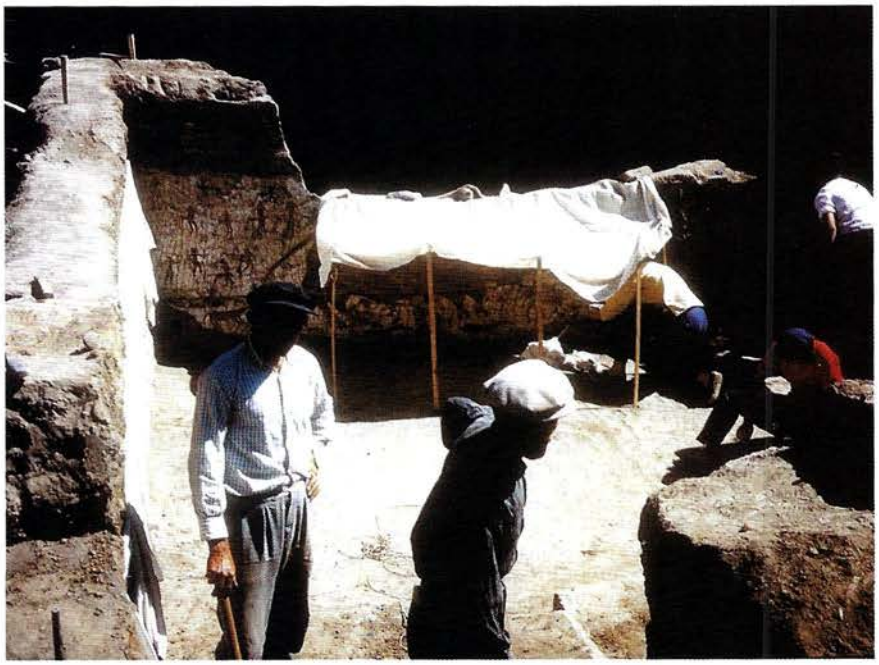
The Victorian concept of Anatolia as a peripheral backwater was still unhappily taught in universities in the early 1950s when I started my survey in the Konya plain. The area had never been surveyed. It was a virtual blank on archaeological maps, regarded as marshy and unhealthy.

What we discovered at Çatalhüyük showed just how wrong that thinking had been. Lying on the east side of the Çarşamba River, the mound had grown from centuries of building. It was now 20 metres high and half a kilometre long, with an unknown depth of deposit below. To the west of the river was a sizeable second mound.

On the third day of the dig, we discovered a wall painting, a genre unknown anywhere in the Fertile Crescent. What we had found was the very reverse of a Neolithic backwater. This was a flourishing civilisation, a settlement with religion, art, utensils and trade that was earlier than anything known in the Near East. Çatalhüyük preceded Mesopotamia, the Minoans – every known civilisation bar China. It took a while to sink in.







A pair of leopards in relief, above, carbon-dated to c6500BC (Level VI). Each is about a metre long. The mouth, claws and tip of the tail are red, the spots black, the background white lime plaster. Over time, the leopards were covered over with more than 30 successive levels of painting. Right: top, Arlette Mellaart and Ian Todd photographing a wall painting; centre and below, the workmen, veterans of digs at Beycesultan and Hacilar, prepare to lift a painting from the walls, to be conserved in a museum in Ankara

Racing against time, James Mellaart and his team recorded the vivi
Frequently replastered, the walls had also been constantly repainted wit

THE WALL PAINTINGS

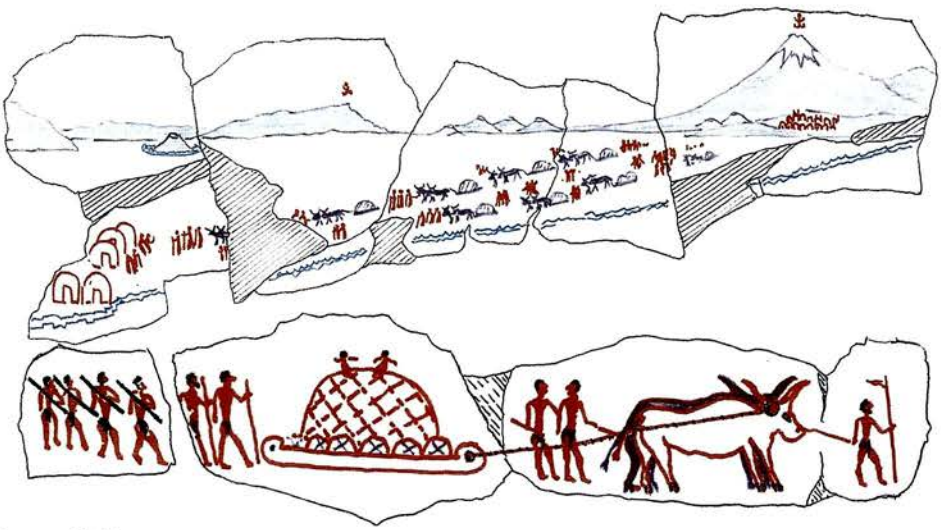
Çatal art started well before 7000BC, though how much earlier is still unknown. Between 1958 and 1965 we managed to excavate a limited area of the site: four per cent of the mound. Thirteen superimposed building levels were established. These are datable from 7060BC (Level X) to 6150BC (Level I), or roughly 1,000 years of continuous occupation.

Çatalhüyük is unique among Near Eastern Neolithic sites in that its inhabitants left us a very varied repertoire of paintings and reliefs on the white-plastered walls of their houses and cult buildings.

In 1963, at the edge of the mound, we reached virgin soil but only by digging a further 5 metres below the last datable level (7060BC). By now we were below the level of the alluvial plain and ground water poured in. These 5 metres revealed no fewer than 12 superimposed plaster floors. These damp lower levels did not contain baked pottery, which they must predate, but had preserved plaquettes of plaster and wood on which pictures had been sketched – the forerunners of the paintings shown here.

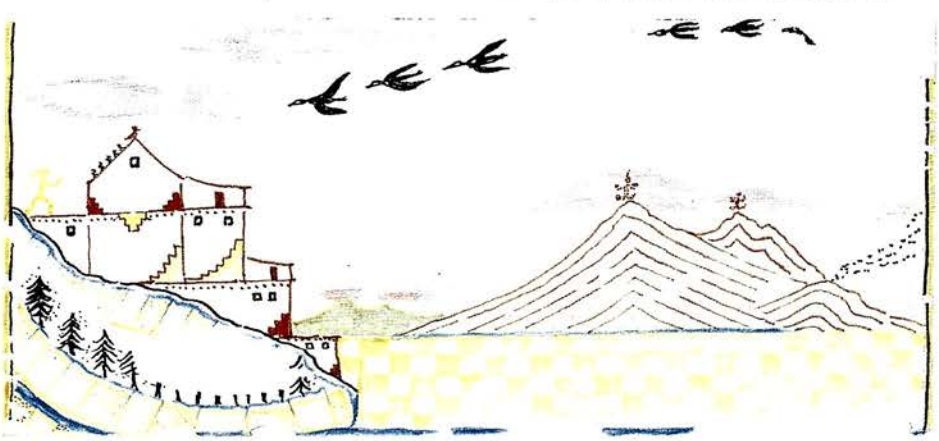
The following pages show the vast range of subjects of the paintings, which are mainly from Levels V to VIII. They depict landscapes familiar to a people whose prosperity was closely linked to hunting wild animals, domesticating sheep and goats, with some cattle and pigs, and growing wheat, barley and especially pulses such as lentils and peas. The role of meat-eating has probably been underestimated simply because both houses and people were scrupulously clean and in the areas we excavated, rubbish heaps were few. It is there the bones of slaughtered animals are usually found, not in richly decorated rooms. The Çatalhüyük we found was more art gallery than restaurant; the remaining 96 per cent still to be dug will no doubt redress the balance.

The geography of the area, something essential to trade, is the subject matter of a good number of the paintings. Çatalhüyük lies in a vast open plain, surrounded by mountains, many of



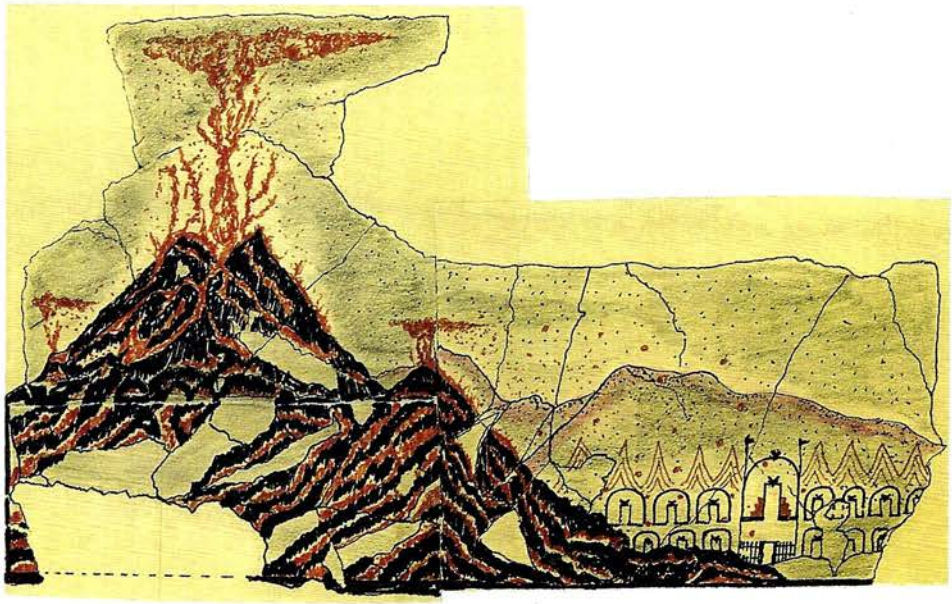
LEVEL X. TWO PICTURES SHOW TRADERS WITH SLEDGES DRAWN BY CATTLE, COMING FROM HASANDAĞ, TOP RIGHT. THE VIEW COULD HAVE BEEN DRAWN FROM MODERN EREĞLI. EACH MOUNTAIN HAD ITS DEITY: KARACADAĞ'S GOD HOVERS ON THE HORIZON, LEFT

LEVEL V. WALL PAINTINGS WERE PERIODICALLY REDONE, REFLECTING THE CHANGING LANDSCAPE. IN THIS VERSION, DWELLINGS ARE OVAL, THE FIELDS FLOODED, SMOKING HASANDAĞ HAS ONE PEAK, AND A CAVE WITH A DEITY APPEARS BELOW KARADAĞ, RIGHT



LEVEL V. THIS SECOND VERSION, SUPERIMPOSED ON THE PAINTING ABOVE, SHOWS HOUSES LIKE THOSE EXCAVATED IN ÇATALHÜYÜK, WITH FLAT OR SLOPING ROOFS; HASANDAĞ NOW HAS TWO PEAKS, THE FIELDS ARE DRY AND THE CAVE BELOW KARADAĞ HAS VANISHED

scenes they found as they uncovered layer upon layer of wall paintings. the evolving story of Çatalhüyük, its daily life and the world around it



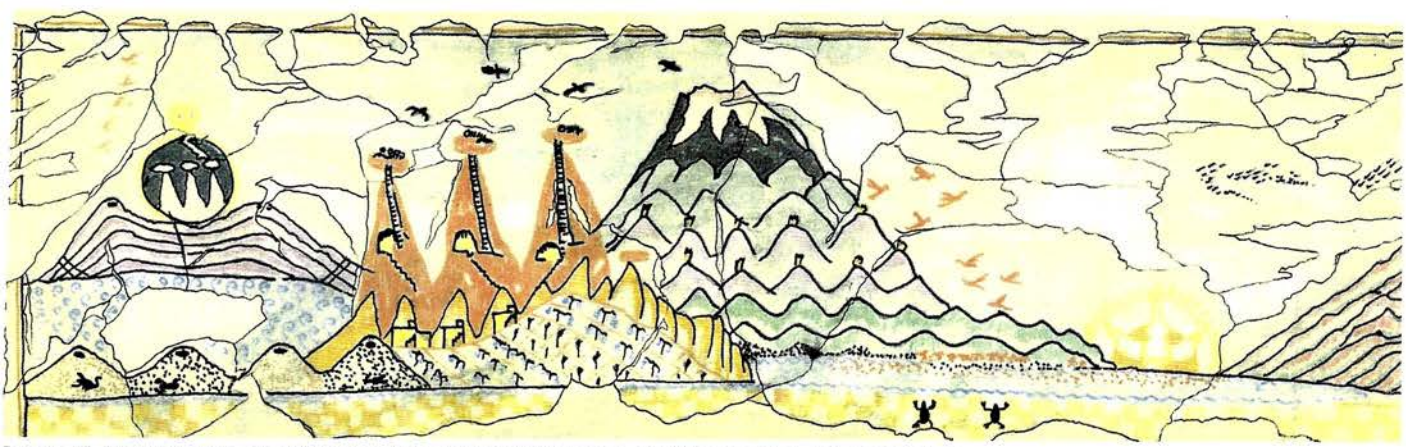
Level IV. Two erupting splutter cones threaten a village. Splutter cones, of which these are typical examples, are particularly lethal, according to modern experts. Çatalhüyük itself is out of range, which is perhaps why it survived

Reading the layers

On the basis of his excavations, Mellaart established 13 distinct building levels at Çatalhüyük. These are their estimated end-dates:

Level I	c. 6150 BC
II	c. 6300
III	c. 6330
IV	c. 6370
V	c. 6450
VI	c. 6540
VII	c. 6610
VIII	c. 6720
IX	c. 6800
X	c. 7060
XI-XIII	to be dated

The remains of a further 12 plaster floors lay between Level XIII and virgin soil, their dampness preserving precious artefacts. Çatal art evidently dated from well before 7060 BC



Level V. Erciyesdağ, flanked on the left by the cones of Cappadocia, with nesting storks and double-peaked Hasandağ, and on the right by the Sultan marshes with flamingos, turtles, the rising sun and a spur of the Taurus Mountains

Level VIII. Onager (wild ass) hunt with tented camp or village, perhaps in the mountains west of Çatalhüyük and Konya. The tents recall Palaeolithic dwellings excavated from Palestine to western Europe, dated 5,000 years earlier

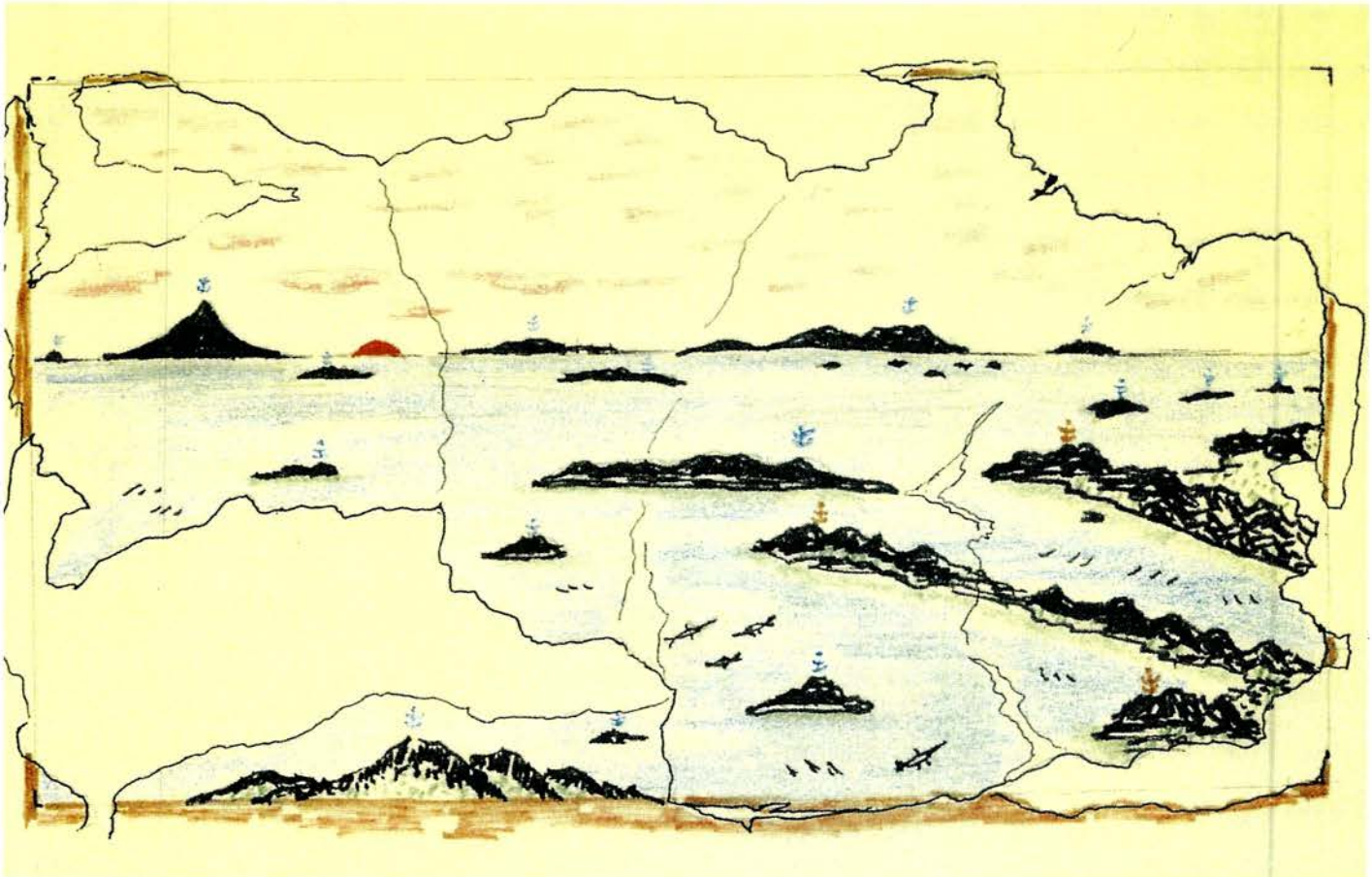
LEVEL IV. AN EXTRAORDINARY PERSPECTIVE, FROM THE MOUNTAINS TO THE SEA, FROM KARADAĞ, KARACADAĞ AND HASANDAĞ ACROSS THE KONYA PLAIN, OVER THE TAURUS MOUNTAINS TO THE SOUTH COAST AND THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA

them volcanoes – extinct or occasionally active. The classic example is the picture of a township beneath an erupting volcano, easily identified as Hasandağ, near Aksaray. It is still visible today at dawn from Çatalhüyük. Behind Hasandağ lie the deposits of obsidian, the black volcanic glass used to make tools, weapons and polished mirrors.

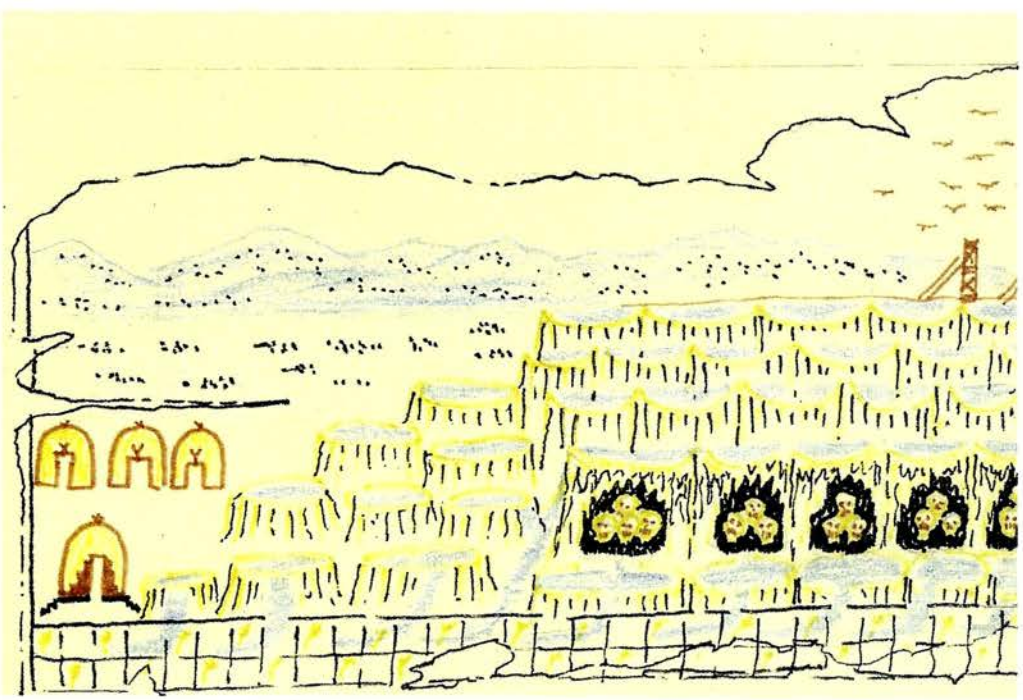
Frequently one view was painted over and over again on the same piece of wall. In one case the earlier picture shows a settlement of round or oval buildings on a mound, with cattle below in flooded fields. On the horizon, Hasandağ is erupting. In the later picture, the volcano is shown with the two distinctive summits we know today. The mound is now crowned by a building of the type we excavated. The surrounding fields have been cultivated.

Different mountains appear in other murals. One painting, reminiscent of a late Palaeolithic scene, shows a tented camp or

LEVEL VII. A PROSPEROUS-LOOKING VILLAGE PERCHED ON A CLIFF ABOVE THE MEDITERRANEAN, SURROUNDED BY ORCHARDS AND CULTIVATED PLOTS OF LAND. THE ISLAND ON THE HORIZON BENEATH THE RISING SUN COULD BE CYPRUS



Level V. This wall painting must be one of the first maps of the Aegean, and it shows how well travelled the people of Çatalhüyük were. Seen perhaps from Rhodes, the volcano in the distance would be Thera (Santorini)

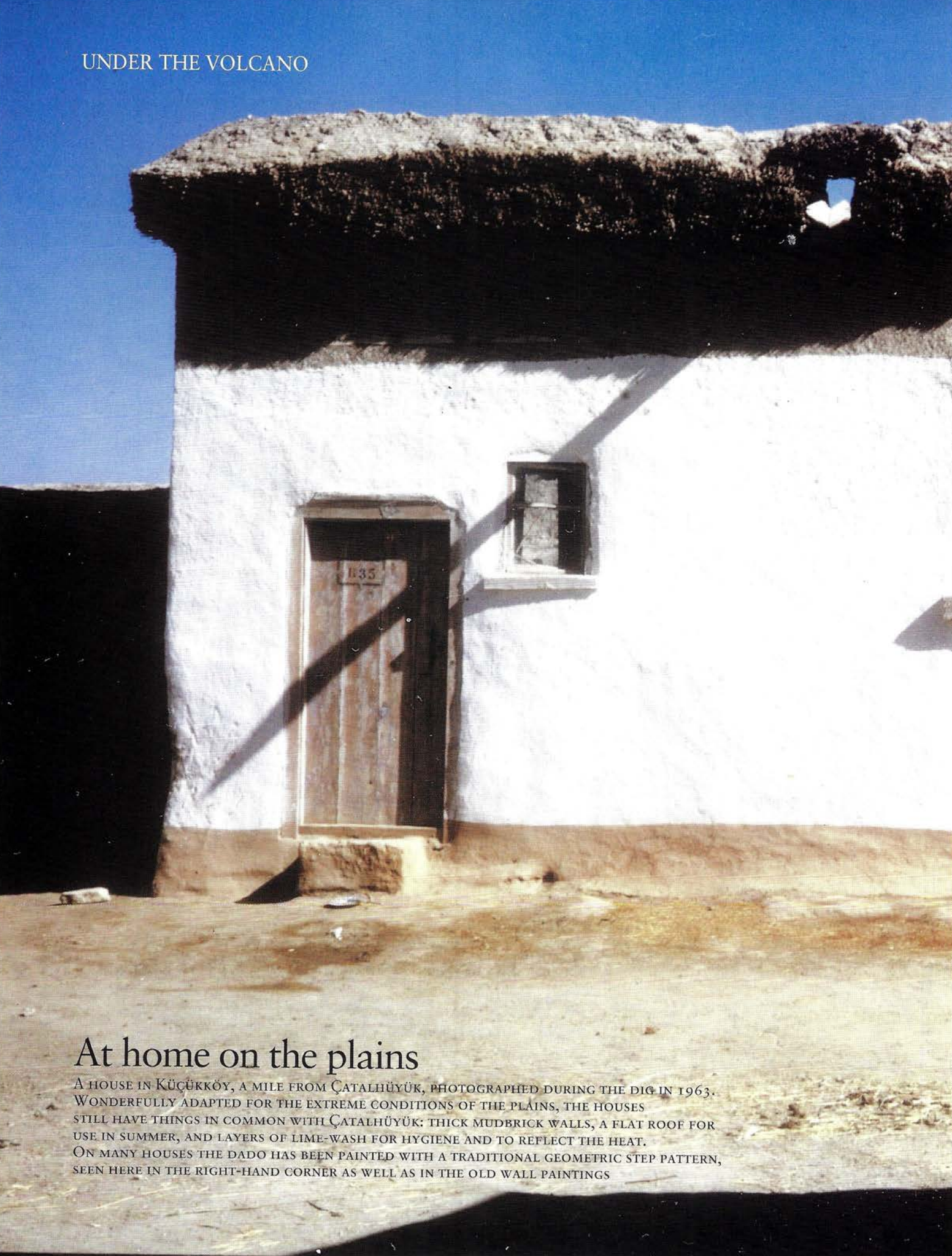


Pamukkale, which the Hittites referred to as the Frozen City, more than a hundred miles west of Çatalhüyük. The extraordinary white-lime landscape, welling with hot springs, remains one of Turkey's natural wonders

settlement of round huts, and wild asses being hunted. Yet a further picture shows a set of volcanic splutter cones in action.

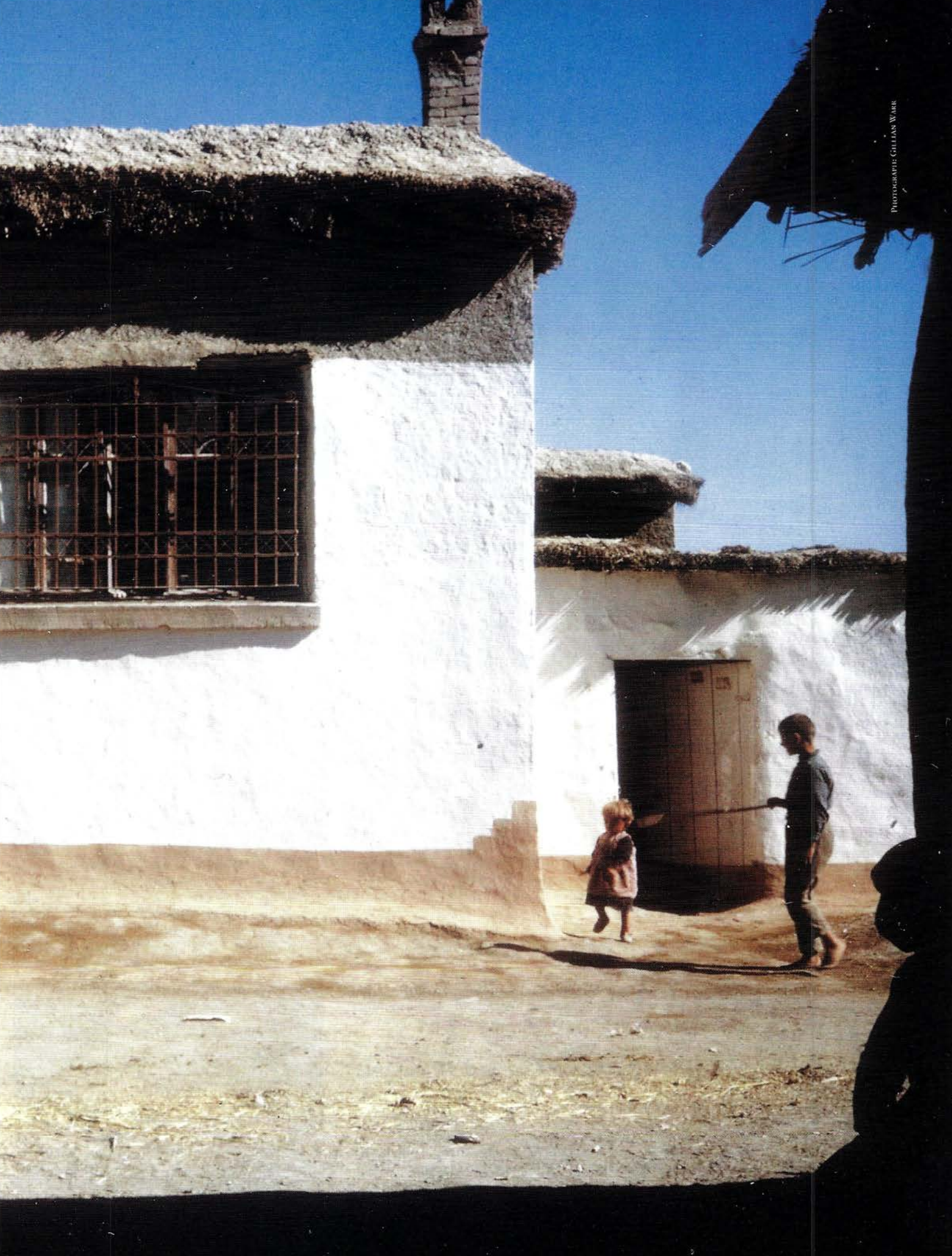
The great detail of the paintings leaves one in no doubt that the people of Çatalhüyük were fine observers wherever they went. They obviously travelled far, and through their trading around the eastern Mediterranean developed a sophisticated sense of geography.

One view (opposite, top) covers the plain of Karaman, with the Taurus in the foreground dropping down to the Mediterranean, complete with boats. The three further paintings shown here extend the range: one (far left) is of wooden houses, a shrine and forest clustered above the shore, with an island, possibly Cyprus, on the far left; another (left) is of the "Frozen City", as the Hittites called Pamukkale; the third (above), an Aegean view dotted with isles, one of which – clearly volcanic – must surely be Thera (Santorini).



At home on the plains

A HOUSE IN KÜÇÜKKÖY, A MILE FROM ÇATALHÜYÜK, PHOTOGRAPHED DURING THE DIG IN 1963. WONDERFULLY ADAPTED FOR THE EXTREME CONDITIONS OF THE PLAINS, THE HOUSES STILL HAVE THINGS IN COMMON WITH ÇATALHÜYÜK: THICK MUDBRICK WALLS, A FLAT ROOF FOR USE IN SUMMER, AND LAYERS OF LIME-WASH FOR HYGIENE AND TO REFLECT THE HEAT. ON MANY HOUSES THE DADO HAS BEEN PAINTED WITH A TRADITIONAL GEOMETRIC STEP PATTERN, SEEN HERE IN THE RIGHT-HAND CORNER AS WELL AS IN THE OLD WALL PAINTINGS

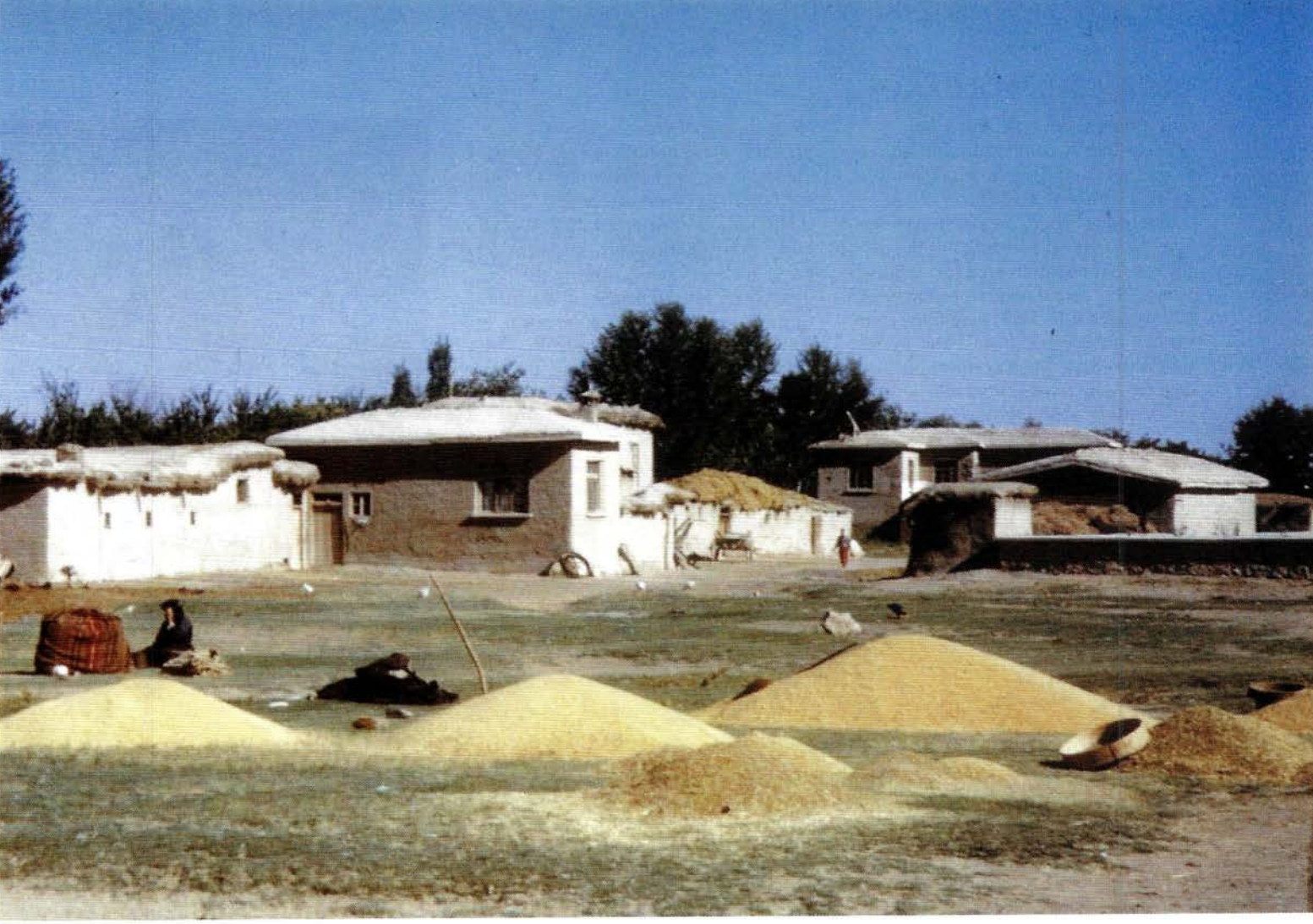


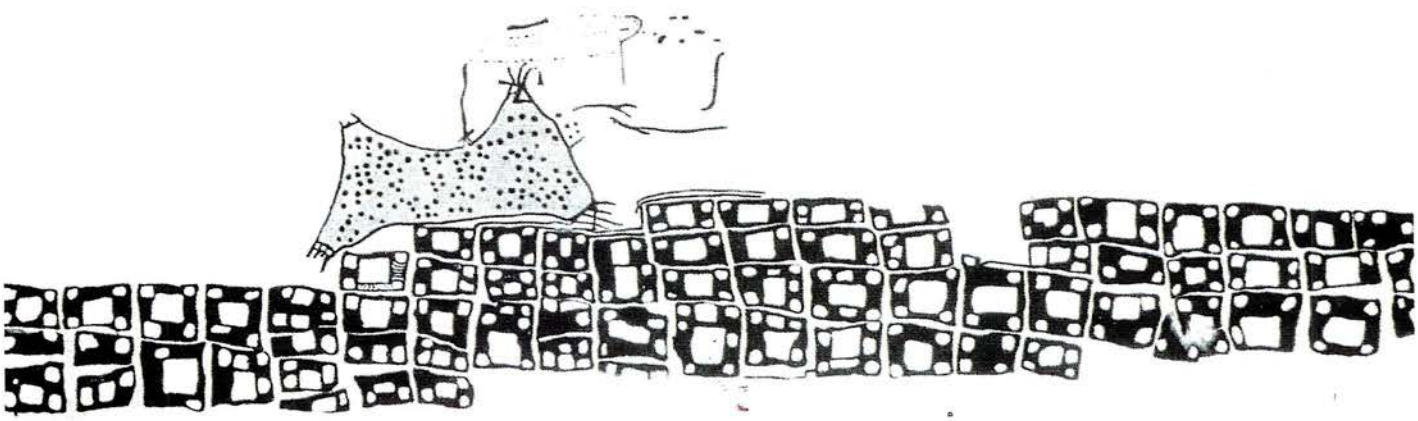
PHOTOGRAPH: GILLIAN WARR

HEARTH AND HOME

Among all the fascinating and unexpected discoveries at Çatalhüyük which give a glimpse of life in the home are the large quantities of foodstuffs, many of which can even be seen as the precursors of modern Anatolian cuisine.

On archaeological sites, evidence of food is usually confined to burnt deposits, or imprints of cereals in mud brick or on pottery. Ashes may also yield plant remains. Animal bones, found in rubbish heaps or carved into tools, demonstrate what was available. All bird and animal bones that we found were kept for study, undertaken by Dr Dexter Perkins, and in the case of some late deposits by Professor Ducos. To Perkins the mass of cattle bones at Çatalhüyük indicated that the animals were domesticated and predominated





TOP: KÜÇÜKKÖY AT HARVEST TIME. LEFT: EVEN TODAY THE ROOFS ARE REMARKABLE. THE MURAL ABOVE LEFT (SKETCHED ABOVE) IS FROM LEVEL VII. ÇATALHÜYÜK'S SQUARE HOUSES RISE IN TERRACES BELOW AN ERUPTING VOLCANO. THERE WERE NO STREETS OR FRONT DOORS: HOUSES ABUTTED EACH OTHER AND WERE ENTERED FROM THE ROOFS, WHICH WERE AT DIFFERENT HEIGHTS. THIS PAINTING, 5 METRES LONG, IS ONE OF THE FEW IN ANKARA'S ETHNOGRAPHIC MUSEUM

over sheep and goats. Ducos, however, felt uncertain about the domestication of cattle. These questions were complicated by the pictorial record, so far unique in the Near East, which showed a vast array of animals – cattle, deer, wild boar, wild asses (onagers), lions, bears, though not leopards, sheep or goats – being teased and baited but not killed. The abrupt cessation of excavations at Çatalhüyük after the season of 1965 has not helped.

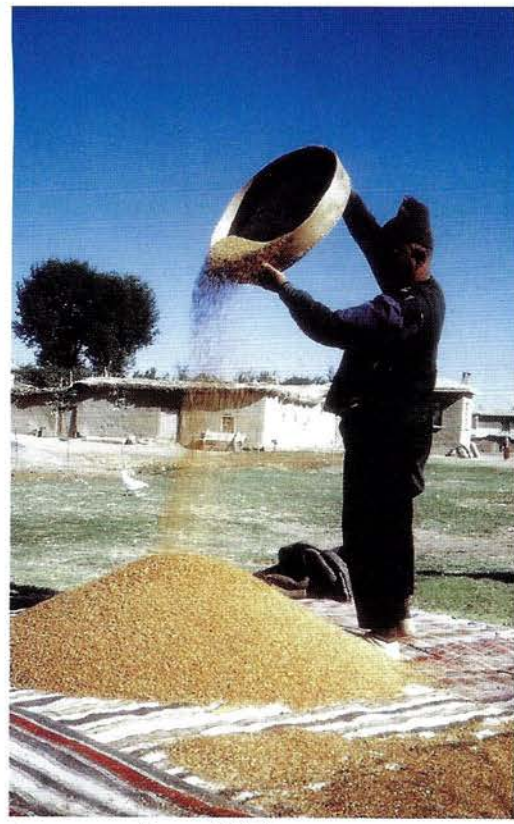
In one small picture, milkmaids on stools milk cows, a small boy herds a group of pigs, and there is a beehive and a cow or calf with hand imprints on its head and shoulders and a necklace of blue beads round its neck. Scenes of fishing and fowling are not infrequent, but a picture of a fisherman with a colossal fish, inside which human figures are shown, belongs to the realm of myth and religion.

Offerings of meat were found, and on the evidence of bones strewn on the floor, a feast held in Shrine VII involved

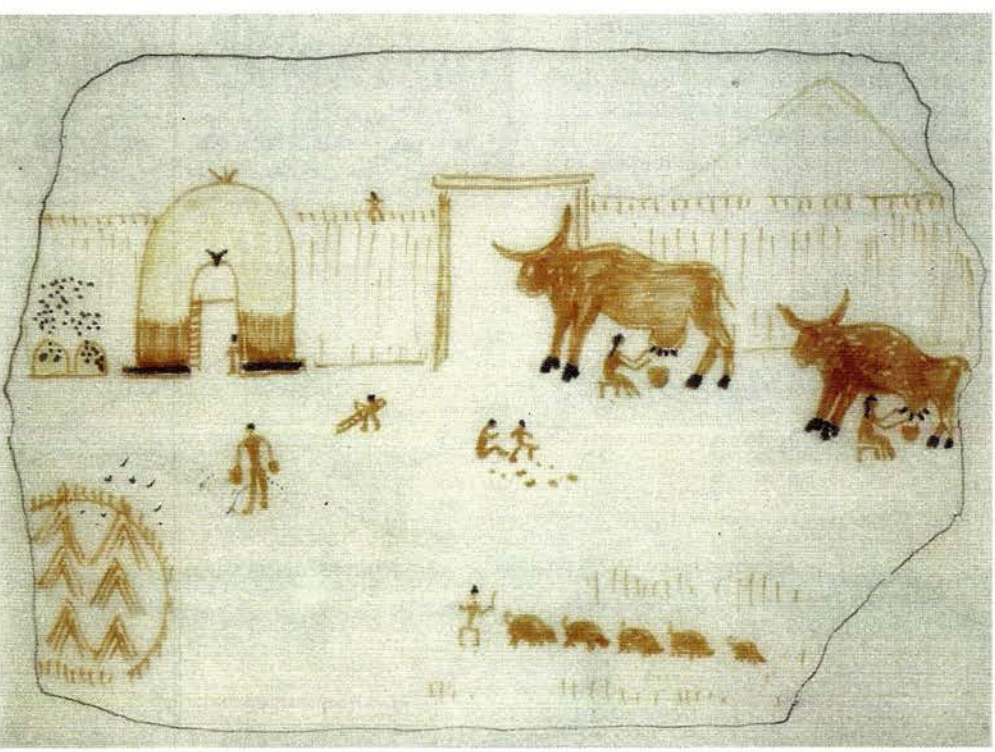
only the meat of cattle. But food deposits mostly come from rubbish heaps, not from floors in houses and shrines, which were swept.

Grain was kept in bins in storerooms. Some were found half-full, in spite of the fire that had destroyed them. Bins, which were round, oval or rectangular, had wooden lids. They were filled from the top and emptied from a hole in the side at the base. Most of the grain deposits were pure, not mixed. Some mustard-like seedpods, minute crucifers, show the use of very fine sieves, probably made of human hair. Many of the small-seeded plants would have been used in soups or as seasoning.

Domestic wheats and barleys form the bulk of the plant remains, augmented by oats, chickpeas and acorns. In the absence of yeast, flatbread in the form of *yufka* would have been the norm. Round, flat plates are absent, and forks do not figure among the utensils for eating meat, which may often have been prepared as *şiş kebab*. Domesticated



SCENES OF DAILY LIFE SHOW MEN SOWING, ABOVE, AS A CHILD SHOOS OFF BIRDS PECKING AT GRAIN (LEVEL III). BELOW: A HORNED GODDESS PRESIDES OVER THE TRAPPING OF A BULL (LEVEL IV). OPPOSITE: BIRDS OF PREY ARE USED TO CATCH FOWL (LEVEL V)



This busy farmyard scene from Level VIII shows a round hut, a beehive, and a kitchen midden in the courtyard. Milkmaids are milking cows, and a small boy is herding pigs

Mural fragment of a fisherman whose huge catch has a belly full of people (Level IV)

animals would have provided milk, yoghurt, *ayran*, butter and cheese. Eggshell is found, probably from duck or geese, which are depicted with their owners on wall paintings. The snatchers of ostrich egg are from foreign parts, judging by the darkness of their skin.

How food was prepared is well attested at Çatalhüyük. Each building has a hearth and at least one oven, and kitchen areas contain mortars for grinding and pounding. Wall paintings show cooking pots, potboilers and storage bins for water.

The vessels are almost entirely of wood. There were round dishes, oblong dishes or trays with handles, probably for meats, a multitude of round and oval bowls, boxes with lids, square salt cellars and egg cups. Stone bowls for pressing fruit had a spout for pouring the juice; small marble bowls had feet. Pottery jars for cheeses and preserves such as jam had two long handles for securing a cover, probably of skin.

These people had mats of reeds and used both wool and linen – cloth and leather bags were by no means unknown – but the most common containers were straw baskets. People sat on platforms and benches, which were found in all rooms. The kitchen area, sunken and covered with reeds or straw for drainage, is always next to the hearth, which is raised. Many walls have small cupboards, and brackets may have held wax candles for lighting. The flat-topped or slightly rounded ovens contained fuel, mostly brushwood.

Clean housekeeping was the rule: in the corner there was nearly always the shoulder blade of an ox for use as a dustpan, and with it a brush to sweep the remains of meals into baskets, to be taken out onto the roof and dumped into yards between groups of houses, which also served as WCs. Windows set high in walls provided air, as well as light by which to view the elaborate paintings that often decorated the interiors. In a few buildings, wasps' nests adhere to the rafters – the best defence against insects would have been smoke and draughts.

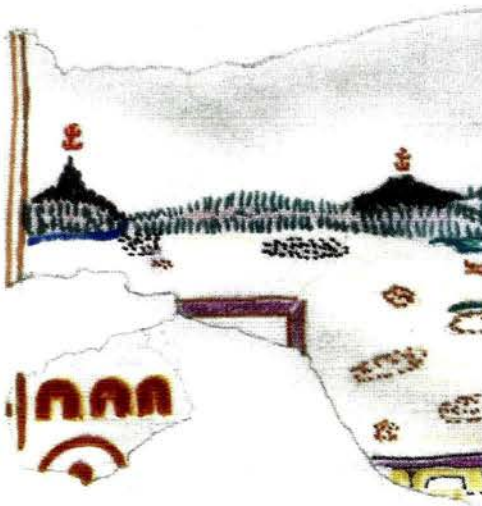
The chewing of tubers (reeds) leaves distinctive marks on human teeth, which here are notably absent. Bird bones are rare. Perhaps they were used in other ways, as piercing tools, awls, needles, tubular rings, beads, pendants and the like. Duck, geese, quail and partridge were probably not the only birds eaten, as the area lies on the migration routes of many species.

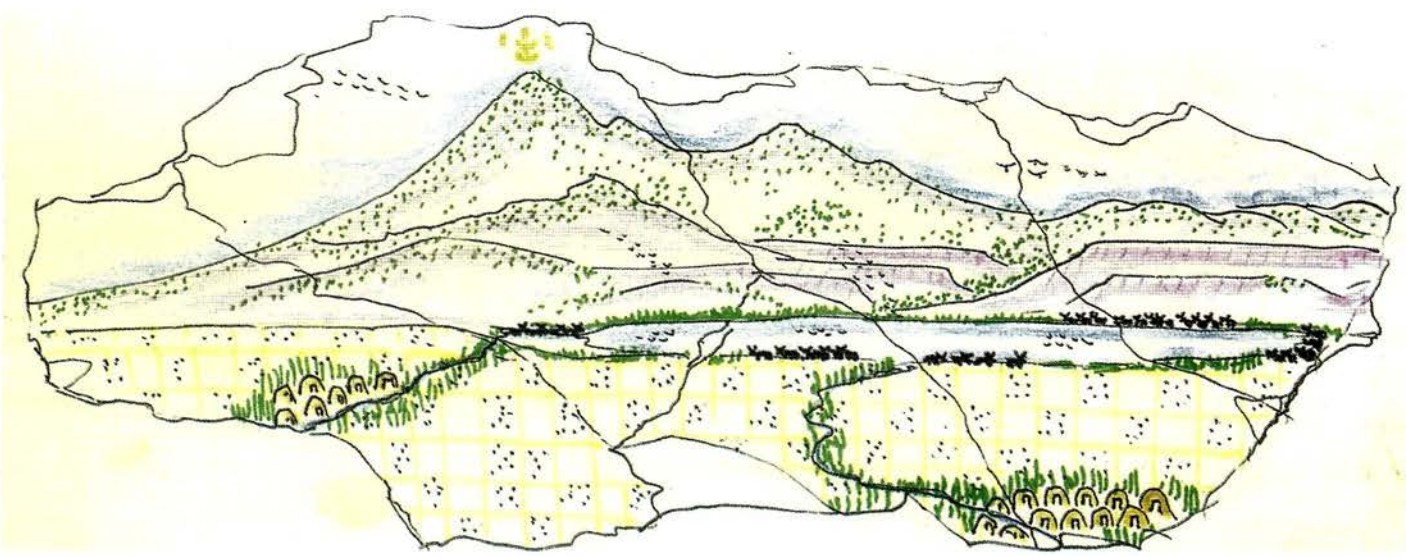
Vultures, black cranes, leopards and hyenas were clearly not on the food list. Unlike many other Neolithic cultures, Çatalhüyük provides us with no evidence for the consumption of snails or freshwater mussels.

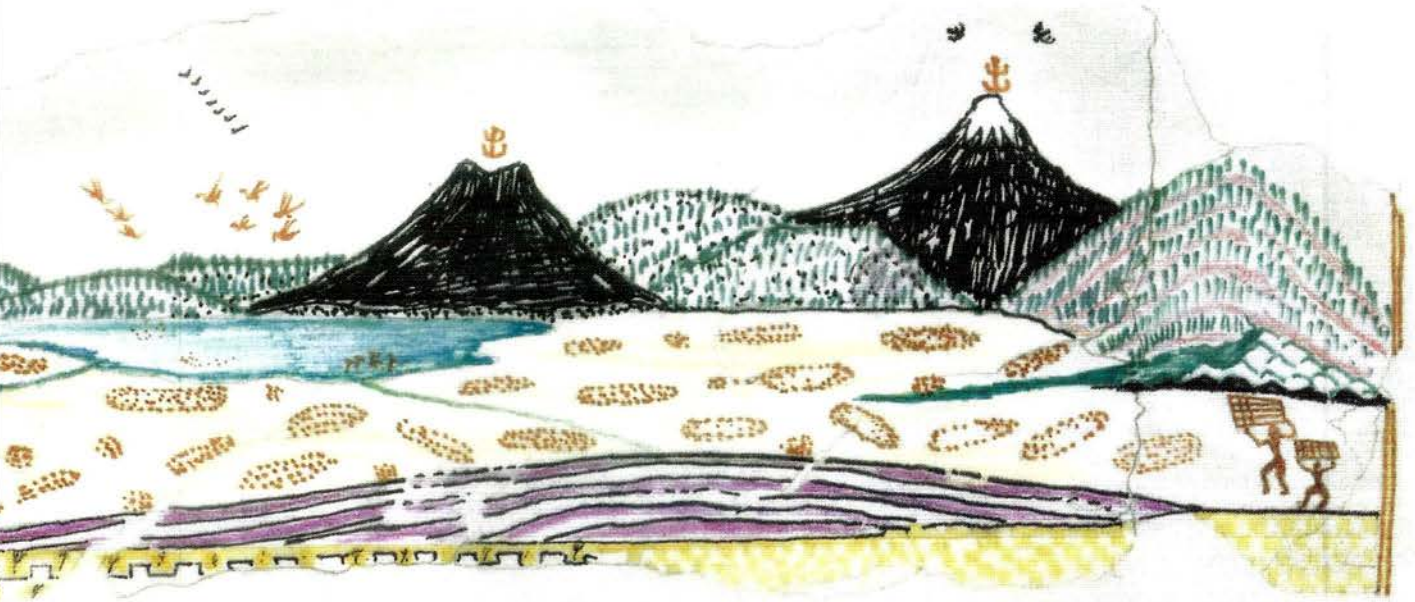
Stones and pips have been found from hackberries, juniper, grapes, apples, pears, redcurrants and perhaps cherries; there are remnants of pistachios and almonds, but no olives or carobs. This suggests that animal fat and oil from cruciferous vegetables had to suffice for cooking.

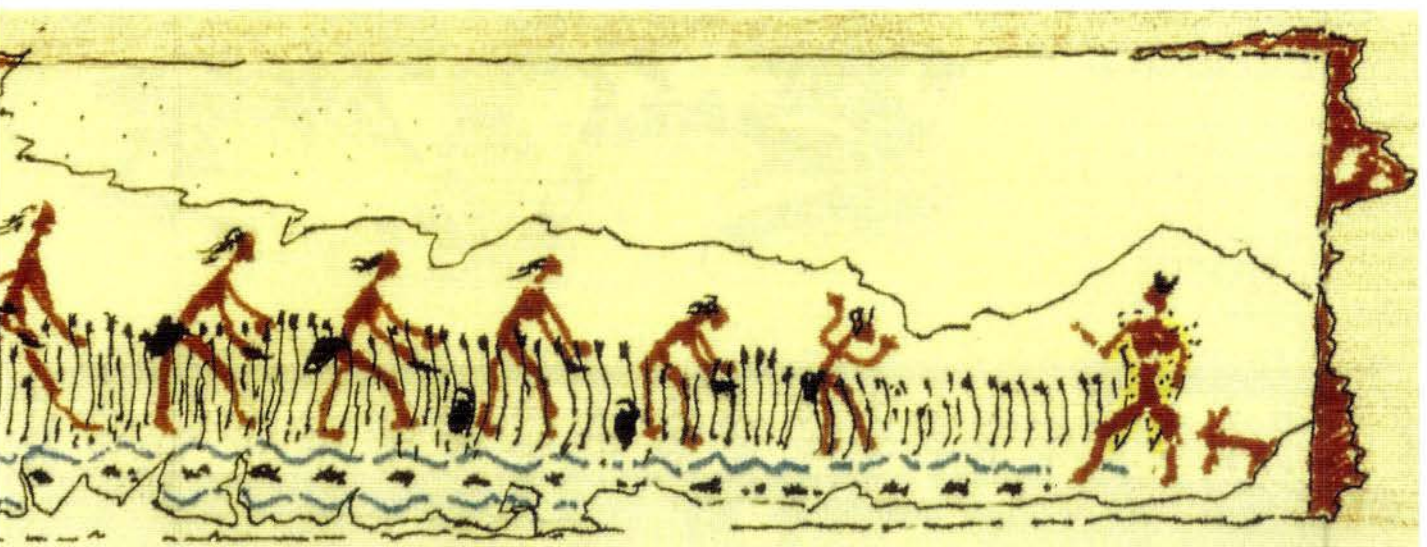
Greens are not preserved in the archaeological record, which deprives us of information about many foods. It is hard to imagine an Anatolian world without leeks, onions, spinach, carrots, cucumbers, turnips, celery, salad leaves, artichokes or beans – or, for that matter, figs, quinces, pomegranates, walnuts or hazelnuts.

Short of finding the actual remains of a grand meal sealed in a permafrost clay, as happened in the Spanish Pyrenees, the









TOP: THE PLAIN OF AKSARAY, TEEMING WITH HERDS OF SHEEP AND GOATS. THE CHAIN OF VOLCANOES INCLUDES HASANDAĞ AND ERCIYES. BELOW THEM IS THE SALT LAKE OF ACIGÖL (LEVEL V). ABOVE: FIGURES REAPING CORN ARE SURPRISED BY THE APPEARANCE OF A TALL FEMALE DEITY ACCOMPANIED BY A DOG AT THE FAR RIGHT OF THE PICTURE. THE SICKLES WOULD HAVE BEEN MADE FROM ANTLERS (LEVEL IV). LEFT: THE TWIN PEAKS OF HASANDAĞ. THE LAKE IS PAINTED A VIVID BLUE (LEVEL V). IN ARA GÜLER'S PHOTOGRAPH ON THE OPENING PAGE OF THIS ARTICLE THIS LAKE IS GONE. IT WAS DRAINED IN THE 1950S

full range of foods will probably remain unknown. But clearly the diet was rich and varied at Çatalhüyük, well above the subsistence level usually assumed for the period.

Schematic landscape paintings frequently show a mountain capped in snow, covered with trees, the lower ones fruit-bearing. Then more trees, gnarled vines and fields of cereals – and, on the shore, a house or shrine, female figures, boats and fish lying on racks. The fact that landscape pictures are found in the lower levels excavated shows the people of Çatalhüyük were aware enough of the natural produce of the land to include it in their artistic expression.

As houses were entered from the roofs by ladder or staircase, only humans occupied them. Slaughtering evidently had to be done on the roof or in courtyards. The roofs were of course ideal for drying food. Temporary shelters of matted reeds held together by ropes would provide shade for the women's tasks of spinning and weaving.

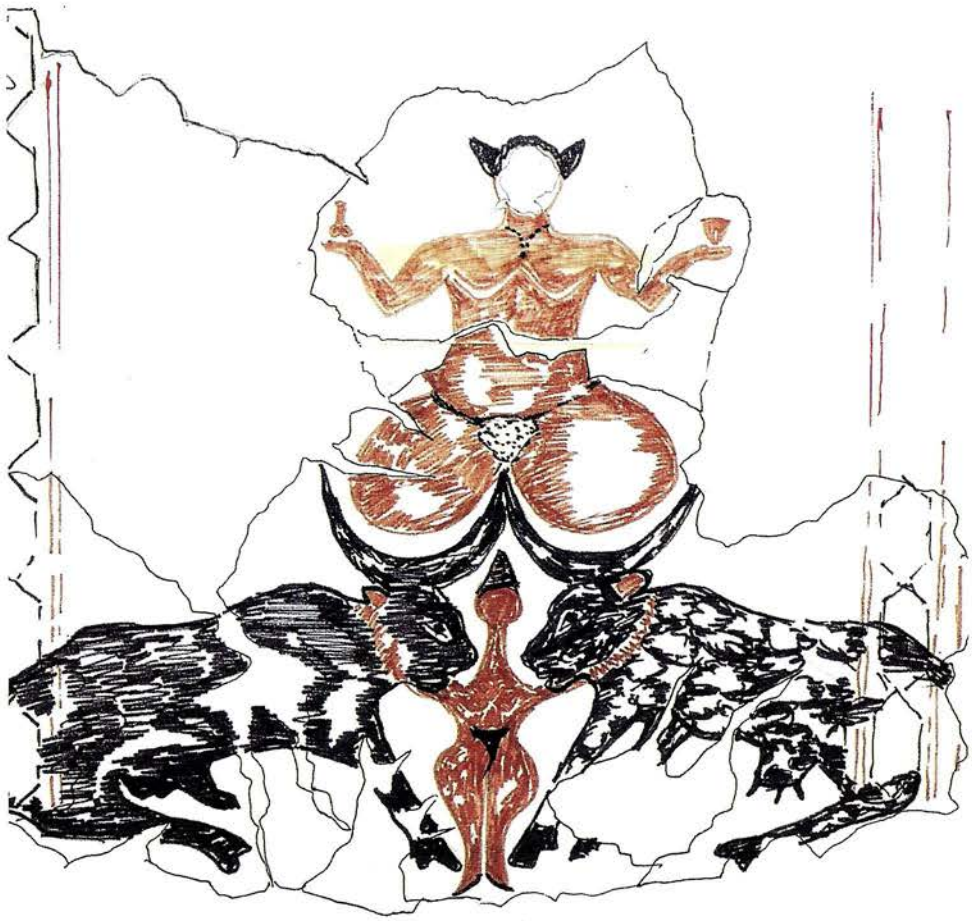
Standards of living were high. Walls were replastered every year, a conclusion confirmed by dendrochronology. Yet the wall paintings and reliefs that tell us so much about everyday life were reserved to mark special occasions, such as births and deaths among the owners.

Even in a religious context, wall paintings were rare. Thus, in a vulture deity's shrine, one wall was covered by 100 layers of white plaster, yet only three of those layers had been covered with wall paintings. Çatalhüyük, then, was not a museum of contemporary art. For most of its existence the buildings would have been devoid of paintings.

RELIGION AND RITUAL

The need for decoration is probably religious. Man has always needed a form of religion and early man found it by relating to the animal world in which he lived. At Çatalhüyük, deities with animal attributes take part in everyday life, appearing in the fields or attending hunts. Wild creatures of a fearsome nature – aurochs (wild bulls), wild boar and above all leopards – abound in the highly stylised symbolic paintings of deities shown here, although we can only conjecture exactly what each animal symbolised.

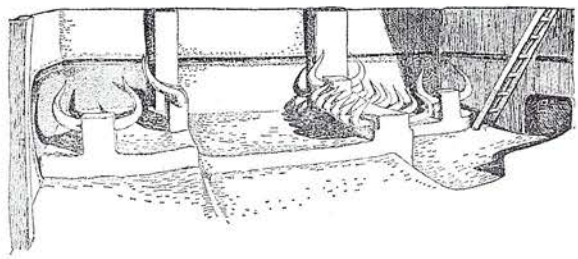
What is strangely absent from Çatalhüyük is any representation of the rituals of the elite who ordered the paintings. Nor are there any scenes of warfare, yet these people were armed to the teeth with bows and arrows and spears. We do know, however, that this was a hierarchical society, for daggers and maces signified prestige, and the gifts accompanying burials show that there were marked differences in status.

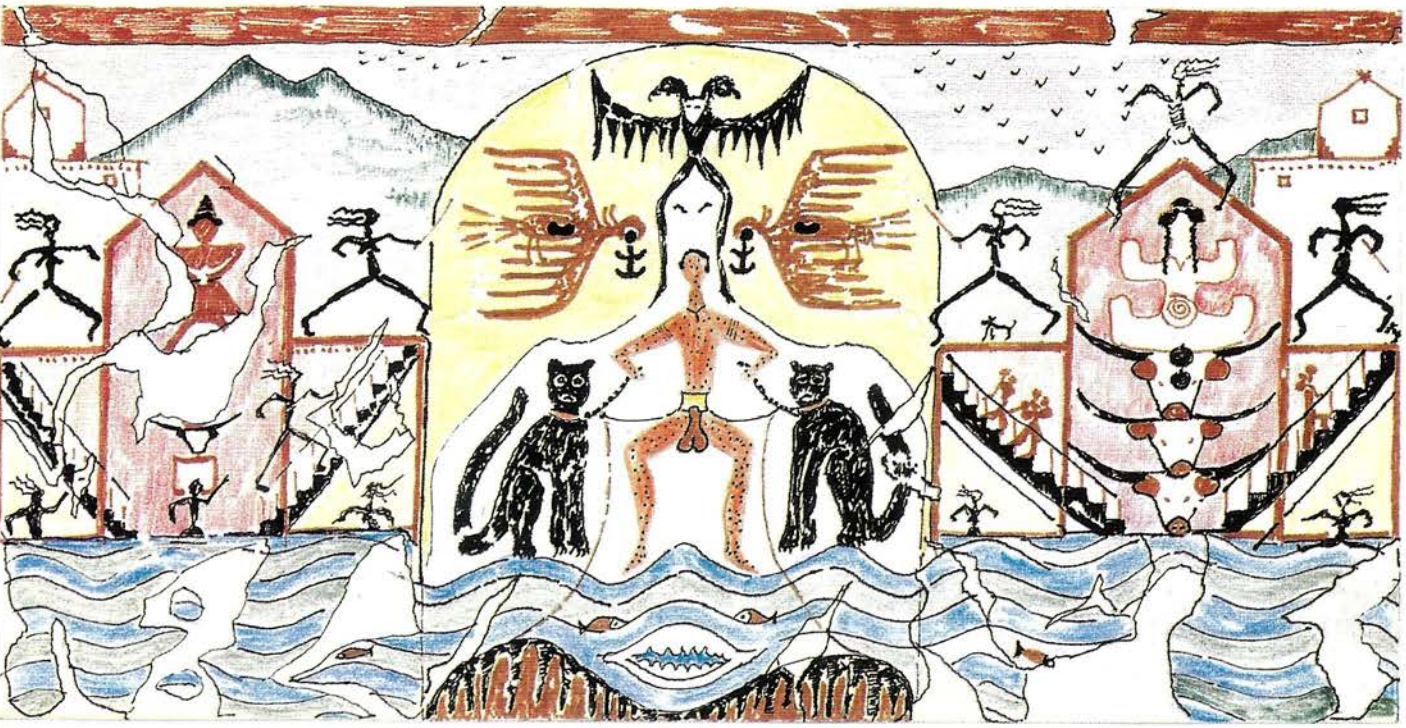


MAGNIFICENTLY SERENE, THIS PAINTING SHOWS A PANTHEON OF FEMALE DEITIES WITH BIRDS, LEOPARDS AND BLACK PANTHERS IN A MOUNTAINOUS LANDSCAPE. IN THE KILIM-LIKE BORDER A STREAM ISSUES FROM THE MOUTHS OF BULLS (LEVEL IV)

Left: a goddess is enthroned on the horns of two aurochs, a bull and a cow, separated by a female figure, probably her daughter. This is one of the latest large pictures (Level I)

Below: a shrine containing a row of six auroch horns set in a bench. Its purpose is unknown, though people were buried under neighbouring platforms. There is no trace of sacrifice, only red paint on the floors (Level VI)





Here all is chaos: religious shrines are invaded by a flood sent by a white goddess with vultures. A young god (with diseased red skin) holds two black leopards on a leash. Female attendants flee in terror (Level IV)

UNDER THE VOLCANO

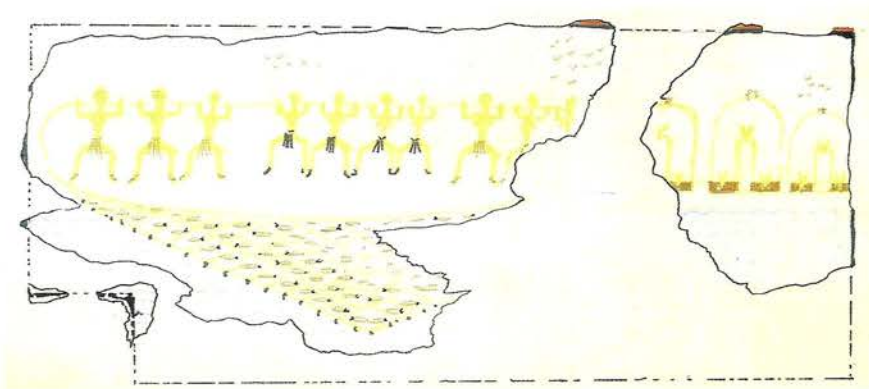
THE LEGACY OF ÇATALHÜYÜK

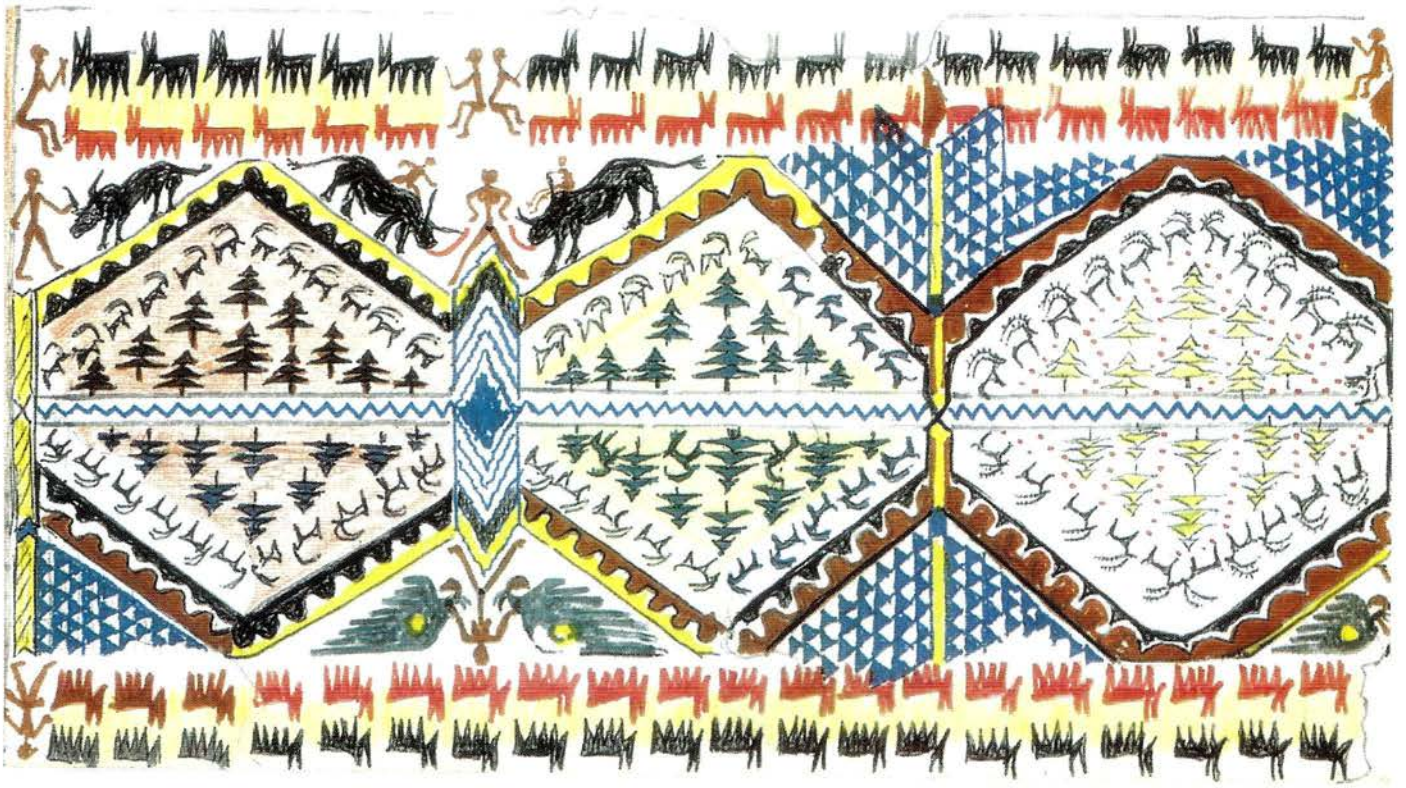
In Turkey today there are still echoes of life in Çatalhüyük 8,000 years ago. Even then there were echoes of earlier life in the Palaeolithic past, such as the practice of red-ochre burials and the transfer of geometric ornaments, such as meanders and spirals incised on seals, to the new medium of weaving.

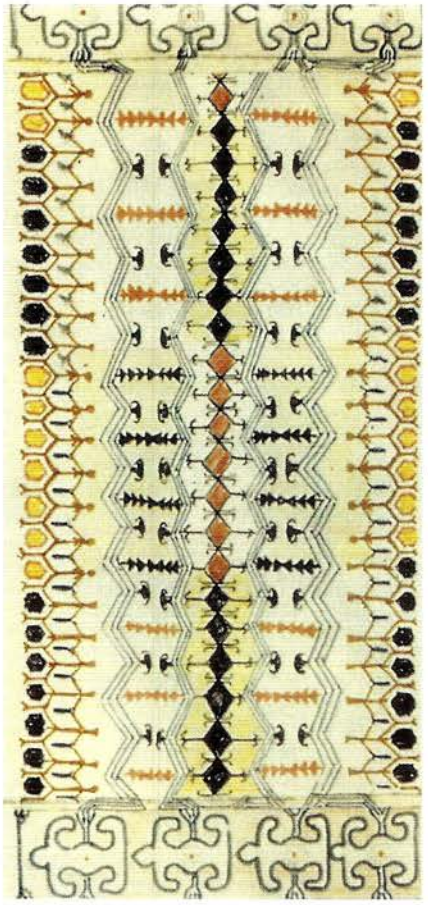
The use of insulating mud bricks in building may finally be a thing of the past, but the yurt, so much a part of life in central Asia today, is enjoying something of a revival. Dome-shaped, yurt-like structures can be seen in many paintings from Çatalhüyük.

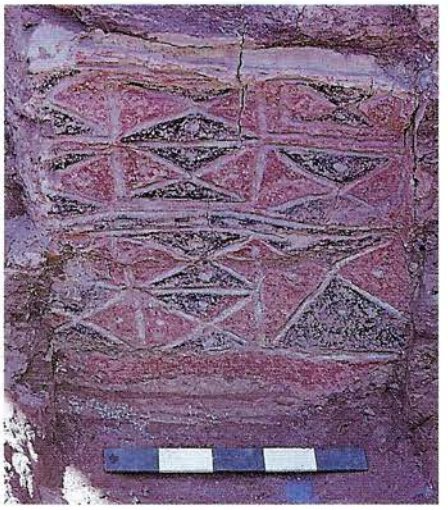
The wall paintings also provide a key to understanding Anatolian kilim motifs. These scenes are still naturalistic and recognisable; they have yet to be simplified and stylised by countless generations of weavers. Among themes from Çatalhüyük identifiable on modern kilims are *bucrania*, or bulls' heads, and goddesses with vultures, enthroned, giving birth and flanked by felines, frequently shown in mirror image. Wall paintings were themselves often imitating woven designs.

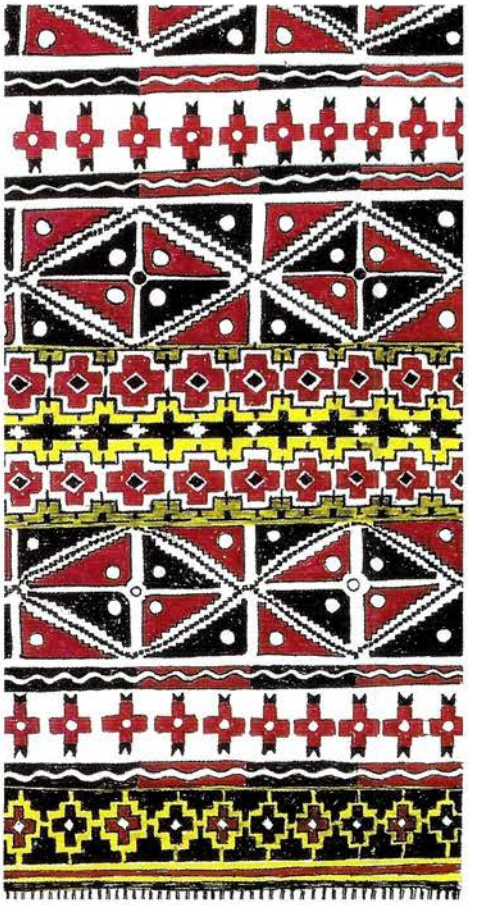
UNTIL 100 YEARS AGO THE KONYA PLAIN WAS FILLED WITH THE TENTS OF TURKOMAN NOMADS. THESE WERE THE PEOPLE WHO MADE KILIMS. ABOVE: A MODERN YURT, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH THE KILIM EXPERT BELKIS BALPINAR IN NIĞDE IN 1973, NEARLY 8,500 YEARS AFTER THE YURT ON THE LEFT WAS PAINTED ON A WALL AT ÇATALHÜYÜK (LEVEL III). MANY MURALS, SUCH AS THE FISHING SCENE BELOW (LEVEL IV), DEPICT DOMED TENTS OR BUILDINGS







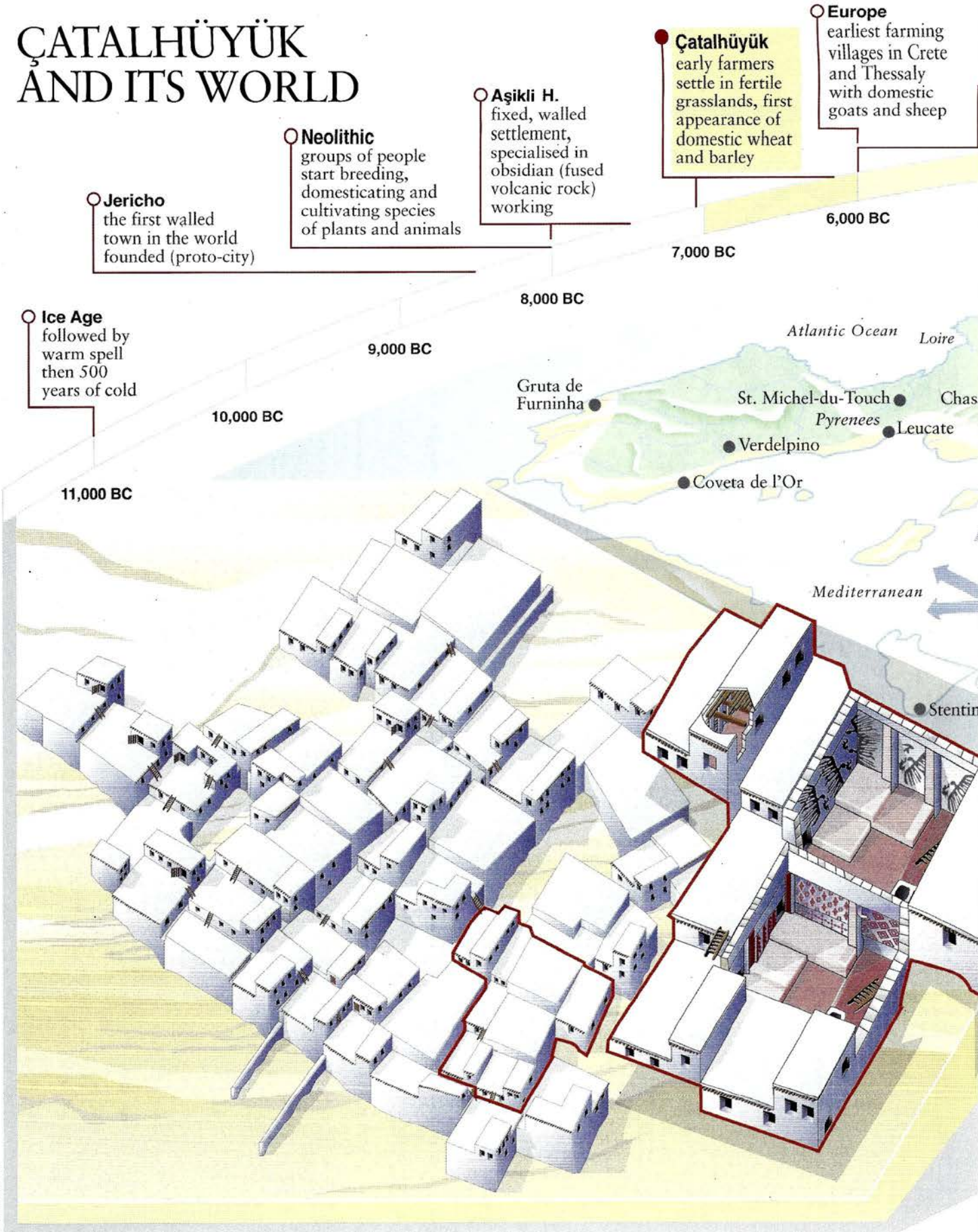




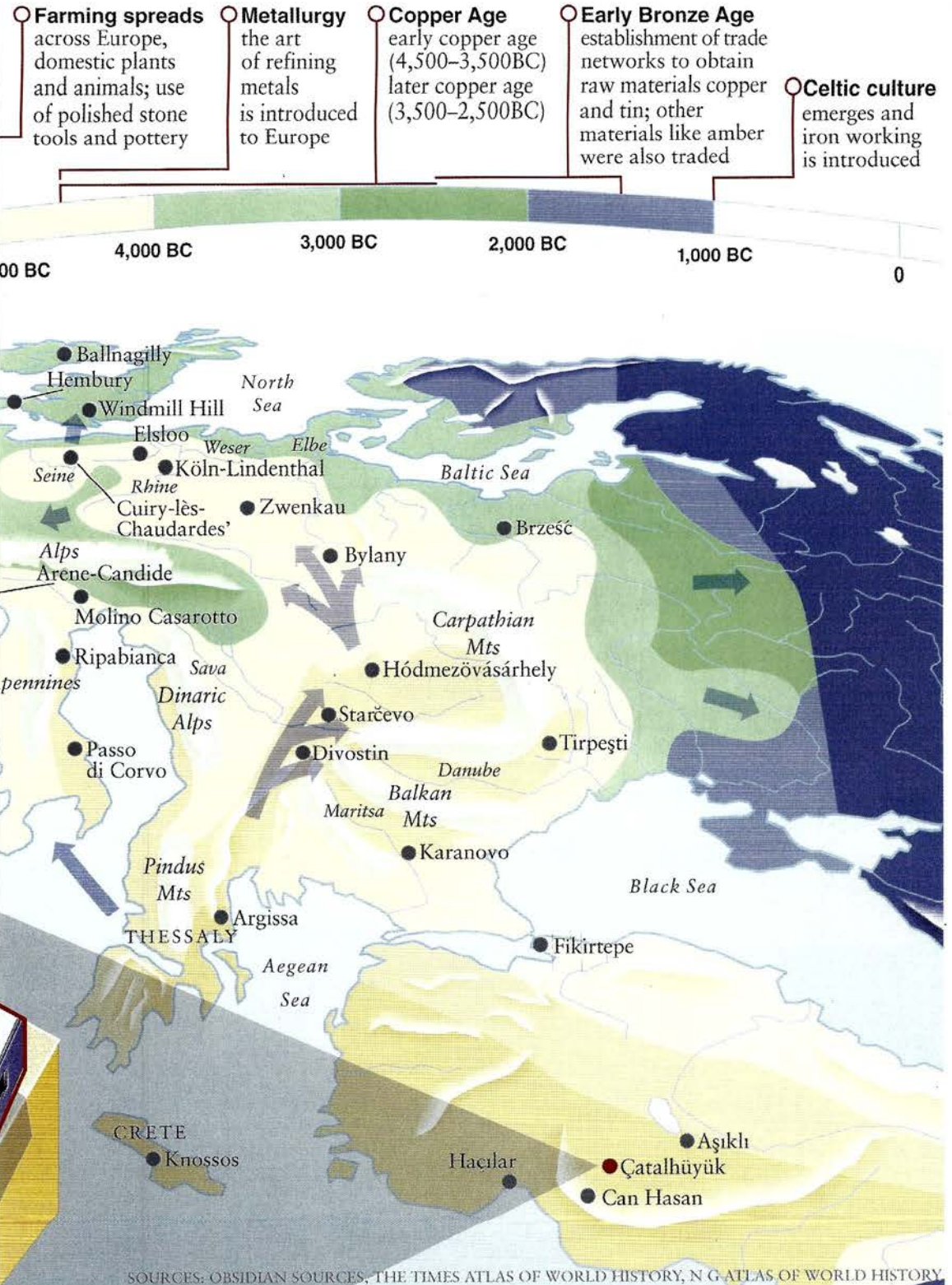
Above, Level III: a painting of a kilim-like textile pattern. The same design of red and black triangles and dots appears on a restored wall painting, right. Rugs with this pattern are still made around Manisa. Top, Level II: a mountainous landscape with rows of ibex and goats, children riding bulls and a female figure holding two vultures by the neck. The pattern is common in Kayseri rugs. Left, Level IV: goddesses and watercarriers in long rows, linked by a stream of fertilising water

UNDER THE VOLCANO

ÇATALHÜYÜK AND ITS WORLD



SUSANNA HICKLING



Çatalhüyük
A section of building Level VII, showing the architecture of terracing of houses and shrines

Map of Europe
showing the spread of farming settlements from the Near East across into the most northern parts of Europe with sites of excavated early farming villages

Historical civilisation began with the invention of writing, which first happened in Mesopotamia and Egypt around 3000BC. But civilisation began some 5,000 years earlier, when hunter-gatherers settled down into communities to cultivate crops and domesticate animals. Wheat grew wild and abundantly on the Konya plain in Anatolia, so it is not surprising that some of the first settlements were here. One of the earliest in Anatolia is Aşıklıhüyük, dated to 8000BC, where Turkish archaeologists continue to make exciting finds today. The lowest level excavated at Çatalhüyük dates to 7060BC. In the thousand years that separated them man turned to agriculture.

Postscript:
James Mellaart's historic excavations at Çatalhüyük were limited to four seasons: 1961, 1962, 1963 and 1965. Archaeological research resumed in earnest in 1997, under the direction of Dr Ian Hodder of Cambridge University. However, since 1965, the water table of the plain has dropped several metres putting many of the unexcavated wall paintings at risk. A visitor centre has now opened near Çatalhüyük. For details, visit the official Çatalhüyük website: http://catal.arch.cam.ac.uk.

Further reading:
Çatal Hüyük: A Neolithic Town in Anatolia, by James Mellaart, Thames & Hudson, 1967. *The Goddess from Anatolia*, by James Mellaart, Udo Hirsch and Belkıs Balpınar (2 vols, pub. Eskenazi).

Next issue:
9,000 years after the earliest Çatalhüyük houses, 60 per cent of the world's population still lives in mudbrick dwellings. Richard Tredennick-Titchen searches for the secret of mankind's most enduring building material.

Çıragan Palace Hotel
KEMPINSKI · İSTANBUL
Member of
The Leading Hotels of the World
http://www.ciraganpalace.com
E.mail: reserve@ciraganpalace.com.tr
Tel: (90-212) 258 3377
Fax: (90-212) 259 6687

The Hugh Whittall Albums

The Whittalls in winter

In the first of a new series on family photograph albums, Yolande Whittall looks back at 1930s life in Moda, across the strait from the domes and minarets of Istanbul. In Grandmother Whittall's garden, where the snow fell deep and crisp, tobogganing parties were laid on for the children. In the kitchen Christmas puddings were stirred, and shooting parties provided the wherewithal for woodcock pie...

Courtesy of Elizabeth Moulson

THE HUGH WHITTALL ALBUMS

MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER LADY WHITTALL'S GARDEN, FACING ACROSS THE STRAITS FROM MODA TO OLD STAMBOUL. OPPOSITE PAGE: A YOUNG ME, DAZED BY A SNOWBALL. BELOW: ALL ABOARD THE CHARABANC. THE BOYS IN BERLIN IN 1908 EN ROUTE FOR BOARDING SCHOOL IN ENGLAND. THEY LEFT ISTANBUL ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS

Great-grandfather first made Moda his home when he settled in Constantinople in 1873 and founded JW Whittall & Co. Thus it became home to our grandparents and our parents, and then to us, too.

He built a large stone house which overlooked the sea to the skyline of old Stamboul, pierced and scalloped by minaret and mosque dome. He travelled to and from his office in a rowing boat. Later he journeyed to England to be knighted by Queen Victoria.

Great-grandfather's descendants joined the firm and built houses in Moda of stone or wood. As children we romped through their gardens, some of which tumbled down to the sea. Many foreign traders lived in Moda in those days, the largest foreign community probably being the British. They brought football to Turkey and built a church in Moda. They also introduced the Christmas tree.

One summertime treat was to be rowed in the dark under the cliffs to catch crabs among the rocks by dazzling them with a carbide lamp. There was rowing and sailing in Moda Bey and across the bay, and swimming from the sandy beach of Kalamış.

In a good year for snow, there would be tobogganing. My father was born on November 11, 1896 and small guests at his birthday parties would be entertained with toboggan races down the road that sloped to Moda Pier. Fortunately no one tobogganed into the sea.

On my father's eighth birthday, my grandfather gave him a gun and, two months later, in January 1905, took him and his younger brother to Alemdağ. Here my grandfather had built a house which in winter was used as a shooting box. It was painted red and called the Red House. The 15-mile journey from Moda, in a covered *talika* in pouring rain, took six hours because of the mud, and they arrived after dark. Next morning they awoke to find the countryside white with snow and the water in the house frozen. It snowed all day and night, until it lay some two feet deep. The woodcock, meanwhile, had flown to the coast. Grandfather determined to follow them, walking to Domali, a village on the Black Sea shore – not an exercise for novices.

Two straw-filled panniers were slung over a horse. A child was put in each, wrapped in the straw, and two villagers led the horse to Moda, where the boys were reunited with their mother. Grandfather returned later, laden with four roe deer, two wild boar, 30 woodcock, three pheasant and one duck.

The *bekçi*, or nightwatchman, walked round the house, winter and summer, beating the hours on a stone with a big

stick. Grandfather lent him a few gold pounds to buy land when he went to his village to dispose of the harvest. There he died. In the spring, a small boy dressed in peasant clothes came to the house. Grandfather asked him what he wanted. "I have come to repay my father's debt to you," he replied proudly. "I have no money, but I can work."

His name was Kâmil. He worked as assistant gardener, then as assistant cook, and rose to the rank of butler, in a boiled shirt. He ended his career as a broker in the family business, having bought a house and married a town girl far above his village status.

There were parties with a Christmas tree at the Kadıköy Institute, and as the Orthodox Christmas came later, the choir from the Greek Church joined the British community in carol singing.

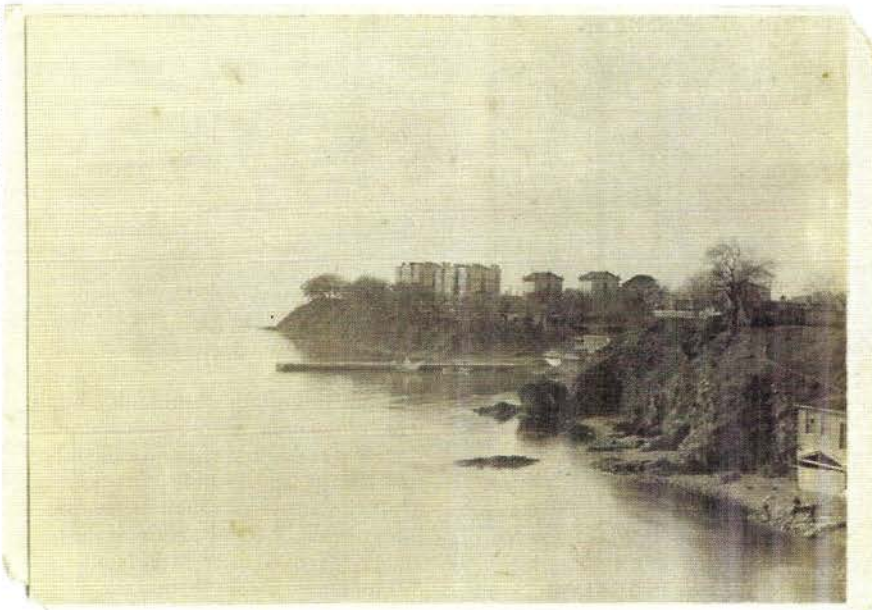
After the First World War, because the roads to Alemdağ had deteriorated, Grandfather hired a lonely house, deep in a valley behind the Çamlıca Hills, three miles inland from the Bosphorus's eastern shore. He named it Greenroads. Here Grandmother loved to come, collecting mushrooms, gathering wild flowers and making arrangements of dried flowers for the winter. In the sitting-room and kitchen, in open fireplaces, great logs of oak and beech burnt day and night.

Turkeys from upcountry would be brought to Moda, and in the spring, as they gobbled and fluttered and strutted along the streets, Grandmother would rush out and bargain with the drover as she chose two or three for fattening for the following Christmas.

On March 1, 1929, and for several days after, ice floes from Romania and Russia choked the Bosphorus for the first time since 1862. A man walked across the Straits from Europe to Asia.

As children, we would be taken down to the kitchen where Kâmil's nephew, Osman, that most excellent of excellent cooks, would give us a large spoon and we stirred the Christmas pudding and made our wishes. Puddings were also made for people like the Miss Lynes, daughters of the first custodian of the Crimean Cemetery. After Christmas they returned not only the pudding bowls but also the paper and string in which they had been wrapped.

THE HUGH WHITTALL ALBUMS



CHARLES PETER ALLEN, COURTESY OF SUSAN STENNETT

ABOVE: MY GRANDFATHER'S SHOOTING BOX, KNOWN AS THE RED HOUSE, IN ALEMDAĞ, EAST OF THE BOSPHORUS. IN THOSE DAYS ONE DRESSED FOR PICNICS. LEFT: A MISTY MODA 1895, BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF THE PIER – PROBABLY MUCH AS IT WAS WHEN GREAT-GRANDFATHER FIRST CAME TO LIVE HERE IN 1873

Grandmother's family was spread around the world and she would have written her letters to them before breakfast. Osman would come upstairs in the early mornings to discuss, in Greek, the day's work and meals. From a recipe of my grandmother's, Osman made a woodcock pie, unparalleled in the world of game pies, to be served at Christmas lunch between the soup and the turkey, with a woodcock's little head and long beak stuck at each end.

At the end of Mektep Sokak in Moda is a small *bakkal*, a grocer's shop. It was run by Halim and Seher. He had been Sir James Whittall's gardener and she had worked with the family as a maid. Halim had once been on a pilgrimage to Mecca. Eventually their nephew or adopted son took over and, with his wife and two daughters, lived above the shop. Once, in their tiny salon, they gave a luncheon party for members of the Whittall family still living in Moda. Today any of us on a visit is welcomed with hugs and kisses and invited in for tea or coffee. Seher was there to greet me this year, but Halim had died.

Today the only reminders of old Moda are the terebinth trees which hang forlornly over the cliffs, dwarfed and frowned upon by rows of flats which look down into their privacy. ◆

İsmail Yiğit

FINE REPLICAS OF TRADITIONAL OTTOMAN IZNIK AND KÜTAHYA POTTERY

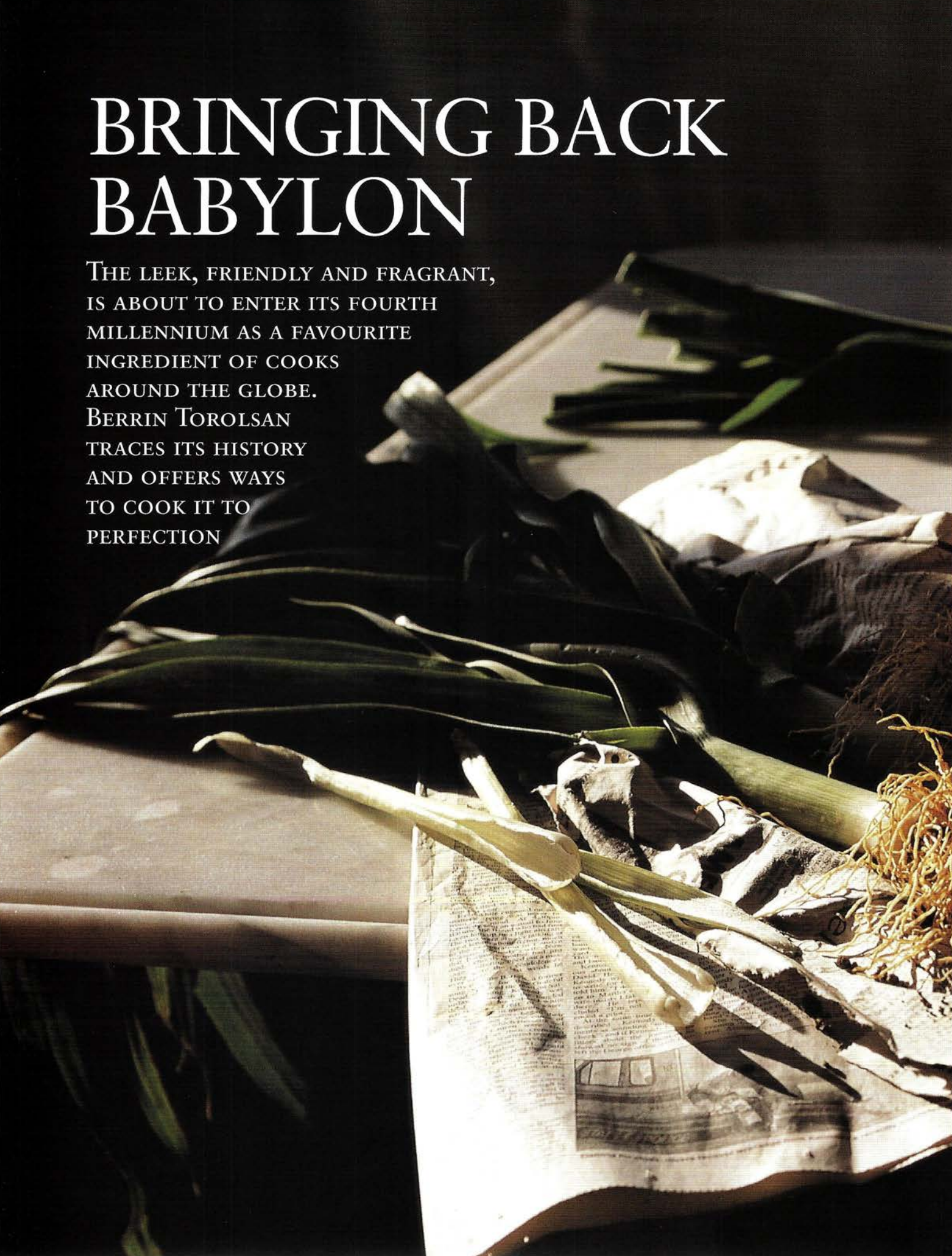
Atatürk Bulvarı 39/A, Kütahya
Tel 90-274 216 3322. Fax 90-274 223 6736

Valikonağı Cad, Ekmek Fabrikası Sok 2/16, Nişantaşı, Istanbul
Tel 90-212 233 8499. Tel & Fax 90-212 233 9631
E-mail: irtibat@marmaracini.com. Available by mail order.

CORNUCOPIA / PHOTOGRAPHI BY BERRIN TOROLSAN

BRINGING BACK BABYLON

THE LEEK, FRIENDLY AND FRAGRANT, IS ABOUT TO ENTER ITS FOURTH MILLENNIUM AS A FAVOURITE INGREDIENT OF COOKS AROUND THE GLOBE. BERRIN TOROLSAN TRACES ITS HISTORY AND OFFERS WAYS TO COOK IT TO PERFECTION



A SLENDER WHITE TUBULAR STEM AND PLEATED ICE-GREEN LEAVES...

The most ancient recipes known to us are written in cuneiform script on three Babylonian clay tablets now in the Oriental Institute of Yale University. Dating back to the 17th century BC, these recipes – for bouillons, for turnip stew and for a bird pie, among other dishes – reveal that 4,000 years ago the Babylonians enjoyed a highly refined cuisine that has clear echoes today. The recipes also show the importance the Babylonians attached to leeks, which appear in every single dish, mainly in a supporting role – adding flavour much as onions and garlic do today.

In his famous work *De re coquinaria* (*On Culinary Matters*) the Roman epicure Apicius, writing in the early years of the first century AD, makes many a mention of leeks. Dishes such as a boiled leek salad prepared with large, mature leeks (see recipe below), show that the Romans used these vegetables not just for flavouring but as a principal ingredient. The leek they grew, known as *porrum*, was probably the same as our modern supermarket leek (botanical name *Allium porrum*), although we cannot be altogether certain. The Allium family is an extended one, including onions, shallots, chives and garlic as well as leeks, and the distinctions are sometimes blurred.

In the Middle Ages, the Normans turned leeks into a soup they called *"la soupe à la porée"*; the word *porée* evolved into the modern French *poireau*. One of the most venerated *herbes potagères*, it still lends its unique flavour and goodness to the most basic peasant soup – leeks, potatoes, celery and carrots – as well as to the most refined cream of vegetable soups, vichysoisse, which used to be served chilled with a dollop of caviar at the high tables of Vichy, in southern France.

This handsome liliaceous plant, with its slender white tubular stem and pleated ice-green leaves, has an elaborate, rather abstract elegance.

The Welsh adopted the leek – though probably not for its looks – as their national emblem, supposedly after King David, their patron saint, made his men wear them in their caps as a way of distinguishing friend from foe in battle. In his victory over the French at the Battle of Agincourt, Henry V's Welsh archers were to do the same.

In the 15th century, James IV of Scotland would usher his guests to the table with the words "My Lords and Lieges, let us all to dinner, for the cock-a-leekie is a cooling." Cock-a-leekie is a soup traditionally made with fowl, leeks and prunes.

At the same time, another sovereign with a court on the fringes of 15th-century Europe was also being served leeks. James IV's contemporary, the Ottoman sultan Mehmed the Conqueror, often apparently had sautéed leeks in winter, though whether accompanied by meat or served plain as a side dish, we do not know, nor which variety of leeks they were.

The Turkish for leek is *pırasa*, a word that is understood from southern Turkestan and the foothills of the Caucasus Mountains, across the Anatolian plateau and the Balkans to the Dalmatian coast, and even further north in Crimea. The common root is probably the Greek *prason* or *pra'sa*. The wild leek common to all these parts, *Allium ampelprasum* (known in French as the *poireau du Levant)*, is considered by some to be the ancestor of the cultivated leek. To this day the Albanians are especially well known for their fondness for leeks, which is the subject of many a Turkish joke, reminiscent of Shakespeare's joking about the Welsh.

For the amateur gardener, harvesting home-grown leeks is a satisfying experience. Hold the base of the stem firmly and pull: it comes effortlessly out of the soil – a succulent milk-white stem and robust but soft white roots. The Turkish expression *pırasa bıyıklı*, or "whiskered like a leek", is used of an untrimmed vigorous moustache that extends down the sides of the chin. Trimming, in the case of the leek, should be done on the spot, as soon as it is pulled from the soil. Possibly this is done to reduce dehydration and keep the plant fresher. If the leeks are destined for market, the tops of their leaves will be tidied and the leeks tied into neat bundles.

Leeks have long been a favourite winter vegetable. The first ones start to arrive in Istanbul in October from gardens around the Marmara. Slim, pale and tasty, they are mainly grown around the town of İnegöl, near Bursa, which lends them its name. The tender İnegöl leek is followed by *ak pırasa*, the white leek, whose edible part is larger and thicker. This is cultivated in and around Istanbul – in the vegetable gardens of Göztepe and Kartal on the Asian shore – and cities such as Izmir, down on the Aegean. Highly abundant, it is exported in large quantities.

A different type, *kara pırasa*, the so-called black leek, is shorter and more robust. Its leaves are a dark greyish-green. Long and straight, they branch low from a short stem and overlap each other like thick pleats. This ancient indigenous variety is resistant to the winter cold and is consumed locally.

Leeks are grown and loved everywhere in Anatolia. In the 17th century, Evliya Çelebi, the indefatigable traveller and courtier to Murat IV, recorded an anchovy stew prepared with leeks in Trabzon, on the Black Sea. He must have enjoyed it, for it is one of very few recipes, the only one I know of, mentioned in his 10-volume work. "They call it *pilaki* [stew]; it is a kind of casserole, prepared in the following manner. First gut [and bone] the fish, then thread them on short skewers in rows of ten. Parsley, celery, onions and leeks are all very finely chopped and sprinkled with cinnamon and black pepper. In an iron pan, arrange the vegetable mixture and skewers of anchovy in layers and pour over Trabzon's elixir of life, olive oil. One hour in the hearth and really it becomes a heavenly dish."

The leek is indeed a tasty vegetable. Its mellow, uncompetitive taste combines gently with other ingredients and enhances their flavour. This modest plant grows easily, cooks easily and digests easily. It is also an excellent health-giver. The 10th-century physician ibn-Sina, known to the West as Avicenna, recommends leeks against colds, coughs and unclean air. He also believed that they purged

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERRIN TOROLSAN

the system of unwanted elements.

Lately leeks have been rediscovered by the diet gurus, who value them because they are high in fibre and rich in antioxidant vitamins, especially Vitamin C, and minerals.

And so, after 4,000 years on the menu, the ubiquitous leek of Babylon is likely to provide mankind with delicious sustenance through another millennium – and, most probably, for many more to come.

PIRASA ÇORBASI
LEEK SOUP

2 leeks
1 onion
1 tablespoon rice
water
1 cup whole milk
Salt, white pepper and sugar
1 tablespoon butter
Grated or crumbled cheese

With just two leeks one can create a soup that is heart-warming, nutritious and even elegant. Some recipes use stock, but this one gains its richness from an accompaniment of cheese. You can use mature *kaşar* or Parmesan, but for a touch of extravagance and a rewarding picquancy add a few crumbs of a blue cheese, such as Stilton or Roquefort.

1 Discard the outer layer, trim the root and remove the ends of the leaves. Slice the leeks and soak in cold water to remove soil or grit trapped in the base of the leaves. Quarter the onion.
2 Place the leeks, onion and rice in a deep saucepan, cover with water, sprinkle with salt and bring to the boil. Simmer for 15 to 20 minutes, until the vegetables are soft and the rice is cooked.
3 Transfer the contents of the pan to a food processor or blender and whizz. Return the pulp to the pan. Stir in the milk and reheat without boiling, to avoid curdling, which happens easily because of the acidity of the leeks. Add a little more milk if the soup is too thick. Season with salt and freshly ground pepper, add a teaspoon of sugar, and simmer for a further one to two minutes.
4 Remove from the heat and add the butter. Serve piping hot with cheese on the side, to be spooned over separately.

TANGY LEMON-AND-EGG SAUCE GIVES LEEK DOLMA A SPECIAL ELEGANCE

PIRASA KAVURMASI
SAUTÉED LEEKS

1 or 2 leeks (finely chopped)
1 tablespoon butter
1/2 cup chicken stock
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 eggs
Salt, pepper and sugar

Sautéed leeks are listed in 15th-century Ottoman palace kitchen records. Although no recipe is given, this classic way of preparing the dish probably comes close. The inclusion of eggs makes it an appetising main course.

1 Melt the butter in a frying pan, sweat the leeks gently until soft. Stir in the stock and lemon juice, with salt, pepper and a teaspoon of sugar. Simmer on a low heat until the stock is reduced.

2 With the back of a wooden spoon, make two hollows in the centre of the leeks and break an egg into each. Cover and cook for a further one to two minutes, until the egg whites are cooked and the yolks are clouded. Serve with fresh bread.

MÜCVER
LEEKS WITH EGG AND CHEESE

1 or 2 leeks
1 or 2 potatoes
1/4 celeriac heart or 1 celery stalk
4 tablespoons virgin olive oil
3 eggs
1 heaped tablespoon flour
200g feta cheese (crumbled)
1 cup chopped parsley
1/2 tablespoon wine vinegar
Freshly ground pepper

Traditionally *mücver* is prepared as deep-fried patties, but this version takes less time and is much lighter as it absorbs less oil. However, if you decide to prepare patties, increase the flour to two heaped tablespoons, and put the leek mixture in the fridge for a couple of hours before frying. Drop the mixture into hot oil, a spoonful at a time, cooking several patties at once. Fry on both sides until golden.

1 Quarter the leeks lengthways and chop finely. Wash and drain. Peel and grate the potatoes and the celeriac. Alternatively, place all the vegetables in a food processor and whizz.

2 Heat the oil in a frying pan, stir in the vegetables, sprinkle with a little salt and sauté, stirring, until all the juice is absorbed. Remove from the heat.

3 Beat the eggs with a pinch of salt in a large bowl and mix in the flour. Add the cheese, parsley, vinegar and, with a slotted spoon, the sautéed vegetables, leaving some of the oil in the frying pan. Season generously with freshly ground pepper and blend well.

4 Reheat the oil in the pan and add the mixture. Leave, covered, for 10 to 15 minutes to thicken over a low heat.

5 When the middle sets and rises, sprinkle with a little extra olive oil and brown the top under a hot grill. Normally served hot, this dish is also delicious cold and goes well with a tomato salad.

ZEYTINYAĞLI PIRASA
LEEKS WITH OLIVE OIL

4 leeks
1/2 celeriac heart
1 carrot
1/4 cup rice
1 tablespoon sweet paprika or tomato paste (optional)
1/2 cup olive oil
Salt and sugar
To serve: lemon wedges

This soothing dish is one of the stars of the Istanbul winter repertoire. The addition of celeriac and paprika or tomato paste is optional but both complement the end result and the latter adds colour. You could also use chopped red pepper. Simple yet delicious, the dish is traditionally served after the main course, but it also makes a good meze or starter.

1 Trim, wash and slice the leeks into equal lengths of 3-5cm (1-2 inches).

2 Peel and cube the celeriac. Scrape the carrot and slice into rounds.

3 Transfer all the vegetables to a pressure cooker. Add the rice, paprika or tomato paste, olive oil, salt and a tablespoon of sugar. Stir in half a cup of water and cook for five minutes. If you are using a conventional pan, add a little more water and cook covered for 20 to 25 minutes, until the leeks are tender and the rice is cooked.

4 Serve the dish cold, with plenty of lemon wedges to squeeze over it.

PIRASA DOLMASI
LEEK DOLMA

2 or 3 fat leeks
250g minced meat
1 tablespoon rice
1 tablespoon butter
1 onion (chopped finely)
Parsley (chopped)
Salt and pepper
1/2 tablespoon paprika flakes
2 teaspoons tomato paste
Sauce:
1 egg
Salt
Juice of 1/2 lemon
1/2 tablespoon flour

In classical recipes for this leek dolma, the leeks are blanched first, but I find them fiddly to fill later and prefer to avoid blanching; in any case leeks cook easily and quickly. The tangy *terbiye* – lemon-and-egg sauce – gives the dish a special elegance.

1 Wash and cut the whites of the leeks crosswise into equal lengths of about 6cm (2–3 inches). Push out the insides to make a series of hollow tubes. If the leeks have not been blanched, this requires a certain amount of force. Set aside the thinnest, innermost centres.

2 Use a spoon to combine the minced meat with the rice, butter, onion, parsley, salt, pepper and paprika flakes.

3 To fill the dolmas, hold a leek tube in one hand, sealing the lower end with your thumb while using the other hand to stuff it with the meat filling. Do not pack too tightly or the leek skins will burst as they cook. Arrange each dolma neatly in a shallow pan. Finally add the reserved central parts on top.

4 Dilute the tomato paste in a glass of warm water, pour over the dolmas and simmer, covered, until the rice grains have expanded and softened.

5 Before serving, prepare the *terbiye* sauce by using a fork or whisk to beat the egg in a separate saucepan with a

Sevil Sert
ARTİSAN
Zafer Sok. 5 Nisantasi - İstanbul Tel: 0 (212) 231 64 33 - 234 37 40

APICIUS'S SALAD IS STILL A POPULAR WINTER DISH IN THE PORT OF SINOP

pinch of salt, the lemon juice and flour. To avoid curdling, slowly spoon in the liquid from the leeks and reheat, stirring constantly, without boiling. When the sauce thickens, remove from the heat.
6 Turn the dolmas into a deep serving dish. Pour over the hot *terbiye* sauce and serve without delay.

FIRINDA PIRASA
LEEKS AU GRATIN

2 or 3 baby leeks
1 tablespoon flour
1 tablespoon butter
1 glass milk
Salt and white pepper
100g grated kaşar or mature cheddar

1 Clean and wash the leeks, chop into rounds and set aside.
2 Prepare a *miyane*, or roux, by cooking the flour with the butter in a non-stick saucepan for about a minute, until it begins to foam. Turn off the heat and slowly pour in the cold milk, blending with a wooden spoon. Return the pan to the heat and bring back to the boil, stirring to avoid lumps. When the sauce thickens, add a little more milk if necessary to obtain a creamy consistency, season to taste with salt and pepper, and simmer for a further two minutes.
3 Add the leeks, shaking the pan to make sure that they are all evenly coated.
4 Pour into a shallow pie or *gratin* dish, smoothe the surface with the back of a spoon and sprinkle liberally with cheese.
5 Bake in the oven for half an hour, until the top forms a crisp golden crust. This makes an excellent starter.

PIRASA MUSAKKA
LEEK STEW

3 or 4 leeks
2 tablespoons butter
1 tomato (or tomato paste)
150g minced beef
1/2 lemon

Though better known in Britain as a meat dish with a topping of béchamel sauce, moussaka is in fact a classic Balkan vegetable stew with a little meat. First you fry a chopped onion, then add minced meat, then a vegetable of your choice, leaving it all to simmer in the vegetable's own juices. The stew is usually named after whatever vegetable is used. The best-known is aubergine moussaka, but you can also have courgette moussaka or even leek moussaka. If you use leeks, the onion becomes redundant, which saves time.
1 Trim, chop and wash the leeks. Heat the butter, add the drained leeks and sauté gently. When the leeks soften, stir in the meat. Continue sautéing until most of the moisture has evaporated and the meat has turned brown. Add the tomato, peeled and cubed, or the tomato paste. Season to taste. Pour in half a glass of hot water and cook until the leeks are tender but not mushy.
2 Serve hot with a squeeze of lemon.

PIRASA BÖREĞI
SAVOURY LEEK PIE

2 or 3 medium leeks
4 tablespoons unsalted butter
Juice of 1/2 lemon
1/2 cup crumbled beyaz or feta cheese
1/2 cup grated kaşar or cheddar cheese
Salt, pepper and paprika flakes
Yufka or filo pastry
5 eggs

This delicious *börek*, made with flaky pastry, appears in an 18th-century Turkish cookery treatise. The anonymous author says that he was offered it by friends in Morea, now the Peloponnese. A modern Turkish cookery book gives a similar recipe from the Aegean. It is also prepared on the Black Sea, where it is served with *cacık* (yoghurt and cucumber salad) or *hoşaf* (fruit compôte). With the addition of cheese and eggs, as here, it makes a perfectly balanced meal. The original version, of course, used homemade rather than shop-bought pastry, and the leeks were blanched first. But ready-made pastry, or *yufka*, saves time, and if the vegetables are tender, there is really no need to blanch them, which just wastes precious vitamins and minerals.
1 Trim and quarter each leek lengthways, then chop finely. Wash and drain.
2 To prepare the filling, melt half the butter in a saucepan, add the leeks and stir-fry until translucent. Squeeze in the lemon juice, season with salt and pepper, and stir in just enough paprika to cover the tip of a knife. Simmer gently until the leeks are tender, leaving the lid off the pan so as to reduce most of the liquid. Remove from the heat and set aside to cool slightly.
3 Preheat the oven. Spread the pastry on a work surface and cut into 10 identical sheets to fit your baking dish.
4 Lay five of the pastry sheets in the dish, dotting each layer in turn with a little butter. Keep half the butter to add later to the top five layers.
5 Beat one egg with a pinch of salt. Set aside two spoonfuls to brush later onto the surface of the pie and add the rest to the leek filling, along with both cheeses. Blend well and spread over the pastry in the dish. Pat the filling flat with the back of a spoon and make four hollows with the tip of the spoon. Break one egg into each hollow, then cover with the remaining five layers of pastry, each dotted with butter as before.
6 Brush the surface with the reserved beaten egg and bake in the oven for about half an hour until the pastry is puffed and golden. Serve at once, perhaps accompanied by a bowl of chilled fruit compôte.

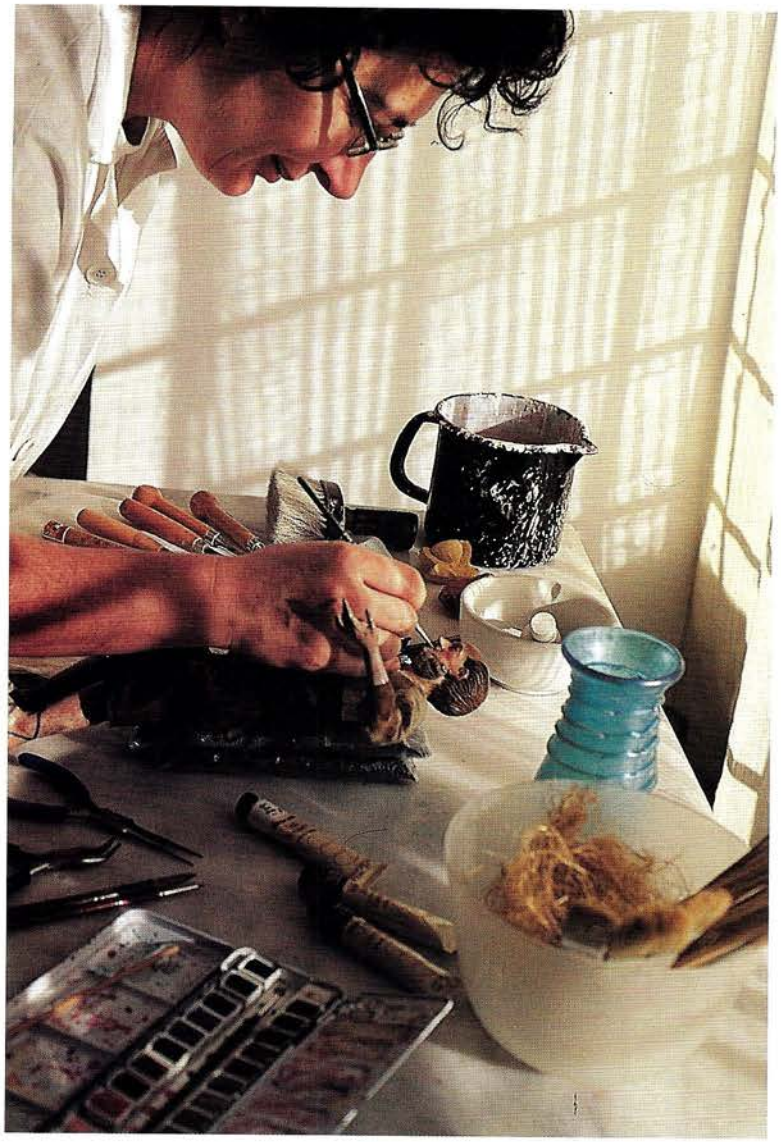
SIRKELI PIRASA
APICIUS'S BOILED LEEK SALAD

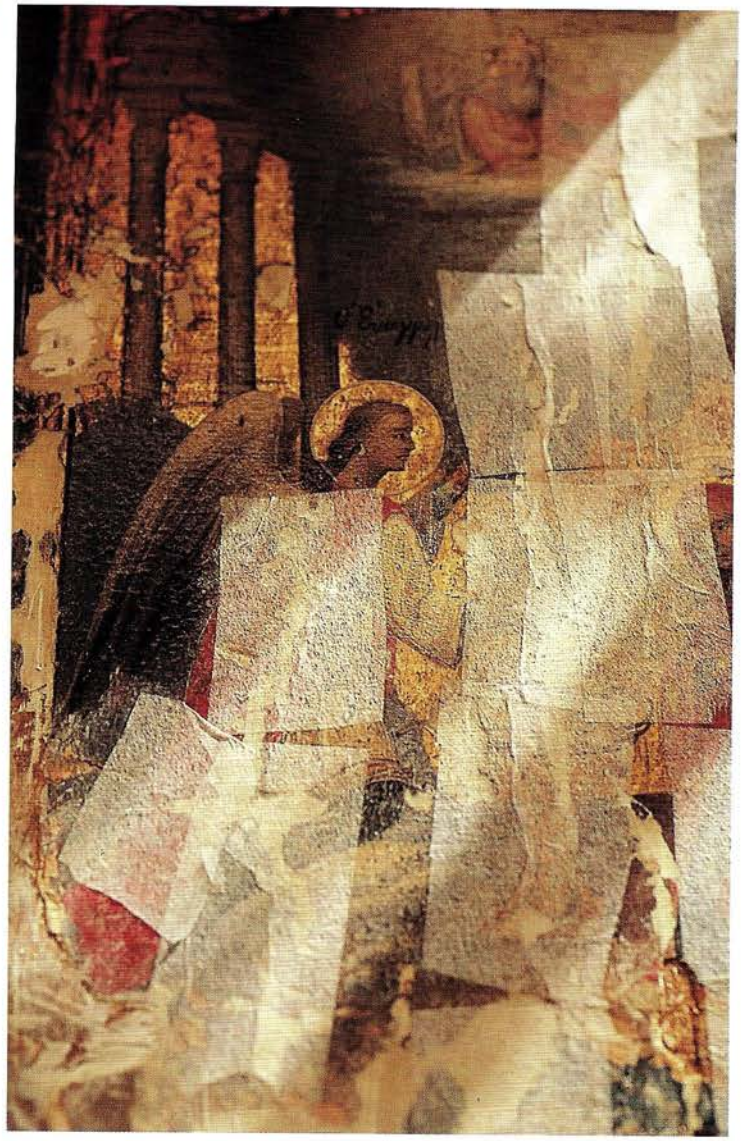
Leeks
Olive oil
Wine vinegar

Simply boil chopped leeks in salted water until tender but firm. Drain, set aside to cool and serve dressed with a vinaigrette of olive oil and vinegar. Couldn't be much simpler.

This little recipe is from the Roman *bon vivant* Apicius. Judging by his reference to "a handful of salt", it must have been prepared in huge quantities. Two thousand years later, Apicius's salad is still a popular winter dish in the port of Sinop, on Turkey's Black Sea coast, once an important Roman trading post. Now, though, pounded garlic may be added to the vinaigrette, instead of the *garum* (pickled fish sauce) favoured by the Romans. ◆

Sevil Sert
ARTISAN
Zafer Sok 5, Nisantasi, Istanbul Tel (90-212) 231 6133 or 234 3740
www.artisanistanbul.com artisan@superonline.com





HEALING ART

Trade Secrets

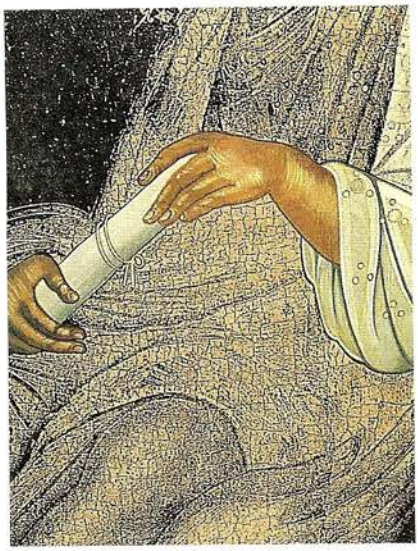
In the hands of Hadice Nalçabasmaz oil paintings and icons that have suffered years of neglect and harsh treatment are nursed back to life in all their original glory. She talked to Elizabeth Meath Baker

Visiting Hadice Nalçabasmaz at her atelier in Maçka was an education. After studies in ceramics in Istanbul, two years at the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna, studying the science of conservation, and two more in Florence (which is particularly strong on the finishing side of restoration work), Hadice has recently returned to Turkey as a specialist in painting on wood, and especially in late icons; she is also skilled in wall painting, gilding and painting on canvas. With little technical back-up – Turkey as yet has no ultraviolet or x-ray scanning for works of art, no art laboratory to analyse materials, nor many experienced conservators with which to share ideas – Hadice has started taking in what she calls her "patients", for diagnosis and treatment.

The medical analogy is appropriate. Under bright light, the works lie on a table surrounded by swabs and scalpels. A pharmacopoeia of brown bottles is arranged on open shelves nearby. It is an analogy Hadice uses to help explain her work to those baffled by the time and expense involved in tackling a "cleaning". "First there's the biology, the anatomy. What were the techniques, the materials? What disease are we seeing, and where did the illness come from?"

The late icons which are her passion come from the period after the fall of Constantinople, when the greatest icon painters had moved to Greece or on to Venice. Gradually, as time distanced them from Byzantium, the painters who stayed developed an indigenous style: naive and less sophisticated. They painted on wood panels covered with coarse linen and primed with gesso.

This underlying structure may have been undermined by woodworm and damp. There may be many layers of paint, and the original icon may have been overpainted many times; once they start to chip, previous versions may be revealed (these can be clearly seen using UV and x-ray). Finally, there is varnish impregnated with dirt. The destructive coup de grace,



FAR LEFT: HADICE NALÇABASMAZ AT WORK ALONE; SHE DREAMS OF ESTABLISHING AN ART LABORATORY AND CONSERVATION SCHOOL. LEFT: AN ICON WITH CRACKING SURFACE TAPED FOR SAFETY IN TRANSIT. ABOVE: THE PRECISELY CORRECT TRADITIONAL MATERIALS MUST BE USED FOR CLEANING. RIGHT: ST DEMETRIOS ON HIS RED HORSE; AND DETAILS FROM HADICE'S PRINTS OF ICONS

though, is the Orthodox tradition of covering the icon with silver to honour the saint for prayers answered. This has a devastating effect on the picture beneath. Often, the silver is nailed crudely to the panel. Damp can secretly detach or disintegrate the paint, while rust surrounds the nail heads. Silver polish, used enthusiastically, erodes the paint surface while discreetly damaging the picture where it has spread beneath the silver. The idea of all this physical assault on a work of art may be shocking to us, but in Orthodox belief it is irrelevant, for the painting has no intrinsic value.

Hadice is currently working on a large late-16th-century icon of St Demetrios, from the church of Hagios Demetrios in Balat on the Golden Horn. The picture, covered in silver, had been stolen in a robbery, along with 25 more portable icons. She is removing the dirt which has collected under the silver, together with some of the rusty nails – though dozens remain embedded, as extracting them would cause further damage. Crude repainting is coming off to reveal a subtle palette of greens, against which the traditional red of the saint's horse (distinguishing him from St George, whose horse is always white) stands out vibrantly. Silver polish has erased his features; just the outlines remain scratched into the gesso to give a hint of his expression. Gradually the work of an artist is emerging, both from the wreck of the picture and from within the rigid framework of its prescribed composition. His identity will most probably never be known.

There are 77 Orthodox churches in Istanbul alone, each with quantities of such treasures, many of them at risk. In one, Hadice spotted an icon which she could clearly see had been scraped "clean" with a knife. Brillo pads, and worse, may have been used.

There is an entirely estimable cleaning and restoration sponsored by Jif under way at Topkapı Palace; but one unforeseeable result has been that visitors, believing Jif to have been used in the project, are using the product themselves to scrub pictures.

Unlike obsessively specialist restorers elsewhere, Hadice will tackle almost anything. One recent example is a small polychrome figure of Joseph from a Christmas Nativity scene. She has mended his broken leg and, thanks to advice from a friend trained in textile conservation in England, his shredded clothes will also soon be repaired.

Aside from all this, Hadice has her own work as an artist. She makes gilded prints of icon-like richness, reflecting her fascination with the imagery of the late icons upon which she lavishes so much time and care. ◆

HADICE NALÇABASMAZ
ABACI LATIF SOKAK 24/1,
MAÇKA, 80680 ISTANBUL.
TEL +90 (0)212 227 4057

Q
Queen Ada
A

Queen Ada Hotel

BODRUM

The perfect small hotel...twelve months a year.
Beautiful grounds, crystal-clear waters, delicious cuisine.
Intimate, tranquil, understated.

Everything you could want from the Mediterranean
...just half an hour from Bodrum Airport.

Kilise Mevkii No 28, Torba, 48400 Bodrum, Turkey. Tel 90.252.367 1598 pbx. Fax 90.252.367 1614
Website: www.queenadahotel.com.tr E-mail: queenad@ibm.net

CORNUCOPIA/PHOTOGRAPH: JEAN MARIE DEL MORAL

VILLAGE VOICES

FROM QUALITY TIME WITH MR AND MRS NEXTDOOR TO PUDDLES IN THE BATHROOM... FROM MEHMET'S WAY WITH FREESIAS TO BUYING HER OWN PIECE OF PARADISE ... AZIZE ETHEM CONTINUES HER JOURNALS FROM DEREKÖY, NEAR MARMARIS

No time to hibernate

Winter is usually a time of hibernation for us, as well as the wildlife. Although it is rarely very cold, we have the most spectacular storms. Thunder makes the house thud, and dramatic flashes of lightning illuminate the plain at night. Water cascades from the roof and we settle down by the fire to read. If I am lucky, Selim will tell me stories of his childhood in Lebanon and of his scores of adventures before we met. We laugh and reminisce over shared escapades and make plans for new ones.

Both of us have abysmal gaps in our education, and he will sit for hours bringing to life for me the battle of Agincourt and the fall of Constantinople. I, in turn, try to rectify the deficiencies of his French schooling by reading aloud from AA Milne, Lewis Carroll and Kenneth Grahame.

But this year the season of sloth has passed us by. A lack of leaks in the roof has made life more pleasant and having our new Wonder Worker to do the odd chore has been bliss. But our children, their partners and the grandchildren will visit early this summer. This has prompted Selim to finish the boat he's been building down by the watercress patch. He works in all weathers, occasionally calling me to hold a clamp or a steering-cable whatnot.

I have been overcoming my fear of the laptop computer our daughter, Sara-Jane, bought me. No longer do I write in longhand, and I am besotted with that cut-and-paste thingie. The machine sits like an icon on an altar-like table. I'm not sure how one is supposed to clean the sesame seeds and crumbs from between the keys, but I find the vacuum cleaner does a marvellous job.

Behind a pile of mattresses in the Muğla junk shop I glimpsed a 17th-century chafing-dish stand. It was rather difficult to inspect, positioned as it was, and I couldn't ferret around too much or the price would treble. Selim sneered at it and told the man I had strange fixations and that it was best to humour me. We got it at a wonderful price. Once home, I saw it wasn't actually walnut, as I had thought. We have changed the lighting in one corner of the salon to recreate the gloom of the junk shop (sans mattresses), making inspection of my treasure difficult without a torch. Selim pedantically points out that it could be just a little later than 17th-century, seeing it's made of chipboard and veneer. I think he's just being difficult.

We rented out our summer guesthouse for the winter; our tenants are a London couple who have bought a derelict farmhouse on the mountain that they are restoring in a sort of Chelsea Turkish Village fashion.

They are very serious about a change of lifestyle and frighteningly tense about relaxation. Every day they pop in to discuss "imbibing the village atmosphere", "quality of life" and "quality time". They are diet-conscious and vocal about it, but quick, I notice, to gobble up anything I cook. They invited us to dinner and served unadorned chickpeas with a kidney-bean sauce and a salad of what looked like dock leaves. They have a regime of exercises that must have been devised by a contortionist and run five miles a day. The odd thing is that they are years younger than us but always ailing. And they can't carry the stacks of wood Selim and I tote down to the boat. She was running alone on the road when a man spoke to her, and was so scared she made swiftly for home. I hate to think what would have happened if Bülent, our flasher, had chosen to honour her in his famous manner.

Every morning I have a sacred ritual. When I wake I go and sit in the conservatory to watch the birds, the light on the reeds.... the day. I think of my dearest friends and family as Selim quietly refills my coffee cup. Mrs Nextdoor often arrives to ask me about saltless cheese and suchlike and, as my family would tell you, any question at that time totally ruins my day – as well as that of anyone in close proximity. She recently asked why I wasted time sitting like a zombie each morning. I explained I was a follower of the Rajasthani Sufis; this was my daily meditation. No, I was afraid I couldn't talk about it – I was not yet at the level of serenity to be permitted to teach. It worked. I am no longer a zombie but a spiritually enlightened soul. My meditation schedule is respected. Isn't life wonderful?

A maestro of the vertical

VS Naipaul wrote some 20 years ago: "Water is the plumber's business; but water to him is a luxury, something for which his wife has to stand in line every morning; he cannot then understand why it is necessary for a tap to be placed straight, in the centre of the tile." This should have been spelt out in 6ft letters to city people building in out-of-the-way villages.

When we were building our main house, Selim came back from the site one morning to tell me we might have to cancel plans for an outing that day. The tiler had arrived and, though the contractor insisted he was the master tiler of the Orient, Selim wondered if having only one eye might affect his workmanship. After checking on progress an hour later, Selim returned with the news that the man was brilliant; it was a pleasure to watch him tile the bathroom walls. Early in the building process, we had learnt nothing could be taken for granted. Without constant patrols, the workers would make the concrete with too little sand. A nasty altercation over the rationing of reinforcing rods blighted the atmosphere for days.

We enjoyed our day out and returned to admire the bathroom. The walls were beautiful. But the floors: each tile, grouted perfectly, tilted in a different direction. Our man was the maestro of the vertical but the horizontal was not his forte. The contractor blustered; the foreman said it was the shadows of the afternoon sun that made things look wrong. While they gazed at this optical illusion, I brought a bucket of water and threw it over the floor. Twenty or thirty small puddles appeared, with a mini pond in the far corner. The contractor, beaten, was forced to have the floors redone.

Before building was complete, we found the fireplace didn't draw and smoke billowed into the room. This, we were told, was because of the trees; you can't have a functional fireplace in a forest. Use a gas heater, said the foreman. It took much adrenaline and heated words, but we have the only fireplace in the world which, in spite of trees, draws smoke up its chimney.

The step into the study was so high one had to take a run before leaping. Many deep discussions and demonstration leaps later, a second step was built.

The problems went on and on, and we ignored some of the oddities. The battle of words was too exhausting. After we moved in, Selim tidied up all the

little annoyances: hot taps got the red indicator; door handles were aligned. One feature remains. Half a bent eight-inch nail protrudes from the kitchen door frame. I have varnished it and will not have it removed. I have a theory that it is the modern equivalent of a keystone. Remove it and the whole house will fold like a pack of cards.

The best dress

Clothing has never been one of my interests. Each summer I buy a length of unbleached calico to run up a few pairs of roomy trousers and purchase half a dozen T-shirts from the market. The few formal occasions in my social calendar are covered by the trusty little black dress, circa 1980. Shopping in London a few years ago for an outfit for my son's graduation was a tiring, boring experience. The eventual purchase, in mohair, was so expensive I could have bought a large flock of goats for the same amount. Only as the saleswoman lovingly shrouded my goat-hair ensemble in tissue paper did she mention it was made in Turkey. Nowhere does a label declare this. I expect these top fashion names don't think Turkey sounds good enough.

This autumn we had two social events that could not be covered by the trusty black number or the goat blanket. The thought of shopping for our daughter's wedding as well as a formal family reunion almost drove me to the gin bottle.

I have always admired the Artisan advertisements in CORNUCOPIA and comment to all who will listen that Bilge Hanım is the only designer I know of who can blend East and West. One day a sophisticated friend took me to the Artisan salon. As a graceful lady started to show me designs: I knew I was out of my depth and felt panic rising. Then she held up a creation I would die for. It was made for the worldly, elegant woman I'd always liked to imagine was buried under the sheeting trousers and market T-shirts – perfect for the wedding and the grand reunion. A bevy of pinners and tuckers twitched and nipped in seams. I was turned this way and that. I felt like a queen.

Selim laughed at my concern over the cost, pointing out that in 1968 I had felt the same way about a suit, and that as I still wear it I can hardly be accused of extravagance.

If you see an ageing woman wearing the creation of the century on the streets of London this spring, it will be me. Give me a wave as I float past.

Saying it with freesias

Fatma Hanım, like the other women of our village, was short and sturdy. Unlike the others, she had a placid face, unmarred by bitterness or the petty pains of village womanhood.

More years ago than she could count, her young husband, Sirhan, had died in the Korean War. Her most vivid memory was of the day he left the village to report for military service. Her only mementos – his boots and work clothes – remained folded in the curtained alcove near her treadle sewing machine.

The machine had belonged to her mother. In spring she sewed cushion covers and curtains for the summer people, the outsiders who had built their holiday villas by the sea. In winter she sewed coarse, strong trousers for the older men of the village.

Neşe, her friend, was always praising Allah for her son, a son so helpful to his long-widowed mother. Fatma had no need of such a son, she had no time for loneliness. Her sewing, her vegetable garden and her one-roomed house kept her busy.

One evening, with two hours of daylight left, as she watered her garden, she caught sight of a movement on the road at the end of the track. She slipped behind the large pomegranate tree to watch. She could see old Mehmet the fisherman making his way to her house, in his hand something white, perhaps a parcel. Quickly she ran inside, deftly tying her best headscarf over her hair. Mehmet calling so close to dusk worried her; nobody arrived after five in the afternoon.

He came through the gate, then, standing just inside, he awkwardly held out a large bunch of freesias. Her concern turned to bewilderment. Mehmet was famous for his beautiful borders of freesias. People would stand by his fence just to inhale the perfume. But never, never, never, not once, had he picked them, not even for the Muhtar's wife when she asked for some.

She motioned him towards the outside chairs and asked if he would like tea. Not that it was the time of day to offer tea. No, he did not want tea. She busied herself putting the flowers in the chipped blue jug she normally used for watering the herb pots.

Mehmet started to talk about growing old. The lack of companionship since his wife had died. About how far away his daughter lived and how alien her life in Izmir was compared to the orderliness of the village.

Fatma listened calmly. She didn't feel old, or lonely. Had he walked from the other end of the village to talk such nonsense? Suddenly, she realised he was asking her to marry him! To move into his spacious house, to give up sewing, to share their last years. She looked at him closely. He had done well in life. He owned his own fishing boat; his house had three rooms and a proper bathroom; he had a colour television, a large stove with four gas burners. As her mind played with the idea of these luxuries, she knew she could not marry him. She would have to wash for him, clean and cook. In the evening he would always be there. May Allah save her – did he expect her to share a bed with him? Gently she declined his offer and stood by the gate as he made his way to the road. Alone again, she placed the jug of flowers on the sewing machine top. She pulled back the curtain and looked at Sirhan's boots.

Tomorrow she would enjoy visiting Neşe. Not that she would tell her, of course, but Neşe was always so superior, so full of her helpful son, so proud of her embroidered cushions and her new linoleum. It was nice to have a secret. It made Fatma smile.

Next morning she visited the woman from Ankara, who fussed as Fatma measured her cushions in readiness for new covers. By 11 she had arrived at Neşe's house. Entering the salon she heard Neşe saying, "You'll never guess who called for tea yesterday afternoon..." On the table was a large bowl of freesias.

Our land of hope and glory

In early 1985 we came to Turkey for two weeks to find our dream plot of land. Our requirements were simple, a country village near the sea. After 20 years in Saudi Arabia my husband dreamed of water and lush vegetation. All very straightforward, we thought. Marmaris had been perfect when Selim had visited 20 years earlier, so after the round of family visits in Istanbul, we headed south to this idyllic hamlet.

Fortunately for Marmaris (perhaps) but not for us, the fertile fields of this sleepy town had blossomed with dense rows of hotels, discos and all the wonders that go hand in hand with tourism. After our initial shock we visited an estate agent who would guide us to our special village with that perfect piece of land.

For two weeks we travelled tortuous roads to view barren acres with huge electric pylons. Places where you could get a glimpse of the sea if you built a four-storey home, land abutting highways, acres where every

CORNUCOPIA/PHOTOGRAPH © CAIQUE PUBLISHING LTD
Gönül Paksoy
Clothes for women and men that are naturally inspired.
Raw silks, linens and wools
dyed with thyme, sage and lavender...
Individual designs sewn by hand to create
a look of natural elegance
Atiye Sokak 1/3, Teşvikiye, 80200 Istanbul. Tel (90-212) 236 0209

RESTAURANT DIRECTORY

BELLINI
ÇIRAĞAN PALACE KEMPINSKI
TEL (212) 258 3377
Italian cuisine in august surroundings overlooking the Bosphorus. Quiet, discreet and delicious.

CAFE FES
THE COVERED BAZAAR
HALICILAR CADDESI 62 KAPALIÇARŞI.
TEL (212) 527 3684
A smart new café to drop into in the heart of the Covered Bazaar, serving delicious coffees and refreshments.
E-MAIL: fes01@superonline.com

CAFE SUISSE
SWISSÔTEL, MAÇKA. TEL (212) 259 0101
Sumptuous open buffet at breakfast, lunch and dinner and à la carte menu. Sunday brunch particularly recommended.

LA CORNE D'OR
SWISSÔTEL, MAÇKA. TEL (212) 259 0101
Fine French cuisine with stunning views of the Bosphorus.
A good cellar of wines from France.

DIVAN
DIVAN HOTEL, TAKSIM
TEL (212) 231 4100
Long-established restaurant with excellent Turkish specialities and international cuisine of high repute.

DORUK
HOLIDAY INN CROWNE PLAZA
TEL (212) 560 8100
Imaginative nouvelle cuisine on the 24th floor of this smart new five-star hotel, with breathtaking views over the city and the Sea of Marmara to the Princes Islands.

PANDELI
MISIR ÇARŞISI, EMINÖNÜ
A legendary Istanbul lunchtime haunt redolent of Agatha Christie. White tablecloths, turquoise tiles, vaulted rooms and traditional fare. Lunch only.

PANORAMA
THE MARMARA ISTANBUL HOTEL
TEL (212) 251 4696
This sumptuously redesigned top-floor restaurant has one of the most romantic and spectacular views in the world. The menu, prepared with the freshest of ingredients, is a subtle blend of Turkish and international.

SEASONS
FOUR SEASONS ISTANBUL
TEL (212) 638 8200
Sophisticated Mediterranean cuisine in the serene courtyard of this luxury hotel in the shadow of Ayasofya. With its immaculate service, a sophisticated refuge from the bazaars and the monuments.

TUĞRA
ÇIRAĞAN PALACE. TEL (212) 258 3377
The Çırağan has raided palace archives to create an intriguing menu of Ottoman imperial dishes, served to the traditional accompaniment of soothing *fasıl* music. Eat out on the marble-encrusted balcony in summer, but book ahead.

tree had been felled. We saw the lot. Dispirited but still hopeful, I stayed on while Selim went back to Saudi. I continued the almost daily trips to inspect totally unsuitable land. By the time Selim returned a few weeks later, I'd met every estate agent and seen all on their books.

My beloved was rather chirpy and announced that his Istanbul aunt had a friend who lived in a village named Dereköy; he was taking me to lodge with these people. I'd be safe there while I looked for land. He had to return to Jeddah in a week, and the thought of me being with friends calmed his Eastern sense of propriety.

I sulked as we drove over beautiful hills, and when he tried to break the ice by pointing out the oleander bushes in flower, I tersely said, "They're poisonous."

I was ungrateful; the friends were sweet and welcoming. Selim arranged to pay for my lodgings and we started to look for land. A beautiful village, yes, but our piece of land no.

Selim returned two weeks later and one morning he came back from the village with Ahmet the taxi driver. Why, Selim asked our host, had he not told us about the land Ahmet had found? It's a kilometre from the village and not what you want, was the reply. Selim, in his most WOG (Worthy Oriental Gentleman) manner, said that we would look at it all the same.

Off we went down a winding track in the old taxi, to stop at a mandarin orchard. The owner, a huge elderly man, walked with us through the trees to the end of the land, where the 3,000 square metres he wished to sell ran in a ribbon along the edge of the river. As I stood in the eucalyptus grove intersected by streams running to the river, I couldn't look at Selim. There were towering mountains, kingfishers and herons; the river was deep and clean, with not a building as far as the eye could see. It was heaven, perfect, and if he didn't like it I would die. He seemed unsinterested but said he'd meet Baba Macit, the owner, that evening in the teahouse.

In the taxi he asked Ahmet to drop us at the beach café and when we were finally alone he asked if I liked it. "It's wonderful," I answered, and he laughed. "Yes it is, and I was worried you wouldn't like it," he said. He forbade me to look happy, to even think of sneaking back to have another look; any flicker of interest would raise the price. That evening a figure was agreed upon and hands were shaken. That was that: to Baba Macit a handshake was as good as a legal document.

"A very bad buy" was our host's verdict – no village water supply, no road and too far out of the village. "Poor soil," said the villagers. "It floods in winter and the mosquitoes will eat you." We didn't care. Later we found that the river is snow-fed from distant mountains and the flow actually lessens in the winter. The mosquitoes were minimal – not as bad as in the village – and not being able to grow my own vegetables was something I could live with. It would mean I'd be forced to regularly visit the wonderful weekly Muğla market.

Selim arranged for a lawyer his family knew to come from Istanbul and conduct the land transaction, and off he went to Saudi to pack our belongings and return in a month for good.

The great day dawned, with the lawyer arriving and us joining a modest convoy of vehicles to drive the 20 km over the mountains to the town where the title deed office was located. Baba Macit was accompanied by two aged cronies and driven by his grandson. Two well-built headscarved matrons being chauffeured in a battered van turned out to be Baba's daughters. Mesut, the lawyer, and I travelled with Ahmet in the old Opel taxi.

On arrival we caused an interesting diversion for the teahouse patrons; all knew Baba Macit and the accompanying villagers. Everyone had to be brought up to date on Dereköy events, and six of them joined our group to assist with advice and banter.

Mesut Bey commandeered a poor intimidated little civil servant's office and proceeded slowly to type a long document which he bullied Baba and his daughters to sign. Only at this stage did I realise that none of the three was able to read, though they could painstakingly sign their names. Weeks later I learnt that the document demanded full refund of our money if for any reason we could not build our planned home.

By this stage I had taken a strong dislike to the family lawyer, so obsequious to me but treating my new friends as if they were a sub-species far down the primate scale.

To ease the purchase, the land was being bought in the Istanbul aunt's name and Mesut Bey flourished an impressive power of attorney while he browbeat and hurried those who had to sign what to me were mysterious sheaves of papers. Stamps were licked and affixed, rubber stamps were wielded and in 10 minutes the official transaction was done.

Hands were shaken all round and as everyone thanked everyone else it was obviously time for tea and a gossip. Gülşen, one of the stout daughters, was having trouble with her ankles and was ensconced on a dusty bench, discussing parsley with a newcomer. I felt very much part of it all, having recognised one word in her sentence, but a little deflated that what was being said about parsley was beyond my linguistic skills.

Gülşen was roused as my nasty legal man harried us, like a well-trained dog moving a flock of sheep. Keeping us in a neat group with no stragglers, he herded us off to the bank.

The bank manager and staff awaited us in a line at the door to shake hands, while I was salaamed into the manager's office, Mesut Bey was given a slightly less impressive chair than mine. Baba Macit and the gaggle of villagers were left to

stand at the office door. There was a moment of consternation when I insisted that seats be found for Baba and his daughters. My triumph over this issue was dampened by the obvious discomfort of the newly seated three.

The bank staff had prepared an account for Baba, and when he received his bank book, dollars were deleted from my account and liras put into his. The new bank book was presented with a flourish, but Baba was no fool. He had been promised a sum of money, not a useless book; he'd had enough of the slimy Istanbul outsider as well as the bank manager. His wrath was most impressive – the bank was going to lose a new account, and suddenly Baba was a VIP.

After much discussion, he was taken to the bank safe and shown his money, which would be kept for him in safety. He could come and look at it any time and could take it whenever he wanted. He turned his back on the hierarchy and, after a long discussion with the bank "teaboy", who was, I gather, the 60-year-old nephew of a friend, he decided this was a sensible system. He accepted the little book with the air of an international businessman, and that was the cue for us all to repeat the handshaking ritual.

Mesut Bey gave our taxi driver a curt nod and hustled me to the Opel to set off back across the mountains. Leaning from the front seat, the family's man from Istanbul told me in hesitant French that it was wise not to get involved with the locals. I pretended not to understand him and told him to... well... I used a deliciously vulgar Arabic phrase. He didn't understand the words but he certainly sensed the tone, and the stony silence lasted until we reached the village.

Ahmet was to drive him to the airport to catch the evening flight back to civilisation. Leaving me in the village, he went to shake my hand but I quickly turned my palm down and he was forced to kiss my hand then place it to his forehead. I might be new around here, but I'd learned the rules from a master.

The next day I found I'd been left the taxi bill. ◆

PROPERTY & YACHT CHARTER DIRECTORY

Sailing away...

Classical tours, private charters and painting tours. High-quality cruises with visits to Turkey's ancient sites led by classical authorities and special painting tours with an experienced tutor. Private charters also arranged for your own group of family or friends, your own itinerary, and your own mix of culture, watersports and relaxation.

WESTMINSTER CLASSIC TOURS

Westminster Classic Tours
Suite 120, 266 Banbury Road
Summertown, Oxford, OX2 7DL

Tel +44 (0)1865 728565
Fax +44 (0)1865 728575
E-mail: info@wct99.com
Website: www.wct99.com

Picture-perfect

With commanding sea views of the Bay of Göcek, elegant duplex houses set in a fragrant pine forest. This small private development, centred around a beautiful swimming pool, is a holiday haven that perfectly blends tranquillity and comfort. Unspoilt Göcek, with its excellent marina, is just 22km from Dalaman airport. Foreign buyers welcome.

CLUB ROSMARIN GÖCEK – FETHIYE

For sale

For further information call
Tel (90-252) 645 12 49
Fax (90-252) 645 12 99
mobile: (90-532) 622 90 99
www.lotusmim.com

Find the right property

Thinking of investing in Turkish real estate? From stone to steel, from private houses to major commercial developments, RE/MAX Mavi helps you make the right choice. The company's experienced team will find just the property you are looking for. Then it will take care of all technicalities – negotiations, surveys and legalities.

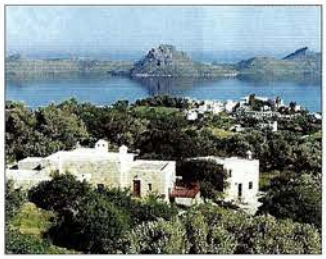
RE/MAX MAVI ISTANBUL

For property views and information
www.facileproperty.com
www.itc-budapest.com

www.remax.com.tr
For direct contact and advice:
Christian Facile
International Property Consultant
Tel (90-212) 532 5938 pbx
Fax (90-212) 523 76 20

Dream home

Away from the crowds, in a setting of flowers and old olive trees, a stone house newly built in traditional style. The 3800m² site is on a hill close to the sea, with fine views of the bay and the village of Yalıkavak. A large high-ceilinged salon with fireplace, 3 bedrooms, 3 baths, underfloor heating, large terraces, and a 60m² pool. Separate ground-floor studio flat, and comfortable garden guesthouse.



FINE STONE HOUSE YALIKAVAK – BODRUM

For sale

Price: $500,000.

Enquiries:

Tel (90-532) 237 0200
(90-532) 697 6166
Fax (90-212) 261 3599
www.cornucopia.net

Smart studio flats

Furnished one-bedroom pied-à-terres in the heart of Nişantaşı available for short-term lets. Fitted kitchen, bathroom and large living room, which can be divided to form an occasional guest room. Rooftop views. Independent natural gas heating and hot water.

NIŞANTAŞI ISTANBUL

To let

Studio Flats
$250 per week

For viewing and information call
Cornucopia
Tel (90-212) 248 3607
E-mail: cornucopia@atlas.net.tr

Escape the city...

Kardelen Houses is a small, intimate development offering modern comforts with leafy tranquillity. The well-equipped houses stand in beautifully wooded countryside, close to the spectacular beaches of Şile yet within commuting distance of Istanbul. All have access to a swimming pool, tennis court, fitness centre and more.

KARDELEN HOUSES ŞILE – ISTANBUL

For sale

For viewing and information:
İmrendere Yolu, Şile, Istanbul
Tel (90-216) 711 3917
Yildizposta Cd. Eski Subayevleri
28 blok D5, Gayrettepe,Istanbul
Tel (90-212) 267 3970 or 267 33 75
mobile phone: (90-532) 312 92 71
www.kardelenevleri.com

For details complete the card on page 34 or visit Cornucopia Real Estate at www.cornucopia.net

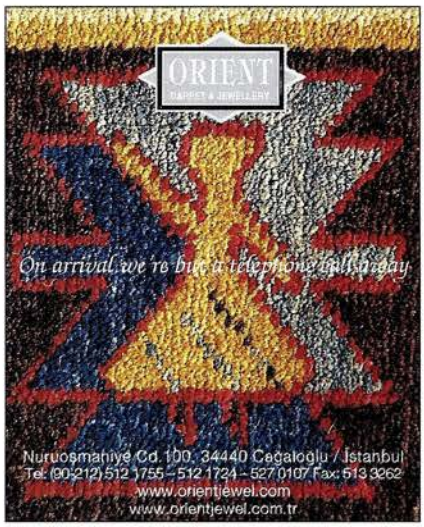
A Cornucopia of good finds

TO APPEAR IN THIS DIRECTORY, CONTACT CORNUCOPIA ON 90-212 248 36 07

A DAY OF DESIGN

ATIYE SOKAK 7/4, AK APT., TEŞVIKIYE
80200 ISTANBUL
TEL 90-212 247 3206 OR 231 3676

Designed exclusively by
Gönül Paksoy
Lavendar, citrus and rose eau de cologne in a unique range of hand-blown bottles
Atiye Sok 1/3, Teşvikiye, Istanbul. Tel 90-212 236 0209
Credit card orders welcome



ICA HOME & GARDEN
THE SELECTION OF ORCHARD'S TEAK, LUSTY'S, LLOYD LOOM, AMELDEN RATTAN GARDEN FURNITURE
TEAK UMBRELLAS AND SUNBRELA OUTDOOR FABRICS

KALAMIŞ CADDESİ 27/A, 81030 FENERBAHÇE, ISTANBUL
TEL +90.216.418 31 06 FAX +90.216.418 31 05
icahome@superonline.com www.ica.com.tr

Sofa Art & Antiques
A fine selection of old prints and maps, ceramics, miniatures, calligraphy, textiles, antique rugs, silver and contemporary art.
Nuruosmaniye Caddesi 42, Cağaloğlu, Istanbul
Tel (90-212) 527 4142 or 522 2138 Fax: (90-212) 527 9134
Nuruosmaniye Caddesi 106/B, Cağaloğlu, Istanbul.
Tel (90-212) 520 2850/51
E-mail: kashif@kashifsofa.com www.kashifsofa.com

ev+

Household accessories, all locally produced with own designs on ceramics, glass, textiles, and wood.
Retail and wholesale;
Akkavak Sok. 9/3, Nişantaşı, İstanbul
Tel 0212 232 1758 / 234 1568

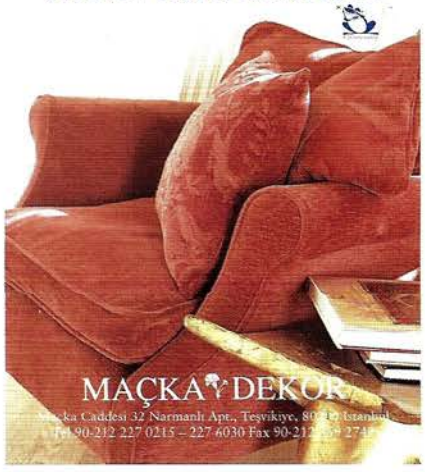
CHELSEA
Home textiles

CMG Ltd
Orhan Ersek Sk. 3, Nişantaşı, Istanbul
Tel 90-212 241 53 86 or 234 41 92

e.la

Christian Tortu at E.la
Abdi İpekçi Caddesi No 5/2, Nişantaşı – Istanbul
Tel (90-212) 219 3980 or 81 Fax (90-212) 219 3982
Email: e.la@garanti.net.tr

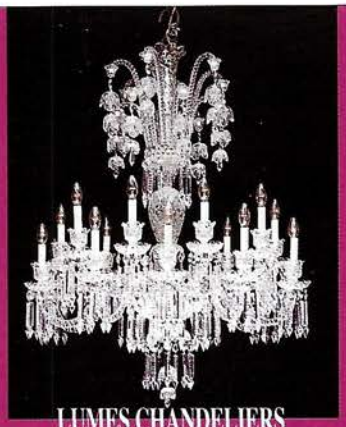
JANE CHURCHILL



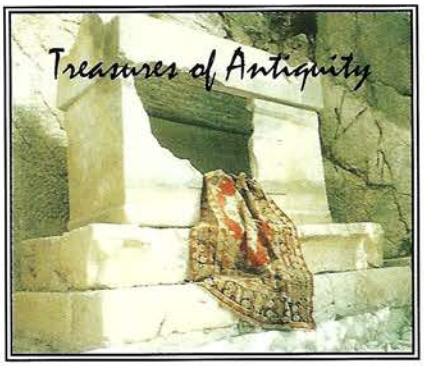
MAÇKA DEKOR
Maçka Caddesi 32 Narmanlı Apt., Teşvikiye, 80200 Istanbul
Tel 90-212 227 0215 – 227 6030 Fax 90-212 [illegible]

A Cornucopia of good finds

TO APPEAR IN THIS DIRECTORY, CONTACT CORNUCOPIA ON 90-212 248 36 07



LUMES CHANDELIERS
OFFICE: Kapalıçarşı, Zincirlihan 16, İstanbul, Turkey
Tel: 90-212 522 0977 / 527 0279. Fax 90-212 512 7546
SHOWROOM: Çırağan Palace Hotel Kempinski, Istanbul
Tel 90-212 261 6555. E-mail: lumes@escortnet.com



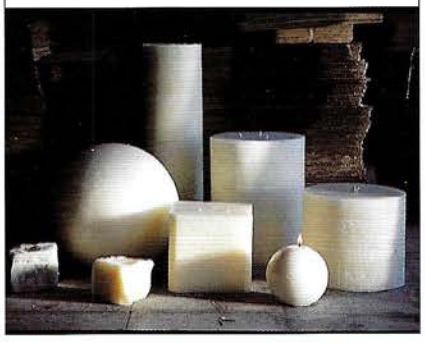
ZINN RUG GALLERY
269 East Bay St., Charleston, SC 29401, U.S.A.
Tel (843) 577-0300 Fax (843) 577-0333
Oriental rugs, Turkish carpets, kilims
kilim furniture and accessories, Aubussons,
needlepoint and jewellery

Ebruzen Hikmet Barutçugil

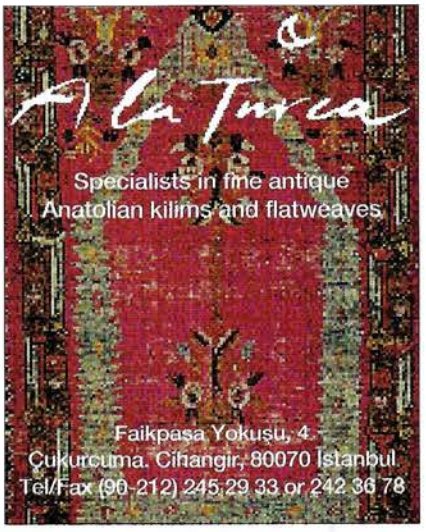
Fine marbled paper, or ebru, in the tradition of the 15th-century
prepared with original materials such as oxgall, earth pigments,
horsetail, rosewood and tragacanth gum.
Visit our atelier. Credit card orders accepted.
Office: İsak Paşa Cad. 8, Sultanahmet, 34400 Istanbul
Tel +90-212 517 6841 Fax +90-212 516 2944
Atelier: Hafiz Mehmet Bey Sok. 8, İhsaniye, Üsküdar, 81160 Istanbul
Tel +90-216 334 5934 E-mail: barut@sim.net.tr

Imaginatively designed, handcrafted and sculpted candles
of the finest quality, in every shape, colour and size.
Credit card orders accepted.

TAY MUM SAN. VE TIC LTD ŞTİ
Topağacı Ihlamur Yolu No 84A, Teşvikiye, 80200 Istanbul
Tel (90-212) 289 0839 or 289 0840 Fax (90-212) 289 0841
Call our showroom on (90-212) 241 1833
taymum@taymum.com www.taymum.com



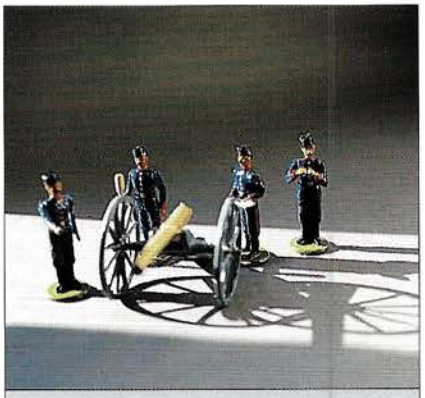
BERNARD J SHAPERO
RARE BOOKS
32, Saint George Street,
Mayfair,
London W1R 0EA.
Tel +44-171 493 0876, Fax +44-171 229 7860
E-mail: rarebooks@shapero.com
Specialists in Rare Books, Prints and Photographs



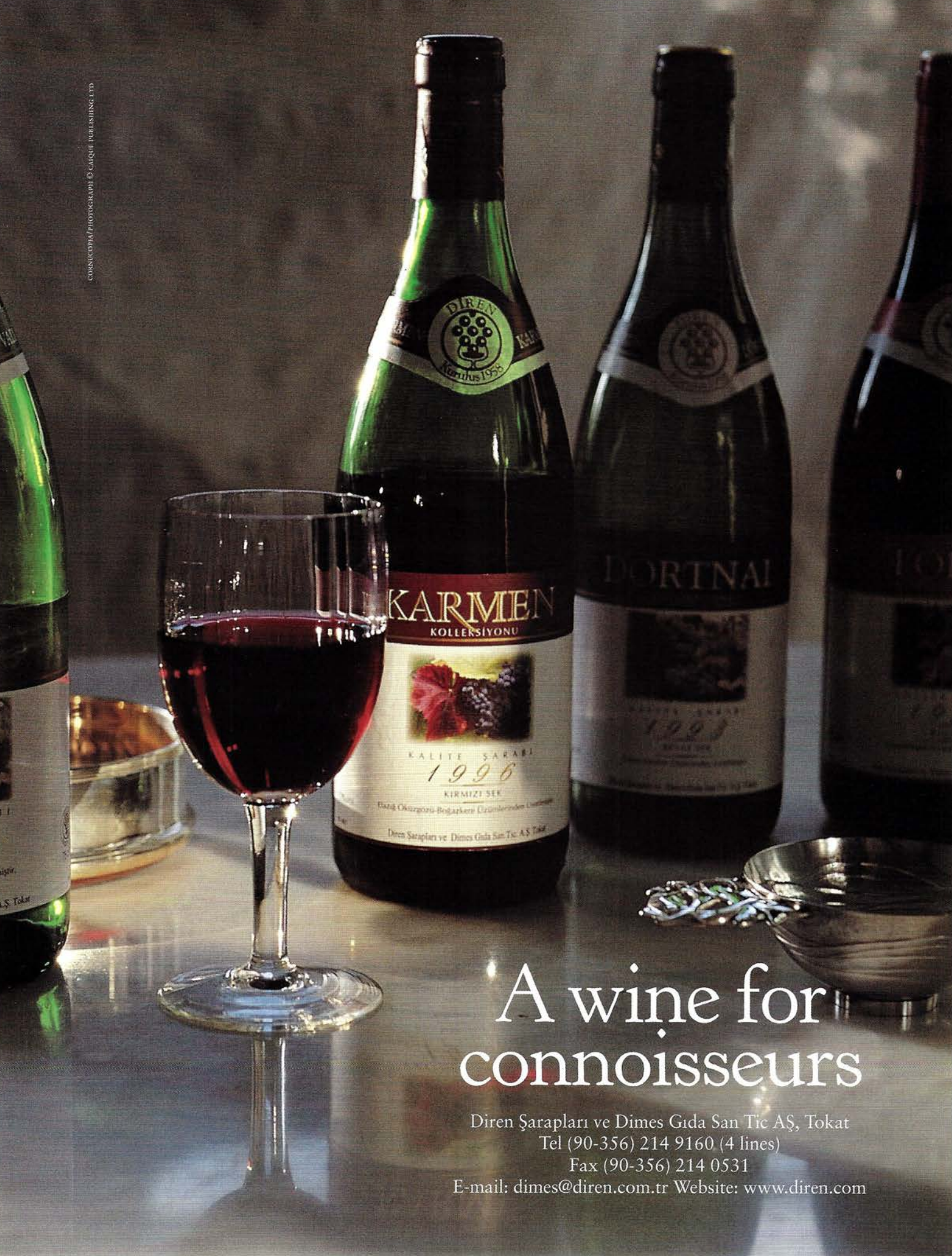
KONURLAR
The finest Turkish attar of rose
Büyükdere Cad. 64/7, Mecidiyeköy, Istanbul

Wholesalers
Tel (90-212) 266 3463
or 275 1797
Fax (90-212) 275 7513

telos cam
Fine handblown glass to original designs for collectors
Credit card orders welcome.
Showroom: Hüsrev Gerede Cd 104, Teşvikiye, Istanbul
Tel +90-212 261 0112.Fax +90-212 260 45 43
Workshop: 57. Sokak no 90, Ostim, Ankara



Antique maps, prints and Ottoman-Turkish toy soldiers.
Galeri Alfa Ltd.
Faikpaşa Yokuşu 47/2, Beyoğlu, Istanbul.
Tel 90-212 251 1672 Fax 90-212 243 2429
E-mail: galerialfa@turk.net



CORNUCOPIA/PHOTOGRAPH © CAIQUE PUBLISHING LTD

Wonders never cease

FROM BODRUM TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM, ILONA MEDVEDEVA SEEKS OUT THE REMAINS OF ONE OF THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD: QUEEN ARTEMISIA'S TOMB FOR HER BELOVED MAUSOLUS

Exeat weekend before exams. Question number four: list the Seven Wonders of the World. My 13-year-old son, Philippe, burrows into his revision folder and produces a faded photocopy. "Seven Wonders of the World: the name conferred on a group of ancient works of art which had obtained pre-eminence among the sightseers of the Alexandrian era. The monuments are as follows:

The Pyramids of Egypt
The Gardens of Semiramis at Babylon
The Statue of Zeus at Olympia
The Colossus at Rhodes
The Pharos of Alexandria
The Mausoleum at Halicarnassus
The Temple of Artemis at Ephesus."

"Have any of them survived?" asks Philippe, pretending to be interested. He has been bribed with a £90 pair of trainers to try to do well in his Common Entrance exams next year.

"You know, I've been to see the site of the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus, on the Aegean. The Mausoleum at Halicarnassus is also near there – or at least its foundations are. Most of it's in the British Museum."

"That's good,' says Philippe, "because the body was never there anyway. The lady who built it ate her husband."

"What! Why?"

"Because he was also her brother."

"Who told you this?"

"Mr James, our classics teacher." I have my suspicions of Mr James, but another photocopy provides the explanation.

"The Queen of Caria was married to her own brother, Mausolus, famous for his personal beauty. She was so fond of her husband that at his death she drank his ashes in her liquor." This tender treatment of one's husband reconciles me with Mr James and the Queen of Caria and we go back to *mensam-mensarum*. Being Russian and teaching a reluctant 13-year-old Latin through English rates as one of the seven tortures of motherhood, but Philippe gracefully interrupts every two minutes.

"So have you been to Halicarnassus?"

"It's called Bodrum now, and no I haven't."

"You must go and see what's left before it's too late," Philippe warns.

"I will," I promise, and put Mausoleum on my list of things to do before the new millennium, together with buying washing-up liquid and food for the guinea pig.

The guinea pig refuses to wait until the next millennium, so she has priority. Two pounds of dried carrots and nuts wrapped in a newspaper.

"Here, pig, eat! And please don't get poisoned by the ads for instant fat removal, fitted kitchens and cheap flights worldwide. Who wants to go to Malaga from Gatwick in the middle of Monday night and pay £19 for the pleasure? Or to Perth? Or Agadir? Or Izmir? Personally I don't know anybody who would endure such entertainment even for the above-mentioned sum. Oh dear, pig, wait. I just remembered that Bodrum is near Izmir. Come on, pig, give me back the paper. It seems I do know what sort of people want to fly to Izmir from Gatwick. I'm one of them."

I wish the deities could satisfy one's curiosity in a less humiliating way.

"Cheers, this is Jackie from Globesavers speeeeeeeaking. How can I help you?"

"Please, darling Jackie, sell me a ticket to Izmir, and in future don't get so stoned in the mornings."

At the eighth attempt Jackie gets my name and credit card number right, and the deal is done.

From Izmir I travel to Bodrum by sea, like Alexander the Great. The boat enters the harbour encircled by the low mountains richly decorated with bizarre modern constructions. Distance distorts the proportions and makes the supposedly cheerful holiday dwellings look like tombstones in a grandiloquent graveyard. Some elderly passengers are convinced that's what they are. "Such extensive burial grounds," they exclaim. "How tragic."

We disembark beside the Castle of St Peter, built in 1400 by the Knights Templars and the Knights of St John of Malta. "This castle is the biggest stronghold in the Mediterranean," says a notice on the wall. It certainly looks it.

I go in with three American gentlemen from my boat. They reluctantly look at the castle and inquire of fellow wayfarers the whereabouts of the Mausoleum.

"It must be somewhere near," I say, "because the knights used ancient stones and marble reliefs from the Mausoleum to fortify the castle. Look at this frieze, for instance! They couldn't have carried such huge marble from very far away."

"But where is it exactly?"

I point away from the sea. "Somewhere there."

The gentlemen look almost angry. It seems they hold me responsible for locating sites. I ask them why.

"Because you're European and must know your part of the world." Only American minds can see links between London and Bodrum. Though from the Templar point of view there are some. Templars, the warrior-monks who undertook the protection of pilgrims from infidels on their route to the Holy Land, built on Fleet Street in London a beautiful round church called Temple, imitating the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. From that Fleet Street Temple, English and Scottish knights travelled to the Mediterranean; and to Fleet Street their bodies returned.

The knights' ultimate goal was the rebuilding of the Great Temple in Jerusalem. To that end they studied the masonic sciences of ancient mystical schools. In esoteric symbolism the circle represents spirit; the square, matter. The knights realised that in order to recreate the temple they had to do the impossible and square the circle. In other words, to join spirit with matter.

Surprisingly enough, they almost got there. In all their constructions, including St Peter's Castle, they combined square and circular buildings all bearing the ratio 1 to the square root of 2, the same as in the Egyptian pyramids.

The castle is massive. I hope the knights saw all that building as good practice for Jerusalem. I proceed through gates adorned by coats of arms. I try to imagine those lonely knights living in tiny cells, so far from their homelands, watching the sea. The views are serene, but I imagine that for the knights they were full of peril. Did they ever notice the paradise around them, the beauty of the hills and the sky? Or were their minds forever occupied with

squaring the circle while their gaze focused on the horizon?

There is something endearing about St Peter's Castle. With its five towers built by different nations, it has the naive air of an international scout camp. The English tower is called Lion Tower; the French one is Lace Tower; the Spanish, Snake Tower; the Italian, Relief Tower; the German, predictably, Strong Tower.

The Lion Tower is overgrown with rosemary, everything drowning in its sharp scent. I pick up a broken branch and put it in my book.

On the stones near the doorway English knights engraved their names. I can distinguish only James and Sebastian. James and Sebastian, two noble men, you partook in raising the biggest monument ever built by the English outside Britain. I bow to your courage and the strength of your faith.

I would like to go to the Mauoleum by chariot, like Queen Artemisia, wife of Mausolus, but there isn't one around, so I go by foot like everybody else. It is exactly in the direction I was indicating to the Americans.

Instead of the colossal edifice one expects to see, there is a vast depression in the ground filled with pieces of broken marble. I suppose the knights took the stones, the Victorian explorer Mr Newton took the friezes and sculptures, including those of Mausolus and Artemisia, and the rest is locked up in the storerooms of the local museum by fastidious archaeologists.

In his account of 1581, the traveller Claude Guichard blames the knights for destroying the Mausoleum. "It was thus that this magnificent tomb, which ranked among the Seven Wonders of the World, after having escaped the fury of the barbarians and remained standing for 2,247 years, was discovered and destroyed to repair the Castle of St Peter by the Knights of Malta."

This blame is unfair. The Mausoleum was demolished long before them by an earthquake. The knights only took the stones. According to Guichard, they also discovered a burial chamber with a beautiful empty sepulchre and a floor sprinkled with gold. But what does it matter? The real treasure, the body of the beloved bright-eyed Mausolus, was never there. His sister-wife Artemisia burnt it, dissolved the ashes in a rare fine wine and drank of this precious potion for 40 days after his death. Her slender frame was his real grave.

Strangely, all we know of Mausolus is his graceful appearance. About Artemisia we know even less. Was she also beautiful? If not, was she worried Mausolus might desire other women? Did she feel flattered that everybody fancied her husband, or did she feel insecure? What did she do? Win wars? Order pretty clothes? Diet? Whatever it was, she did it right, for Artemisia and Mausolus successfully ruled Caria for 30 years in sweet accord. The absence of in-laws obviously helped.

The Mausoleum was erected on the grounds of an ancient necropolis. The marbles look like sun-bleached bones. Fig trees grow though the roofs of sarcophagi. I collect a handful of fruit and sit down at the spot indicated on the plan as a sacrificial altar.

A white goat and a dozen speckled chickens pick up figs straight from the ground and share my remembrance feast for sweet Mausolus. After a while I get up and look for more fruit. The goat and chickens follow. Beneath a fig tree I discover some barely visible steps leading down to an entrance to two underground passages: one is full of crushed stones; the notice on the other says DANGER. I enter the second. My bestial escorts wisely stay behind.

Promptly the passage turns into a labyrinth of stagnating darkness. Every now and then I light a match, but I don't want to waste them. Palpating the walls, I proceed carefully along the uneven floor. The passage gets wider. I put my foot on something which feels like a very steep step, and with considerable effort climb up. The next step is so far down that I fail to reach it. The flash of one of my last matches dances around the walls of a big round vault and shows the gaping jaws of a circular well right beside my feet.

My first sensation is surprise at encountering such an accurate representation of Virgil's vision of the entrance to Hades. I throw a match into the well: it flickers and almost instantly extinguishes itself. I take a coin from my pocket, toss it in and count. On the count of seven I hear it greet the water. So that's what was meant by DANGER.

Shakingly I retrace my steps, collapse on the ground outside and with my last match light up a cigarette. Danish archaeologists are measuring something on the site; with their blond moustaches and local haircuts, they look like albino Turks. They throw disapproving glances at my cigarette, but I don't mind. If anybody dares reproach me for smoking I'll tell them that it has just saved my life: if I didn't smoke I wouldn't have had matches, without matches I wouldn't have seen the infernal well, and then they would have had a hell of a job getting my body out of there.

On my first day back I go to the British Museum and, in the quietude of a Wedgwood-blue room, make my acquaintance with the royal couple of Caria. Their marble bodies look lonely and cold, so far rom the shimmering sea, from the forested hills, from the sun, from home. Not a ray of sun penetrates their present abode. Instead of sea-scented winds, brittle air-conditioned breezes brush past their solemn faces. The frieze with the battle of fearsome Amazons runs along the walls. Fragments of gigantic horses attempting to escape are poised in a final leap. "At least you're together," I say to Mausolus and Artemisia by way of consolation, and leave with a heavy heart.

I have to return my history books to the London Library. While looking for the card, I drop one of them and out falls a squashed branch of rosemary. It is nearly scentless and has lost most of its needles. An inexplicable anxiety overwhelms me. I cram the branch into my pocket, quickly return the books and pirouette out of the revolving doors.

Back in Holborn I jump off the bus in the middle of traffic. It is already getting dark; the clock has been moved forward. The Templars would be disgusted to discover miracle-working was no longer a mystical art, that the sacred succession of hours could be manipulated by decree.

On the corner of Kingsway I buy a bunch of pale autumn roses and run towards Fleet Street. When I reach the Temple Church, the warden is about to turn off the lights and lock the door. With the air of a war widow I beg him to wait a moment. He consents.

I go in, bow to the altar and rush to the effigies of the knights. "James and Sebastian," I start in a hurried whisper, but quickly fall silent. I kneel on the floor, extract the rosemary from my pocket and hide it among the roses. Under the astonished gaze of the warden I place my bouquet at the feet of an unknown knight, bend down and kiss his stone lips. As I leave, the keeper addresses me, his voice trembling. "What were you doing with that knight, madam?"

"Nothing much. Just talking."

"Forgive me for asking, but why?"

"I was resuscitating links between Bodrum and London."

Ilona Medvedeva is a reporter with the Russian Service of the BBC. ◆

CORNUCOPIA/PHOTOGRAPH © CARDIL PUBLISHING LTD

The finest Turkish coffee

Suppliers to a discerning world since 1871

KURUKAHVECİ
MEHMET EFENDİ
MAHDUMLARI

AT THE EGYPTIAN SPICE BAZAAR, TAHMIS SOKAK 66. EMINÖNÜ, 34460 ISTANBUL
Tel: 90-212 511 4262 or 90-212 511 4263 Fax: 90-212 511 1311
www.mehmetefendi.com

GIFTS & COLLECTIBLES

BEBEK'S LEGENDARY MARZIPAN
Sevim İşgüder
Cevdet Paşa Cd 238, Bebek, Istanbul. Tel 212-263 5984

DELİ KIZIN YERİ
(The Crazy Lady's Place)

Turkish-inspired gifts and wearables
1. Cadde No 66, Arnavutköy, Istanbul
Tel/Fax: (90-212) 287-1294

DÜNYA GENÇLİK MERKEZİ

Books, international magazines, stationery, office supplies, gifts, sports equipment, musical instruments, CDs, toys, kitchen utensils, photographic equipment, watches. Nişantaşı, Ak Merkez, Capitol, Carousel, Galleria, Carrefour
Head Office: tel 212-294 90 78

CARPETS & TEXTILES

GALERİ ŞİRVAN
ŞARK HALI ve KILIMLERİ
Erol Kazancı

LOCATED IN THE GRAND BAZAAR, SPECIALISING IN RARE AND ANTIQUE KILIMS, VILLAGE AND TRIBAL RUGS. EROL KAZANCI ALSO STOCKS A WIDE RANGE OF CONTEMPORARY RUGS, CARPETS AND KILIMS.

The Grand Bazaar
Halıcılar Caddesi 50-52-54. Tel (212) 522 4986
Tel (212) 520 6224 Fax 522 4987
Kapalıçarşı 34440 Istanbul, Turkey

LE COIN DES CONNAISSEURS

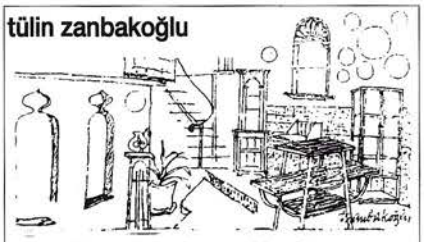
ŞİŞKO OSMAN HALICI
CARPETS-KILIMS-TAPIS

A large selection of old pieces
COVERED BAZAAR
ZINCIRLIHAN 10-15, KAPALIÇARŞI, ISTANBUL
Tel (90-212) 526 72 85/86. Fax (90-212) 526 7287

HALICILAR CADDESI 49, KAPALIÇARŞI, ISTANBUL
Tel (90-212) 526 17 08 or 527 31 55

INTERIOR DESIGN

tülin zanbakoğlu



traditional design and book centre
inönü cd 63, ayazpaşa, taksim, istanbul
tel 90-212 251 3565

BOOKS & FINE STATIONERY

FİRMAS BOOKSTORE

All English-language teaching books, cassettes, videos, travel books, maps, novels and research books
Meşrutiyet Caddesi, Avrupa Pasajı 5, Beyoğlu, Istanbul

Tel 90-212 244 5446 Fax 90-212 244 5697

KARUM

STATIONERY, BOOKS, ARTISTS' MATERIALS, OFFICE SUPPLIES

POSTERS, REPRODUCTIONS AND A CHOICE OF FRAMES

Akkavak Sok. 19/1, Nişantaşı, Istanbul
Tel: (90-212) 241 79 88, 231 82 12
Fax: (90-212) 225 27 66

ISTHMUS BOOKS

SPECIALIZING IN THE CULTURAL AND SPIRITUAL HERITAGE OF TURKEY

Stockists of Cornucopia

CHISHOLME HOUSE, ROBERTON, HAWICK, ROXBURGHSHIRE
SCOTLAND TD9 7PH

TEL 01450-880-215 FAX 01450-880-204
E-MAIL aaron.cass@virgin.net

Everything you need for photography you can find at

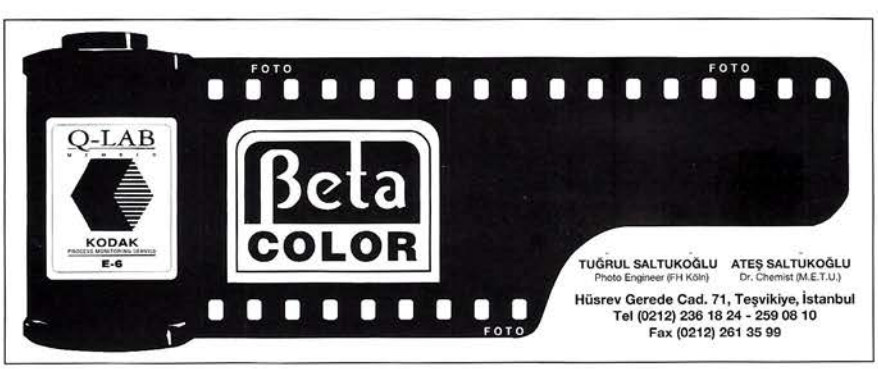
DENİZ FOTOĞRAFÇILIK

Process your negatives at Kodak Express or Fuji Image Plaza, and process your slides at our Kodak Quality-Controlled E-6 professional lab.

Cameras, all types of film, batteries, accessories, flash, tripods, camera-cases...

Choose your nearest outlet:
Nişantaşı–Kodak Express:
Ihlamur Yolu 7, tel (90-212) 241 4929
✦✦✦
Bebek Fuji Image Plaza:
Cevdetpaşa Caddesi, 111
Tel (90-212) 263 5144
✦✦✦
Nişantaşı E-6:
Sezai Selek Sokak, 6/1
Tel (90-212) 233 0469

PHOTOGRAPHIC SERVICES



TUĞRUL SALTUKOĞLU
Photo Engineer (FH Köln)
ATEŞ SALTUKOĞLU
Dr. Chemist (M.E.T.U.)
Hüsrev Gerede Cad. 71, Teşvikiye, İstanbul
Tel (0212) 236 18 24 - 259 08 10
Fax (0212) 261 35 99

EDUCATION

In addition to our rich variety of English and Turkish books in our three-storey bookstore, we offer worldwide delivery

pandora

BOOKSTORE
Istiklâl Cd., Büyükparmakkapı Sok 3, Beyoğlu, İstanbul
Tel: (+90) 212-243 3503-4. Fax: (+90) 212-249 4757
e-mail: info@pandora.com.tr; web:www.pandora.com.tr

Robinson Crusoe
İstiklâl Caddesi 389 Beyoğlu, Istanbul
Telephone 0-212 293 6968 (pbx), Fax 0-212 251 1735

A BOOKSTORE WITH A DISTINCTIVE STYLE OF ITS OWN, MORE THAN 40,000 TURKISH, ENGLISH & FRENCH TITLES IN EVERY SUBJECT

EREN
Yayıncılık ve Kitapçılık Ltd. Şti.
Publisher and Bookseller specialising in Turkish and Islamic studies
Main store: Tünel İstiklâl Caddesi, Sofyalı Sok 34
Beyoğlu, 80050 Istanbul
Phones: (212) 251 28 58 – (212) 252 05 60
Fax: (212) 243 30 16
•
Branch: Sahaflar Çarşısı 16, Beyazıt, 34490 Istanbul
Phone: (212) 522 85 31

homer*kitabevi*
English Bookshop
Over 30,000 English titles specialising in archaeology, architecture, history, philosophy and social sciences with worldwide delivery.
Yeniçarşı Caddesi 28/A
Galatasaray, 80050 Istanbul
Tel 90-212 249 5902 or 292 4279
Fax 90-212 251 3962
e-mail: homerkitabevi@superonline.com

The Complete Book Reviews
CORNUCOPIA
VOLUMES I, II & III
Now available to Cornucopia Subscribers
www.cornucopia.net
Subscribe today.

Studying in London at The American State College is more than an academic experience, it's a lifestyle.

Face it, there are lots of American degree programs. The key is to find one that is positioned for the new millennium--technology driven, with an inspiring, industry-savvy faculty-- while exposing you to the culture and excitement of the city and country in which you are studying. Well, we have just described the academic experience at The American State College.

But there's more, what about your lifestyle? Besides the global friendships you will make, the illuminating field trips around London, the excursions in the fabulous English countryside and cultural capitals of Europe, you will study on the Birkbeck College, University of London campus.

Yes, the personal attention of a small, private college with the collegiate environment of a famous university. Now that we have your attention, give us a call. Entry dates in January, March, May, July, October.

Master's, bachelor's and associate degrees:
Business • Interior Design • Multimedia Art & Design • Fashion

The American State College
Dilke House • 1 Malet St.
London WC1, England
Tel: +44 (0)20 7436-1600
Fax: +44 (0)20 7436-1717
www.americanstate.edu

ASC is an independent American degree-granting institution not academically affiliated with Birkbeck College, University of London.

DAUNT BOOKS
FOR TRAVELLERS
London stockists of Cornucopia
83 MARYLEBONE HIGH STREET, LONDON W1M 4DE.
TEL 0171 224 2295 FAX 0171 224 6893

REMZİ KİTABEVİ
AKMERKEZ Etiler (212) 282 0245
RUMELI C No. 44 Nişantaşı (212) 234 5475/76
CARREFOUR Kadiköy

English, French and German magazines and newspapers; bestsellers, dictionaries, art books, cookery books; illustrated books on Istanbul and Turkey. travel guides; children's books, postcards, maps and calendars.

PRINTS & MAPS

OTTOMANIA
Old maps, Engravings & Rare Books
EREN LTD ŞTİ
Tünel, İstiklâl Caddesi.
Sofyalı Sokak 30–32, Beyoğlu,
80050 Istanbul.
Tel (212) 243 21 57 – 243 21 58
Fax (212) 243 30 16

Play it again Pet

BY ANDREW FINKEL

On the verge of that awful age when the pores turn oily and the hair curly, I would listen secretly at night to something called a transistor radio. I did so in the naive belief that close appreciation of Gerry and the Pacemakers and Petula Clarke would improve my standing with my peers. I dare say Gerry is wearing one of his eponymous pacemakers by now and I have lost contact with Ms Clarke. It was she, you will recall, who was forever trotting Downtown – a place where you could forget (a) all your troubles and (b) all your cares. Downtown remains in my imagination a Neverland where socially diffident 12-year-olds who listen to the trannie under the bedcovers feel empowered.

I write this by way of painful explanation of my ambivalence on entering the portals of **Downtown**, a newish restaurant in Istanbul's smart Nişantaşı shopping district. The lights were indeed brighter there – well, it was lunch after all – and there was a small mob at the bar. To be fair, Downtown caters less for spotty teenagers on a day-return from their dreary lives than for New York-style sophisticates who, if the whiff of Havana cigar smoke was anything to go by, live like this all the time.

The artwork, I noted on my way through to the sleek dining room, is by Elvan Alpay – a woman of wit and talent. In the passageway was a large tableau with three-dimensional rubber frogs jumping out of their pond. No frogs' legs on the plates, but the food does have a sculpted bas-relief sort of quality, very much in the school of artful plate arrangers. My roasted monkfish wrapped in prosciutto projected upwards from an already steep mound of garlic mashed potato. It was good – the flavour of the fish heightened not concealed. Also planted in the mash was something that looked like a hat pin but turned out to be a bouquet of herbs bound together like the lavender bouquets gypsies sell outside Harrods. I guess it was there as a sort of etiquette test – anyone caught cleaning their teeth with it is not welcomed back.

Downtown has a large bistro-like menu with caesar salads and hamburgers and also caters to those in search of a three-course meal. The cooking is generally careful, with a few lapses of detail. Sweets are more prosaic than the main courses, although I suspect the waists more pinched than my own at surrounding tables never got that far. My dining companion was indignant that the tomato in the salad was hot-housed and tasteless, when vegetables are what this country does best. He asked for Turkish coffee and was huffy when there was none. This is like complaining about the absence of chips at a Chinese restaurant. The whole point of Downtown, as Pet Clarke so wisely foretold, is that it is not Your Town, but a fantasy world far away.

This, too, is the point of the recently opened **La Famiglia Getti.** Its owner is Stefan Fraquelli, a scion of the dynasty that introduced the Spaghetti House chain in London, back in the 1950s – an era when radios were too big even to fit under the bedclothes. Getti jumps on the bandwagon of Istanbul's proven affection for Italian food. Whereas the original Spag Houses traded on an image of rustic Italy, Getti is ultra-cool, with a California-style open kitchen, cherry wood, soft blue furnishings and even comfortable chairs. It is still a humble trattoria inasmuch as the food is arranged on the plate horizontally instead of poking up in the air.

We had dinner on the second night after the restaurant's opening. It is a large menu and it needs some weeding. The marinated cold octopus was succulent and delicious, the marinated tuna with cannellini beans a bit dull. For main course, the rolled swordfish filled with breadcrumbs was flavourful, the breaded lamb cutlets a mistake. Similar discretion is need in exploring the large array of pastas. The seafood risotto was good and there is home-made pappardelle.

Despite being only the second night, it was packed. All these hard, new-look surfaces mean it is quite noisy, though I recognise that for some this rush of humanity is all part of the thrill. We were, in any case, grateful to the ventilation system and didn't bother to complain about the two people puffing away on those ubiquitous Havana cigars at a nearby table. Getti inhabits a choice corner of Etiler and in summer there is a large garden – to one corner of which, one hopes, smokers will be exiled. The restaurant was still waiting for its wine licence in order to begin selling from what seems a reasonably priced Italian list.

"People will feel they are in London," said Fraquelli. Curious he didn't say Italy.

The best table in Istanbul used to be the one by the window.

It is a tradition that the city's new elite may have set aside but it still exists elsewhere – particularly outside Istanbul. I mention two restaurants far away from Istanbul's bright lights which still preserve this sense of place. The food is somehow secondary but really excellent.

Canlı Balık is a venerable institution in the extraordinarily pleasant Black Sea town of Amasra. We were lucky to find a table on a crowded night last summer. The formula is simple. A few really good cold *meze,* including a garlicky beetroot mash and a few fried mussels, and then the point of the dinner – a plate that from a distance looks like a *tarte tatin* but which on closer inspection is a shoal of small red mullet (*tekir*), fried and arranged round and round the plate. It seems even in the provinces they know how to arrange a plate. The chairs are plastic but the food is not, and the whole meal costs less than a starter in Istanbul.

Lagos is not a Nigerian restaurant but named after a Mediterranean fish of the grouper family which, according to my Alan Davidson *Mediterranean Seafood,* carries the Sloane Rangerish name of Geoffery St-Hillaire. Lagos is on the opposite side of the country from Canlı Balık, in Narlıkuyu, a pleasant cove near Silifke – a scenic and historical bit of the south coast on the way to Mersin.

It, too, keeps to the principles of fresh *meze* and fish. There are good salads – the tomatoes taste like tomatoes. Diners are able to create their own palette from a plate of raw garlic, hot chilli peppers and fresh onion. A more exotic note is a variety of pickles including a lemony-tasting fleshy weed I have never eaten before called *kayakoruğu.* My dictionary identifies it as stonecrop or sedum; according to the waiter, it cures a wide variety of ailments you never knew you had. We had copious amounts of *lagos* – a great fish – chopped into bits and fried. This dries it out a bit, but the meal was memorable all the same. ◆

DOWNTOWN
ABDI IPEKCI CADDESI 7/2,
NIŞANTAŞI, ISTANBUL
TEL 90-212 224 2915

LA FAMIGLIA GETTI
TEPECIK YOLU SOKAK 2,
ETILER, ISTANBUL
TEL 90-212 265 3384

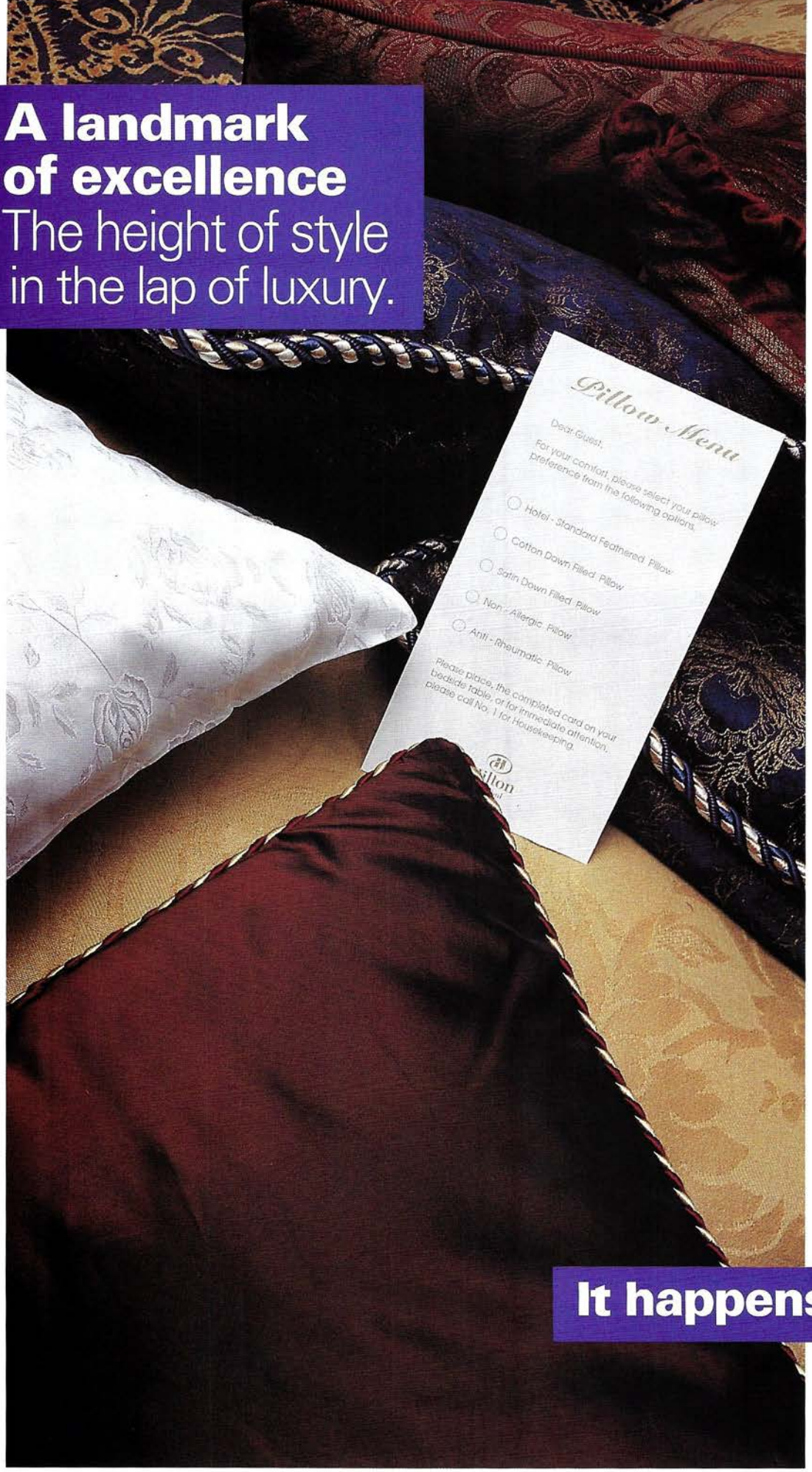
CANLI BALIK
KÜÇÜK LIMAN CADDESI,
AMASRA
TEL 90-378 315 2606

LAGOS
NARLIKUYU, SILIFKE
TEL 90-324 723 3287

TURKEY'S PREMIER OLIVE OIL. NATURALLY INFUSED WITH AROMATIC SPRIGS OF THYME, WHOLE BAY LEAVES, PUNGENT PEPPERCORNS AND CLOVES OF GARLIC. ANOTHER FIRST FROM THE PRODUCER OF THE AEGEAN'S FINEST COLD-PRESSED VIRIGIN OLIVE OIL.
Komili
RİVİERA
HALİS ZEYTİNYAĞI
SIZMA
5 lt.
OLIVE OIL ELIXIR OF THE AEGEAN. NOW WITH AROMATIC HERBS
Komili

A landmark of excellence

The height of style in the lap of luxury.



Hilton
Istanbul

Cumhuriyet Cad. Harbiye
80200 Istanbul, Turkey
Tel 90-212 231 4650
Fax 90-212 240 4165
www.hilton.com

Discover the best of the new at the Hilton Istanbul

From the moment of arrival to the moment your head hits your personally chosen pillow, enjoy a unique world of elegant restaurants, stylish bars and inviting leisure facilities. Let our innovations redefine your experience of luxury.

It happens at the Hilton.

COUNTERPOINT

Dying days of the Ottoman harem

BY SUNA ERDEM

The thought of another film director taking on the subject of the royal Ottoman harem elicits groans from most Turkey-watchers – yet more opulent sets full of naked women ravaged by a mindless sultan... Ferzan Özpetek's second film, *Harem Soirée*, certainly has sumptuous sets (his first was the award-winning *Hamam*). But the story is a strong one and, unlike many of its predecessors, the film goes a long way towards explaining one of the most intriguing and little-known periods in the lifespan of the harem: its demise.

Safiye (the Belgian actress Marie Gillain) is an intelligent Italian slave girl who has been introduced to the harem of Abdülhamid II (Haluk Bilginer). She befriends one of the black eunuchs, Nadir (Alex Descas), and they plot their way to power. This involves Safiye catching Abdülhamid's eye, bearing him a son and becoming a powerful *valide sultan*, or queen mother.

Safiye has her son – but the political background of the time denies them power. Abdülhamid is forced to submit to the Young Turks' demand for the restoration of the constitution. In 1909, harems are outlawed. The women, after years spent isolated from the real world and with no family to turn to, are thrust outside. "We are setting you free!" the Young Turks tell them. But, for many, freedom spells disaster. In one moving scene, women frantically search for someone, anyone, to take them away. Some fall prey to the baseless promises of lascivious men; others band together with the eunuchs and travel around the theatres of Europe, exhibiting themselves in the Harem Soirées of the title.

THE DIRECTOR OF 'HAREM SOIRÉE', FERZAN ÖZPETEK, WITH HIS VEILED LEADING LADY, MARIE GILLAIN

Safiye and Nadir, despite physical and psychological barriers, have fallen in love. But the hope of a future together turns sour within the strange new dynamics of freedom.

Özpetek's aim was, he claims, to overturn some myths. "When people think of harems," he says, "they think of naked women lying around. I wanted to show that harems were also a place of education. And the subject does not interest just people in the West, but also Turks. We are strangers to our own traditions. These things may appear 'touristic' but you find many Turks who have never, for instance, been in a hamam."

Özpetek depicts the harem as a power base run by women. Taught reading and writing, skilled in languages, music and handicrafts, they are akin to Jane Austen's "accomplished" women. It is the cleverest, not merely the most beautiful, who secure the crucial lasting affection of the sultan – Safiye's way is by translating Italian operas. Some became shrewd political operators. In the 16th and 17th centuries, with the harem at its peak, sultanas often ruled in place of mad, child or simply weak sultans, working with eunuchs, whose position as go-betweens made them invaluable and whose status could rival that of the grand vizier.

In *Harem Soirée*, Safiye has a rival to dispose of; another rival, in turn, thwarts her; and Nadir has a quiet rivalry with another eunuch. Abdülhamid, though he appears in only a few scenes, is a more well-rounded character than the sultan in most films set in the harem. His documented love of happy endings for operas is shown in the first scene: *La Traviata*'s consumptive heroine, Violetta, miraculously recovers. His renowned paranoia is not explored.

Özpetek made particular use of Nurhan Atasoy's interviews with the last of the harem women. The costumes, too – Edwardian elegance meets *The Thousand and One Nights* – are the result of painstaking research.

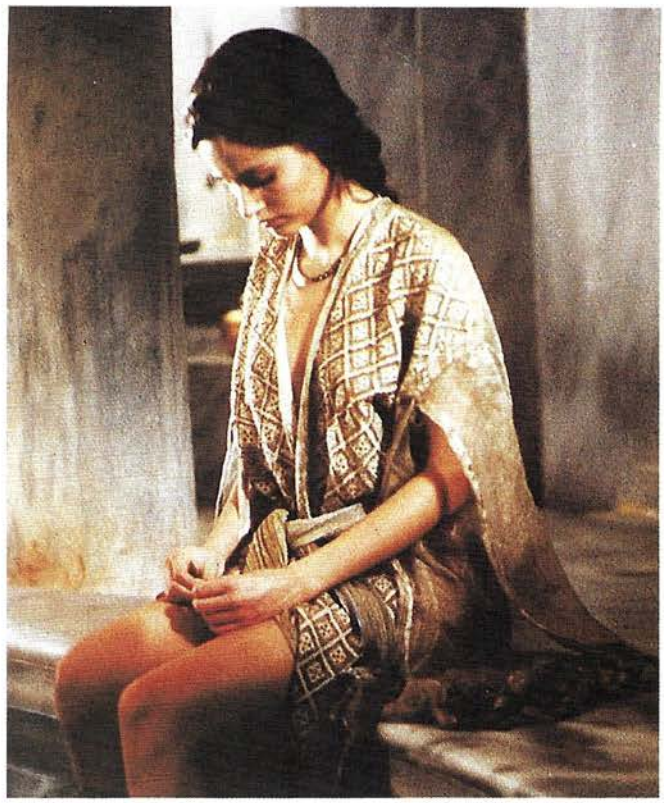
The film is no easy ride, requiring total concentration on a web of storytelling worthy of Sheherazade. The tale is told first and foremost by Safiye, now old and living in Italy. At a train station she encounters Anita, a

young Italian woman on her way to Istanbul, and reminisces.

Then we watch as Gulfidan tells a story to the harem women crouched eagerly around her. The two tales intertwine and proceed together. To give prominence to the art of storytelling is something of a masterstroke – it was a favourite pastime among harem women.

There are pleasing symmetries in the film. *Harem Soirée* opens with an opera whose tragic ending has been changed; it ends with Safiye giving Nadir a false happy ending in the story she tells Anita. Those familiar with Özpetek's *Hamam* will realise that Anita is the mysterious deceased aunt from that film.

Harem Soirée is at once oriental and cosmopolitan. Its actors are of many nations – as indeed were the women of the harem. The women play Western classical music on the piano yet pray as Moslems. The harems were unique, but that explosive triangle of love, power and fear at their centre was universal. ◆



Safiye is determined to secure power within the harem

Art Directions

Swinging back to the Sixties

By Susan Platt

Nostalgia for 1960s aestheticism abounded at *The Passion and the Wave*, the Sixth International Istanbul Biennial. Setting the tone was Andy Warhol himself, riding an exercise bike in Gregory Markopoulos's film *The Illiac Passion* (1967). Markopoulos, an American of Greek parents who died in Greece in 1992, was a key figure in the underground film world of the mid-Sixties. Greek myth and homo-eroticism were invoked by means of colour (mostly red) and experimental techniques such as offbeat camera angles and spliced audios that made for a lot of repeated words. This type of formalism, where artists use colour and structure as metaphors for abstract ideas, is back in vogue as curators and trendy young artists reject the complexities of postmodernism. With the Biennial opening exactly one month after the earthquake, this proved, coincidentally, just the right tone for 1999, when what was called for was a calm, lyrical experience rather than a cacophonous confrontation.

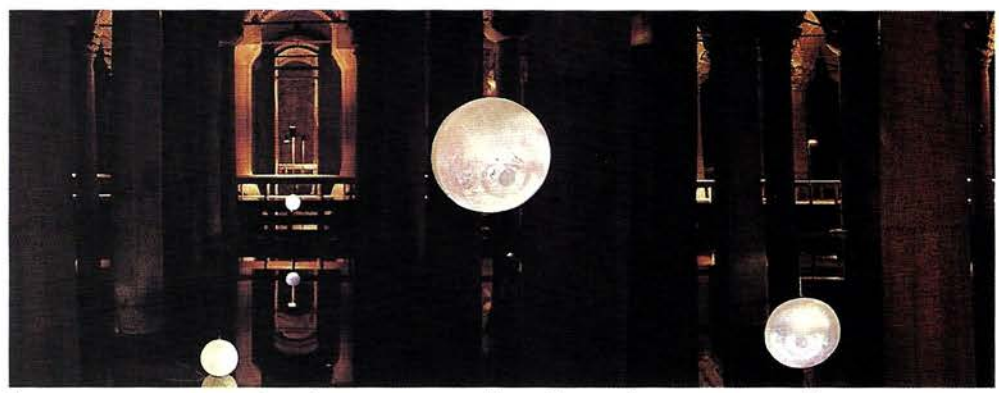
Only the Kazakh artists Yelena Vorobyeva and Viktor Vorobyev honoured the tradition of dispersing the Biennial around the city. Their street performance, *Classics' Farewell to People*, took place on Istiklal Caddesi on a busy Sunday evening. The artists had equipped wax copies of classical sculptures such as the Venus de Milo with wicks; cigarette lighters, offered by chic teenagers, street children and baffled tradesmen, kept the giant candles going for hours as the classics melted to the ground.

Aside from a few billboards, the rest of this Biennial's art was displayed in only three venues. By far the largest was the rugged brick-built former kitchens of the Dolmabahçe Palace near Beşiktaş, now transformed into a white-walled art environment. Aydan Murtezaoğlu's manipulated photograph of a woman looking at Beyoğlu from a bench across the Bosphorus was paired with the view of the Bosphorus itself and set the overall theme of water and light that was explored in many of the works.

At the other end of the gallery, in a video about breathing by the Norwegian AK Dolven, breasts and nipples barely broke through a soapy surface. In tune with the return to the Sixties, women were frequently objectified and anonymous in this Biennial.

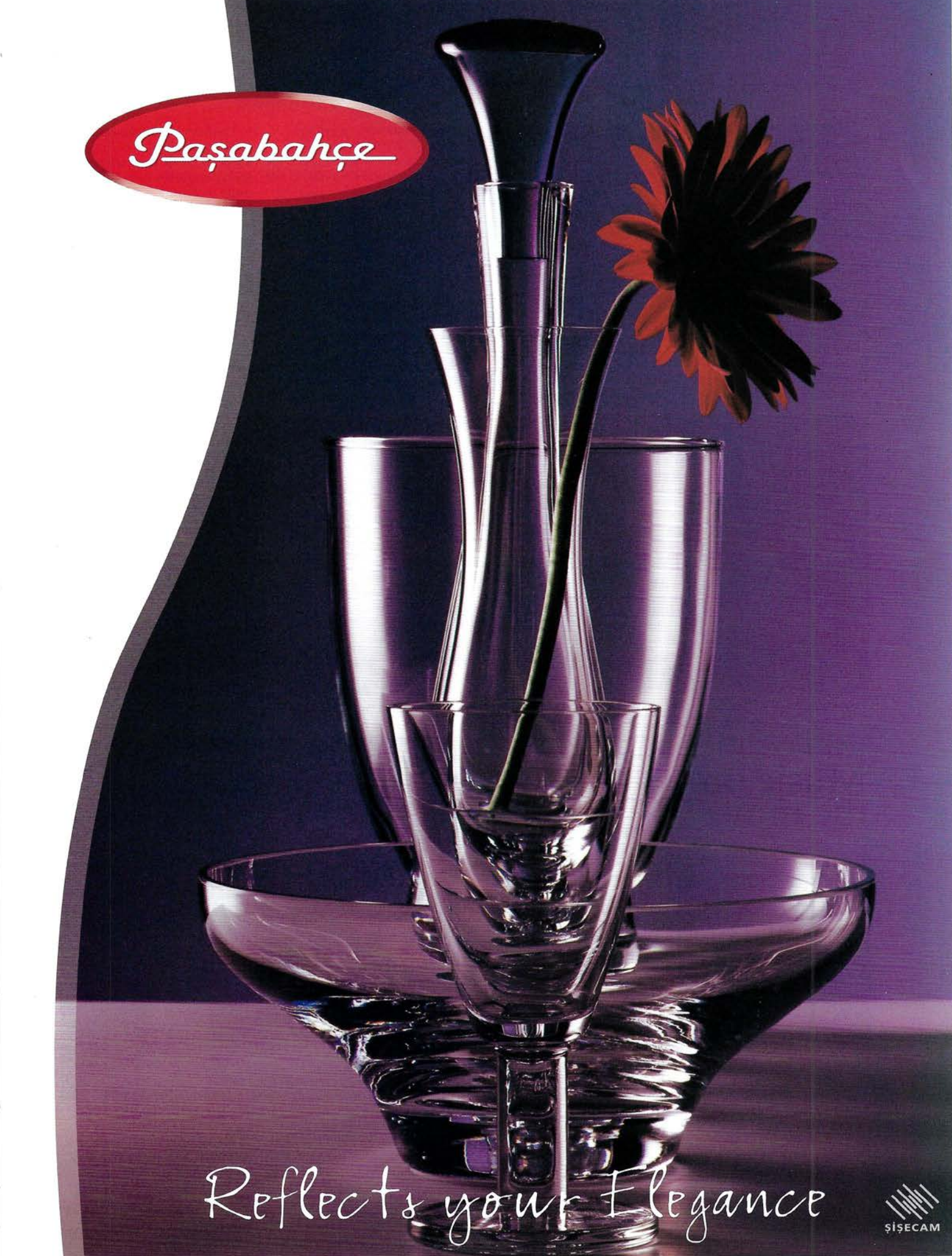
Paul Colombo, the event's director, arranged the space as a city with a central boulevard, adjoining piazzas and "houses" featuring installations by elegant artists such as the Brazilian Iran Do Espìrito Santo and the Venezuelan Arturo Herrera. Herrera hung slashed pieces of red felt on three adjacent walls for *Behind the House* (1999) – despite its simplicity and formalism, unavoidably a metaphor for flowing blood. Santo's carefully modulated minimalist ensemble of a small stainless-steel keyhole, an oversized aluminium candle and a green rug was more serene.

A few artists stood out amid the dominant aestheticism. Fatimah Tuggar (a Nigerian living in New York), presented the amusing *Inna's Recipe* (1999), a large manipulated photograph of her mother stirring up the world's tourist monuments in a traditional cooking pot. Pedro Alvarez's *The Story of Cuban Art Has Already Been Told* (1999) painted luscious replicas of Cuban cigar-box labels over pages of slick art magazines as a metaphor for his own career as a Cuban artist. Kara Walker (USA) had a stunning black and white silhouette called *Virginia's Lynch Mob* (1998) which packed a powerful critique of racism.



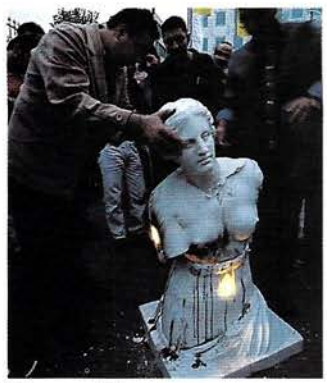
Manuel Çitak

Biennial underground: 'eyes' look out from Tony Oursler's spheres in the Yerebatan cistern


Paşabahçe
Reflects your Elegance
ŞİŞECAM

At Aya Irene, Colombo reinvoked the idea of a church with an altar-like piece by the Swiss artist Ugo Rondinone. In *When the Sun Goes Down and the Moon Comes Up*, two trees covered in plastic tape and hung with microphones carried on a conversation. Endlessly repeated, this innocuous minute-long narrative between two men about getting over a love affair, echoed around the church like an overheard confessional.

In a former side chapel of Aya Irene, the Turkish artist Füsun Onur's *Opus 1* – with its gold ribbon, blue gauze bows, tea glasses and *rahle* – playfully referred to Turkish rituals. In another corner was the delightfully decorative *Sugar Chandelier*, with its light bulbs of blown sugar by Ebru Özsecen, also Turkish.

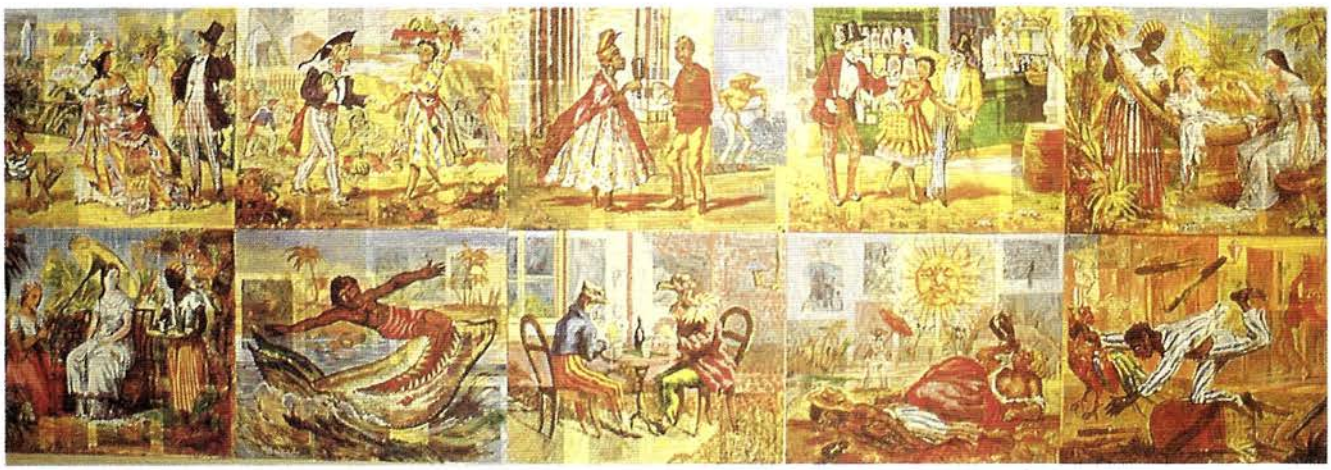


'CLASSICS' FAREWELL TO PEOPLE' BY YELENA VOROBYEVA AND VIKTOR VOROBYEV

The Yerbatan Cistern, a deep, damp space redolent of history and mystery, competed with and often overwhelmed the videos there, but the American artist Tony Oursler's projection on fibreglass spheres of big blinking eyes disconcertingly followed us around. In the furthest depths, the South African William Kentridge's video *Shadow Procession* hauntingly invoked a death march.

The most important aspect of this Biennial, however, is that it happened at all. In the midst of the trauma of the earthquake, the entire construction crew went to help rescue people and left their equipment behind them on their return to Istanbul. As the world agonised with Turkey, the committee decided to persevere with the Biennial as a symbol of survival in the face of disaster. *The Passion and the Wave* was a potent affirmation of that fact. ◆

Susan Platt is an art historian based in Istanbul at Yıldız Technical University's Museum Studies Program, on a Fulbright Fellowship



PEDRO ALVAREZ'S 'THE STORY OF CUBAN ART HAS ALREADY BEEN TOLD': LUSCIOUS PAINTED REPLICAS OF CUBAN CIGAR-BOX LABELS

CLASSICAL NOTES

Music on the move

BY AISLING FALLON

A TALENT TO WATCH: 11-YEAR-OLD PIANIST AYŞEDENIZ GÖKÇIN, WHO THIS YEAR WON A DIPLOMA PRIZE AT THE KIEV YOUNG PIANISTS COMPETITION

A rewarding offshoot of one of Turkey's largest business groups is the privately funded Akbank Chamber Orchestra. With a mandate to take its message around Turkey, the orchestra's 1999/2000 season includes dates in Samsun, Trabzon, Tekirdağ, Edirne, Kayseri and Malatya, and monthly concerts in Istanbul.

The principal conductor and artistic director is Cem Mansur (recent engagements include dates with the English Chamber Orchestra, Royal Philharmonic and City of London Sinfonia), whose vision is to make a real contribution to cultural life in Turkey as a whole. "People don't need to have played an instrument since the age of three or listened to classical music all their lives to have a connection with our programme. Music speaks to people on many levels. If we travel 600 miles and touch one person, it has been worth it." On offer are concerts with clarinettist Emma Johnson, viola player Rivka Golani and pianist Katya Apekisva. A highlight is the Ankara-born 11-year-old pianist Ayşedeniz Gökçin's performance on December 4. ◆

THE LONDON-BASED TURKISH CONDUCTOR CEM MANSUR LEADS THE AKBANK CHAMBER ORCHESTRA IN AN AMBITIOUS TOUR OF TURKISH CITIES

CORNUCOPIA'S

DE LUXE HOTEL DIRECTORY

The executive guide to Turkey's best hotels

Istanbul Princess Hotel

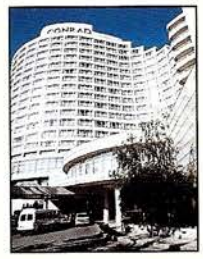
Twenty minutes from the airport and the city centre, this hotel is situated in Maslak, Istanbul's fast-growing financial district, five minutes from the Istanbul Stock Exchange, with easy access to city ring roads and to the Upper Bosphorus. Spacious rooms, health and fitness centre, indoor pool, cinemas and casino. Downtown shuttle service.

Tel 90-212 285 0900. Fax 90-212 285 0951

Ada Hotel

Designer boutique hotel: unabashed luxury, 20 mins to Bodrum. 7 luxury rooms/4 suites: each with antique carpets, fireplace, terrace/balcony. Ottoman-style 75sqm Turkish bath, with antique oil lamps, 2 swimming pools, beach club, fitness centre, massage, sauna. 2 a la carte restaurants: Mediterranean cuisine, seafood, own herbs. Climatised wine cellar, Turkey's longest wine list. Library, meeting room, computers, yacht, limousine service.

Tel 90-252 377 5915pbx. Fax 90-252 377 5379



Conrad International Istanbul

625-room business hotel with resort facilities. Closest luxury hotel to the Asian side. Overlooking the Bosphorus, adjacent to the 6-acre Yıldız Park. 4 executive floors, 4 restaurants, 2 lounges. Live entertainment includes belly dancing. Health club, tennis courts, seasonal outdoor cinema. Ballroom for 1100 with additional meeting rooms.

Tel 90-212 227 3000. Fax 90-212 259 6667

www.conradinternational.com; e-mail: conradint@fornet.net.tr

Çırağan Palace Kempinski Istanbul

Imperial splendour on the Bosphorus. A magnificent Ottoman palace, with exclusive suites, ballroom, casino, restaurants and shops; and next to it, a smart modern waterfront hotel elegantly combining luxurious comfort with panoramic views. One of the world's great locations, with a spectacular, terraced pool on the edge of the Bosphorus.

Tel 90-212 258 3377. Fax 90-212 259 6687

Ankara Hilton

The Ankara Hilton is in the centre of Turkey's dynamic capital. Its closeness to the business district, government offices, embassies, shopping centres and prime residential areas make it one of the most conveniently located hotels in Ankara. 324 superb guest rooms and suites, excellent restaurants and bar, wealth of facilities – the ideal environment for business and leisure traveller alike.

Tel 90-312 468 2888. Fax 90-312 468 0909

Swissôtel The Bosphorus

Located in Maçka, Istanbul's chic residential and business area, the Japanese-designed Swissôtel, with its palatial lobby and rooftop restaurants, has spectacular views over the Bosphorus. Health club, tennis courts and swimming pool set in cedar woods. Wide choice of specialist restaurants.

Tel 90-212 259 0101. Fax 90-212 259 0105

www.swissotel.com; e-mail: bosphorus@swissotel.com.tr

Divan Hotel

Elegant, long-established hotel on Taksim Park, at the heart of Istanbul's commercial, shopping and entertainment districts, ideal for concert halls and conference centres. Renowned restaurant and patisserie. Well-equipped fitness centre; sauna, steam bath and massage. 50-channel colour TV. International reservations through the Summit Reservation Service.

Tel 90-212 231 4100. Fax 90-212 248 8527

Crowne Plaza

Just 5 minutes from the airport, one of Istanbul's newest deluxe hotels, next to the Ataköy Marina and Galleria shopping centre. All 298 rooms have sea views. Gourmet restaurant on 27th floor. Conference facilities for 1000 delegates, with advanced audio-visual and satellite teleconference facilities. Seaside jogging track, tennis courts and pools.

Tel 90-212 560 8100. Fax 90-212 560 8155

Hyatt Regency Istanbul

One of Istanbul's smartest new hotels: an opulent Ottoman-style oasis on Taksim Park. 360 deluxe rooms include superbly appointed suites and 71-room VIP Regency Club. Business centre; Italian, Turkish and Asian cuisine, popular American jazz bar, al fresco garden dining above the pool; health centre and floodlit tennis.

Tel 90-212 225 7000. Fax 90-212 225 7007

Internet: www.hyatt.com

The Marmara Istanbul Hotel

Magnificent views of the Bosphorus, Marmara and Golden Horn, and a central Taksim Square location ideal for business, shops and entertainment. 410 newly decorated luxury rooms, 11 suites, 2 presidential suites; 3 restaurants, local and international cuisine; 7 conference rooms, swimming pool, Turkish bath and sauna.

Tel 90-212 251 4696. Fax 90-212 244 0509

www.themarmara.com.tr; e-mail: marmara@verisoft.com.tr

Hilton Izmir

Hilton Izmir, the landmark of the Aegean region, offers 381 guest rooms, including 43 executive suites and 5 deluxe suites with panoramic view. 3 restaurants, 2 bars, 13 meeting rooms, banquet facilities. Business centre, covered car park for 850 cars, helipad, shopping mall with entertainment centre. Health Club, indoor pool, squash and tennis courts, fitness centre and sauna.

Tel 90-232 441 6060. Fax 90-232 441 2277

Queen Ada Hotel

Nothing comes between you and the perfect Mediterranean holiday in this hotel idyllically set in beautiful gardens with its own beachfront and private jetty in the pretty bay of Torba. 22 airconditioned rooms and a spacious suite offer a charm and quiet sense of luxury impossible to find in larger 5-star hotels. 10 mins from Bodrum. 30 mins from Bodrum Airport.

Tel 90-252 367 1598pbx. Fax 90-252 367 1614

CORNUCOPIA'S

DE LUXE HOTEL DIRECTORY

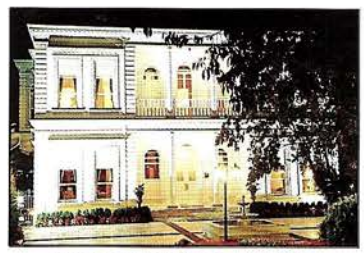
The executive guide to Turkey's best hotels

For further information, simply complete the form opposite page 34 or visit www.cornucopia.net

Sheraton Voyager Antalya Hotel

One of the Mediterranean's finest hotels, with splendid views over the bay of Antalya to the Olympos mountains. Hotel design at its very best: attractive rooms, large pool with waterfall and subtropical garden, a choice of restaurants, *two*-minute drive to the beach; superb conference facilities, 20 minutes to Antalya's international airport.

Tel 90-242 243 2432. Fax 90-242 243 2462



Bosphorus Pasha Hotel

The grand vizir of Selim III (1789-1807) once lived here, on the site of this splendid neo-Ottoman residence in Beylerbeyi, on the Asian shore of the Bosphorus. The 14 rooms of Istanbul's most exclusive waterside hotel bring privileged guests refined comfort, a fabled setting and easy access to the city. Step down to the former boathouse to dine in the famed restaurant.

Tel 90-216 422 0003 (9 lines). Fax 90-216 422 0012

Hotel Antik

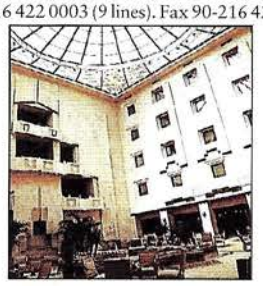
The golden sands of Alanya's Incekum beach and subtropical gardens are all that come between you and a refreshing swim in the Mediterranean. Fabled ancient cities within easy reach include Aspendos, with its summer opera festival in the Roman theatre, and Serge, a dramatic drive away through cedar canyons. Just the place to combine sun, sea and sightseeing.

Tel 90-242 517 1717. Fax 90-242 517 1783

Çınar Hotel

This fully refurbished hotel on Istanbul's Marmara seashore, carries a 40-year tradition of fine service, offering a resort atmosphere and panoramic views. 5 mins to the airport, 30 mins to the city centre. 225 rooms, 4 bars, 2 restaurants, 3 pools, health club, tennis, 24hr service. The poolside area can hold receptions for 750 guests, the meeting/reception room for 850 (or 500 for dinner).

Tel 90-212 663 2900. Fax 90-212 663 2917



Zorlu Grand Hotel Trabzon

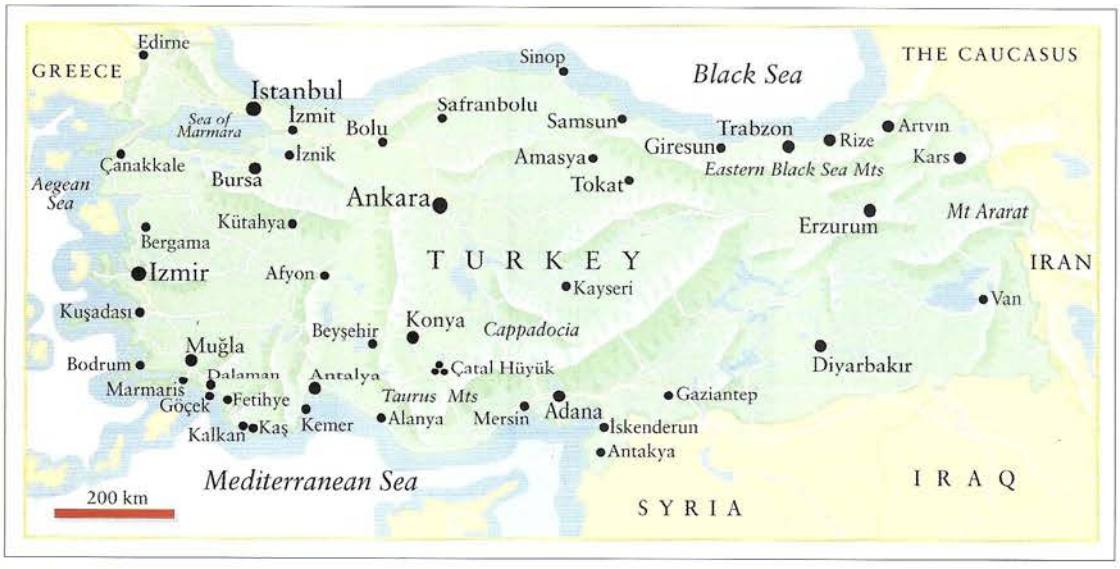
This ambitious new addition to Turkey's luxury hotels fills a vital gap. It is the first luxury hotel on Turkey's thriving Black Sea coast and serves one of the country's leading cities. The Zorlu Grand will make an excellent base from which to explore a magical hinterland of soaring mountains and spectacular monasteries.

Tel 90-462 326 8400. Fax 90-462 326 8458

Four Seasons Hotel Istanbul

In the heart of the ancient city, virtually on the doorsteps of the Topkapı Palace, the Blue Mosque and Ayasofya, the newly opened Four Seasons embodies a level of service that guarantees it a place among the great hotels of the world. Each of the 65 splendid, high-ceilinged rooms in this sensitively restored Turkish neo-classical bastille has its own unique character.

Tel 90-212 638 8200. Fax 90-212 638 8530



ÇINAR HOTEL

Fener Mevkii 34800 Yeşilköy - İstanbul
Phone: 0.212.663 29 00 (18 Hat) Fax : 0.212.663 29 17
Internet: http://www.cinarhotel.com E.Mail Reservation@cinarhotel.com

Represented by SRS STEIGENBERGER RESERVATION SERVICE

Your pursuit of excellence brings success in its train.

Nobody understands you better than we do.

It was already perfect. So why did we make more than 1800 changes? Why did we work to make it even more powerful, even more comfortable and even more striking? Take a look at your own life. Exactly, the same thing.

Mercedes-Benz

The Future of the Automobile.